Everybody's Magazine

JULY
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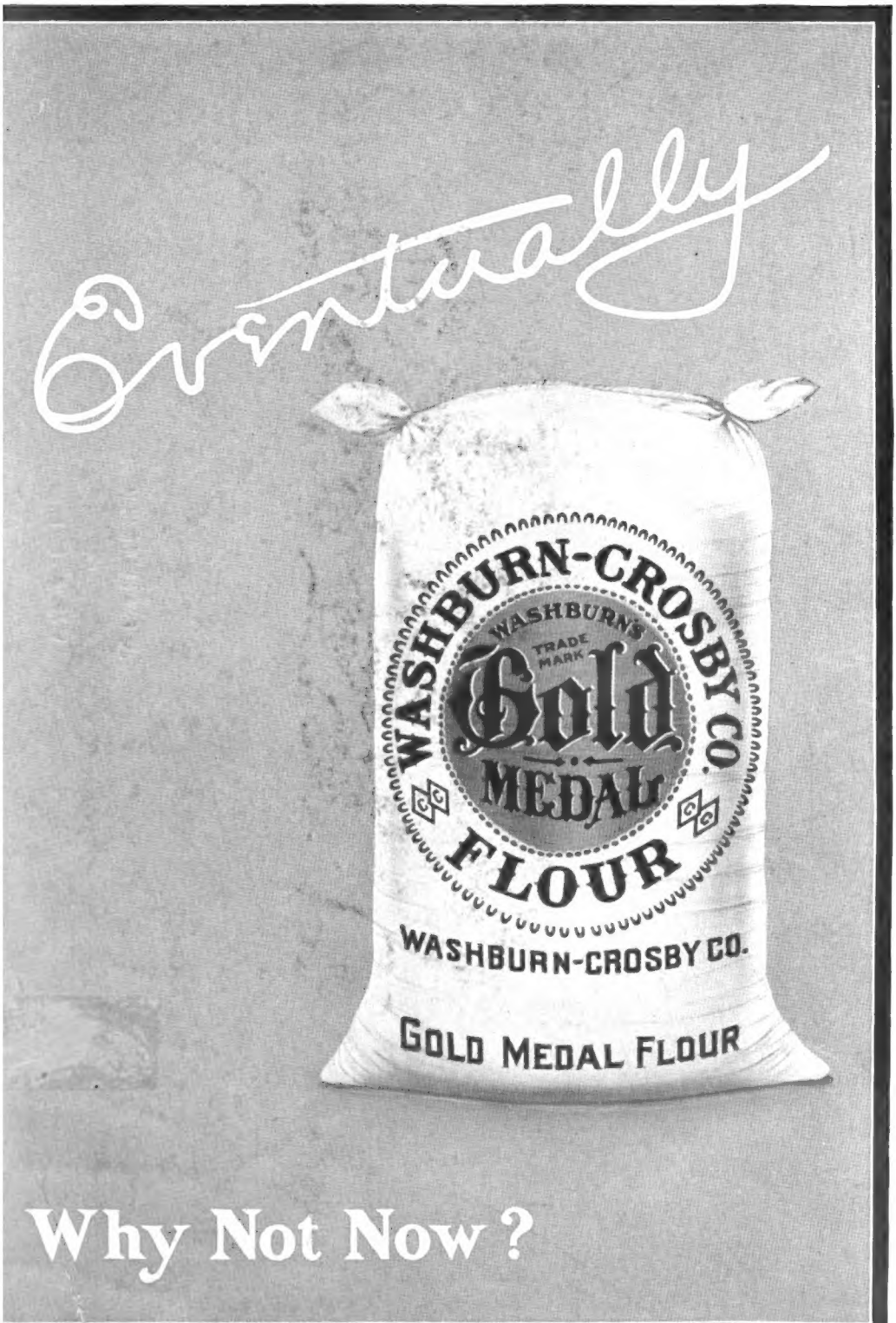
"THE GLORIOUS FOURTH"



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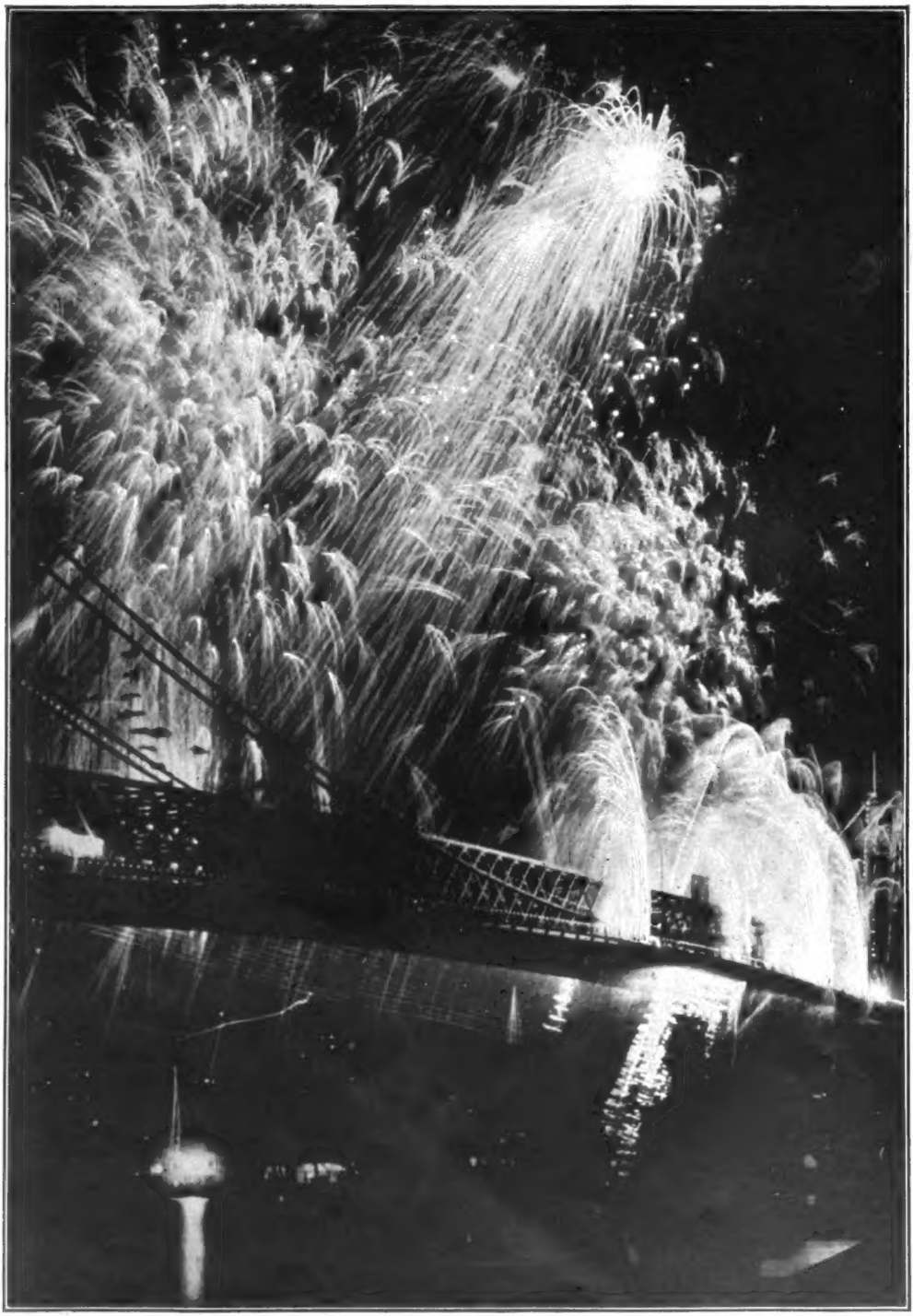

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THE PYROTECHNICS AT THE OFFICIAL OPENING OF THE WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE, NEW YORK. ALL THE AERIAL DISPLAYS WERE ESPECIALLY MANUFACTURED, AND TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF FIREWORKS WERE CONSUMED.

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Everybody's Magazine

VOL. XXV NO. 1
JULY 1911

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood New York.

SISS! BOOM!! AH-H-H!!!

· BY · HARTLEY · DAVIS ·

EVERY Fourth of July we burn up, joyously and intentionally, about three and a half million dollars, to say nothing of several other millions that we strive earnestly to avoid burning. Whether or not it is patriotic fervor that inspires us may admit of debate; but there isn't any question about the cost.

Nor is there any question about the lure of fireworks. No spectacular thing in the world is so satisfying, nothing has a more nearly universal response than a fine pyrotechnic display. And it is an appeal, memory will remind you, that makes itself felt very early.

Maybe you remember, from your childhood, the awful struggle of choice between firecrackers and rockets, chasers and pinwheels; maybe you recall your bitter sufferings when the firecrackers were exhausted—a suffering tempered by your anticipated delight in the rockets. You waited with almost uncontrollable impatience for the setting of the sun, consulting father and mother about every three minutes to get their opinion as to whether it was dark enough. You never could wait until night had really fallen, and mother usually gave encouragement because, knowing that something must happen, she felt it was better to have it over in daylight. Of course, father couldn't light the fuse. He understood that perfectly; but mother couldn't see the difference. Even mothers are silly about ever so many things.

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At last you reset the first rocket for the hundredth time and touched the match to the fuse. The hiss as the rocket started into the twilight, leaving a train of blood-red sparks, was music to your ears. Then came the joy of the boom as it exploded in mid-air, and the long-drawn "Ah-h-h!" of pure satisfied delight as a myriad of colored stars glorified the heavens.

Somehow, growing up doesn't cure us of our delight in fireworks. Perhaps it is because they appeal by their beauty; perhaps because they satisfy a sheer, elemental love of noise and display, and grip us by that fascination which fire has for us in common with the beasts of the jungle and the fish of the sea. Possibly, after all, Independence Day is the excuse and not the reason. At any rate, for centuries noise and fireworks have been associated with great celebrations.

Samuel Adams, an earnest and sincere patriot,who had as much to do with bringing about the Revolution as any other one man, was probably responsible for our noisy, brilliant Fourth. You remember that he was a strenuous person. He led the Boston Tea Party, was a "signer," of course, and a red-hot patriot all the time—in those days when "patriot" meant something. Samuel Adams thought the Fourth of July was about the biggest day in all history and that it ought to be celebrated as such. In a speech in Congress, he declared that it should be observed with the firing of cannon and rockets, and with much tumultuous expression generally. This recommendation made just a paragraph in a speech, and he seems to have dropped it in casually; but nevertheless it made him the father of the Fourth as we celebrate it—in the North.

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PASTING THE CAPS ON THE GIANT EXPLOSIVE BOMBS WHOSE ONLY EFFECT IS TO MAKE A NOISE IN THE AIR.

For Southerners will have none of this noise and pyrotechnics. With them the "safe and sane" Fourth is a fact. But, nevertheless, they show the same keen love for fireworks. As one manufacturer soberly expressed it, they celebrate the Fourth of July on Christmas and New Year's. Measured by quantity, more fireworks are burned up on the two mid-winter holidays than on the Fourth; three car-loads are consumed in the South for every two that are burned up in the North. But the Christmas fireworks cost only about a million and a half

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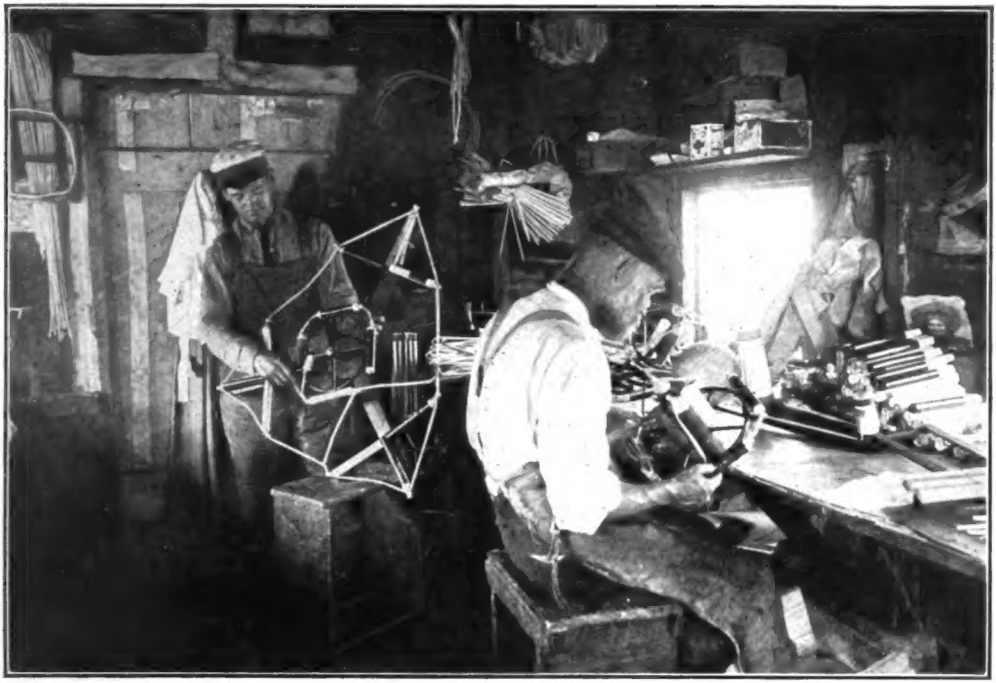

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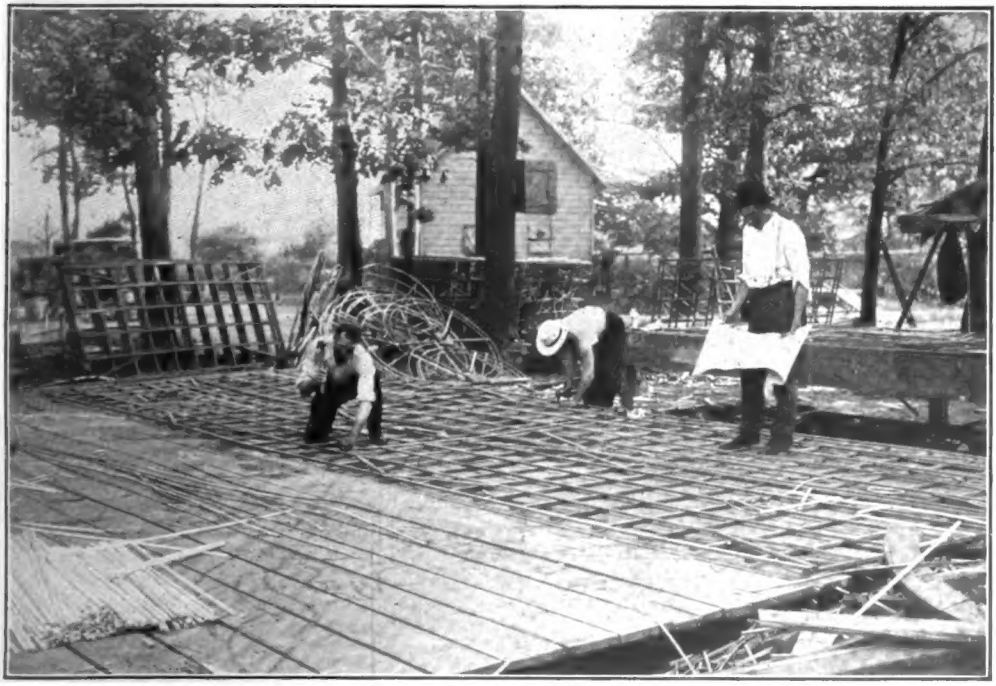
CONSTRUCTING THE MORE ELABORATE AND EXPENSIVE FORM OF PINWHEELS. ON THE RIGHT THE WORKMAN IS MAKING A FRAME THAT PRODUCES A WHIRLING WHEEL OF FIRE.



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AT WORK ON THE FRAME OF A "SET PIECE." FORMAL EXHIBITIONS UNDER THE DIRECTION OF A LICENSED PYROTECHNIST ARE MORE IN DEMAND SINCE THE "SAFE AND SANE" AGITATION.

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AN ASSEMBLING HOUSE, WHERE GIRL WORKERS PLACE EXPLOSIVES IN THEIR CASES, EACH AT A BENCH BESIDE HER OWN DOOR. FIRE DRILLS HAVE GIVEN THE GIRLS MUCH PRACTISE IN SPRINGING OUT QUICKLY.

against the three and a half millions spent for the Fourth.

This division is a mighty good thing for the manufacturers. It gives them two seasons instead of one. Otherwise, practically their whole year's output would be used in a single day. For the special displays and the Italian celebrations (there is hardly an Italian festival without fireworks) cost only about half a million a year.

It is interesting that the Italians, who are so keen on fireworks, were the first to introduce them into Europe from China and Japan, where they go back so far that nobody knows their beginning. They were coincident with gunpowder in Europe, but they didn't become really popular until about the sixteenth century.

Since then, the fireworks industry has grown slowly but steadily, until, in recent years, the enormity of the havoc wrought by accidents resulted in the "safe and sane" crusade. Now there isn't any doubt that, so far as the Fourth is concerned, the casualties have been appalling, and are still; but it is fair to make a few distinctions. Nine-tenths of the accidents are due to blank cartridges and giant firecrackers. Nearly ninety per cent. of the cases of lockjaw are traceable to these causes. Recognizing this, twenty years ago reputable manufacturers of fireworks began fighting the blank cartridges and the giant firecrackers. And though there is big profit in both, they abandoned the manufacture voluntarily, because of the danger, before the crusade began which brought about restrictive legislation. Very few accidents are directly attributable to real fireworks, that is, to displays which have something besides mere noise to commend them. But the agitation directed against the dangerous noisemakers has resulted in legislation affecting all pyrotechnic displays, and the manufacturers feel that this isn't quite fair. They modestly suggest that if statistics of accidents from bathing and boating on the Fourth were gathered, the result might make the fireworks casualties seem less appalling in comparison.

The largest part of the energy, skill, and scientific knowledge employed in the making of fireworks is spent in achieving safety. That is always the chief factor considered. There seems to be no light-effect that the makers of fireworks are unable to show in the heavens. All the colors, all the intensities of color, and an infinity of forms are within their grasp; but to secure these effects with safety in handling is the real problem.

It is a very curious business, this manufacture of pyrotechnics. In many ways it is a law unto itself. To begin with, the whole industry revolves about a lordly individual known as the color-mixer. Observe, there are about twenty-five fireworks factories in the United States; England, France, and Italy each have two of importance. Though the Germans have no large factories, they manufacture large quantities of what are known as "parlor fireworks," displays that can be set off indoors. Yet in the whole world there are probably not more than fifteen real masters of mixing fireworks colors, and of these not more than five or six know all the details of the industry. Practically all of the experts are

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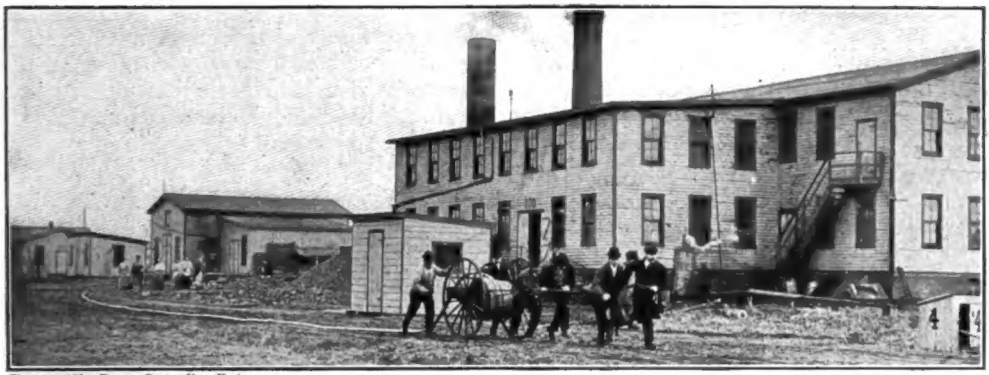

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FIRE-DRILL AT THE CONSOLIDATED FIREWORKS PLANT, GRANITEVILLE, STATEN ISLAND. THIS IS THE LARGEST PLANT IN THE WORLD AND ONLY FOUR FIRE ALARMS HAVE BEEN SENT IN TO THE CITY DEPARTMENT IN FOUR YEARS.

Englishmen. When one remembers that the art has been practised commercially in Europe for more than five hundred years, this seems incredible; but it is true.

There are scores of printed formulas—fireworks men call them recipes—for making colors; but the practical workers say that few of these are worth anything. Indeed, most of them are dangerous. The real recipes—holding the secrets of making the beautiful displays that can be handled with safety—are locked up in the minds of a very few men. For centuries they have been passed down from father to son, or to a successor who was considered as a son; and it is not of record that a master ever revealed these precious formulas to more than the one man whom he was training.

A few color-mixers have risen to ownership, but apart from these—and they have never disclosed the secrets even to their partners—no owners of fireworks factories know anything about that part of their business which is its very heart and life. They are dependent upon their color-mixer. They must buy chemicals at his direction without knowing what he will do with them. All they can do is to trust him. When some able and distinguished business men entered into the fireworks field several years ago, they decided that the first step in protection was to get the recipes of their color-mixer and lock

Photograph by Brown Bros., New York.

THE WHOLE INDUSTRY REVOLVES ABOUT A LORDLY INDIVIDUAL KNOWN AS THE COLOR-MIXER. MR. EDWIN Z. TURNER IS ONE OF THE FIFTEEN REAL MASTERS OF MIXING FIREWORKS COLORS IN THE WORLD.

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them up in the safe. The color-mixer looked at the officials in amazement, and then laughed at the absurd audacity of the request. Such a condition shocks one in these days of systematized business.

work out many of the important secrets if he were not blown up; but, aside from the enormous risk, it must be remembered that there are five hundred years of practical experiment to contend against.

A PHOTOGRAPH, BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN, OF A FIREWORKS DISPLAY IN EUROPE. THIS PICTURE HAS BEEN SHOWN AT PHOTOGRAPH EXHIBITIONS IN DRESDEN AND BUFFALO.

Chemical analysis has not revealed the secrets of the mixtures. That has been tried over and over again, often with disastrous results to the chemist. It is probable that an able chemist eventually could

Considering the things they know—the amount of necessary knowledge is appalling, —the exclusiveness of what they know, and their value to a factory, to say nothing of the specially hazardous nature of their work,

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the aristocrats of pyrotechnics are not overpaid. They get from sixty-five to one hundred dollars a week, while the superintendents of factories get twice as much. It is simply another illustration of the fact that executive ability commands a higher price than technical proficiency.

The largest fireworks concern in the world, that at Graniteville, Staten Island, manufactures between five and six thousand different articles of fireworks—rockets that cost from a penny apiece up to twenty-five dollars, bombs that cost from fifty cents to eighty dollars each—to say nothing of the expensive set pieces and an infinitude of small things that are sold for a few cents a dozen.

Practically everything is made on the premises from what might be called the raw material. They buy paper in sheets to make the cases and in great rolls to make the balloons. They buy the chemicals and the gunpowder. But about the only thing a fireworks concern buys ready-made is the sticks for the rockets and the hoops for the balloons. Moreover, very little machinery is used in any of the processes.

Nearly all of the cases for rockets and Roman candles are made by hand, only a few of the short ones, of larger diameter, being machine work. The speed with which the girl workers can roll paper about brass rods of standard diameter and paste it, is remarkable. When they have finished, the case looks like an ordinary paper tube. But it is a tube whose strength has been carefully determined by experiment, and is strong enough to resist both the projecting and the exploding charge. The case of a used rocket or candle is always intact; the charges are blown out at the end.

Very little mathematical calculation enters into the making of fireworks, nearly everything being determined by practical tests. The mixtures prepared by the expert have such a widely varying explosive force that dependable results are reached only by experiment.

There is no place harder to get into than a fireworks factory. A stranger can enter that at Graniteville only when personally conducted by an officer. The reason is not to safeguard secrets—since men who have worked on fireworks all their lives never learn any of the really valuable secrets—but to safeguard against accidents. For familiarity with the high explosives they handle so constantly doesn't breed contempt among the workers. They have the liveliest realization of the constant menace in their occupation. Casual handling, by an inexpert person, of the most innocent-looking object may cause a flash and an explosion; so the precaution of taking every match from those who enter the factory isn't sufficient. They must be watched as well. Only lately the foremost living expert in America carelessly cut a fuse—fireworks people always call a fuse a "match," by the way—with a pair of scissors, and he was severely burned in consequence, for the first time in his life. And he has been making fireworks for thirty-five years!

This eternal vigilance pays. In the Graniteville factory, there has been but one serious accident in thirteen years; this resulted in the crippling of an employee's hands. Not a single life has been lost, nor has another worker been permanently incapacitated. There are occasional small fires, but the official records show that in the past four years only four alarms of fire have been sent into the city department from this factory.

This establishment—the Consolidated Fireworks plant—is as dull and prosaic in appearance as fireworks themselves are brilliant and romantic. It looks like a town of Lilliputians wholly lacking in artistic sense.

The sixty-seven acres and one hundred and two buildings are enclosed by a high fence. One enters by a wide thoroughfare lined with slate-colored, one-story buildings—assembly houses, carpenter shop, and small warehouses—until the big central buildings are reached. These are the boiler house and case factory on one side, the office building and balloon factory on the other. Beyond these lies the danger zone—the twenty-four charging buildings. They resemble children's playhouses—little drab frame and sheet-iron cabins, each seven feet long and six feet wide—just big enough for a single workman. In these houses the rockets and candles are loaded by a sort of automatic ramrod, or rather a multiple of ramrods, which presses home the charge of powder and stars that makes the colored effects. In two of the houses are hydraulic presses for loading the rockets—that is the projecting cases and the standard stock rockets. The more expensive varieties in various sizes are loaded by hand.

In their swift work the men use the great-

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est care, for the constant friction of packing the charge is likely to ignite the high explosives at any moment. Each man is responsible for his own safety, and he is not permitted to jeopard that of others. He must get his own materials from storehouse and laboratories, and carry the loaded cases to the finishing rooms. During working hours every door is kept open, so that one long backward step will take the employee outside—an arrangement that makes the steam heat inside doubly grateful in winter time. The houses, too, are placed fifty feet apart—far enough apart for one to burn without endangering the rest; and the chargers are not permitted to work on windy days for fear that, if one house should burn, the sparks might be carried to others.

Incidentally, the workers have much practise in getting out of their cubby-holes, because fire-drills are a constant diversion; and, familiar as they are, no one on the premises ever hears the alarm without a sinking of the heart—which is a very excellent thing to prevent carelessness.

What is known, officially, as the laboratory is a shed whose interior suggests a storehouse for dry paints. Its furnishings consist of several pairs of scales; big barrels of charcoal and saltpeter, making a contrast in black and white; brilliant Paris green and yellow sulphur, lending color to the many boxes of chemicals. Here the color-mixer, in secret, allowing no one to watch him, except possibly the man who is to be his successor, weighs out the various compounds for the light-effects. These are then thoroughly mixed by an assistant in an adjoining building. The autocratic expert has two other laboratories off by themselves, where he designs new effects. A good share of his time, besides, is devoted to making practical tests, and this, of course, is done in the open.

One is impressed by the number of things to be known about an ordinary rocket of the larger size, say a ten-inch one. To begin with, there is the strength of the shell. The charge of powder that is to drive the rocket into the air must be measured accurately, and while apparently this is a rule of thumb, it is only experience, resulting from many tests, that enables the workmen to calculate with precision. There is a fixed weight to be lifted about 1,500 feet in the air—although some rockets are sent a thousand feet higher. Then, when the rocket reaches its maximum height, provision must be made to drive forth the color charge. This is accomplished either by a fuse or by an opening into the exploding charge, which drives the contents of the case through the top. The cone-shaped cap must be fastened firmly to the rocket, yet not so securely as to offer too great resistance to the exploding charge, which must become effective at exactly the right moment.

In some rockets all the display part is set off simultaneously, which means that all the fuses to all the colors—fuses within the rocket—must burn the same number of seconds or the same fraction of a second. If the displays are to be successive, the fuses must regulate them. As a rule, all are ignited at the same moment—some being "slow matches" and some "quick matches," regulated by length and degree of inflammability.

All this part of fireworks is looked upon as merely mechanical, although there are experts who specialize upon the projecting and exploding charges and packing the display. The great problem is the mixing of the chemicals to get the color effects, from the dazzling white, produced by the burning of steel filings, to the deep blue, which is the most difficult of all.

When the mixer and his assistant have finished with the compounds, they all look very much alike—a grayish, almost black flour. The only exceptions are the mixtures that contain a large percentage of the brilliant Paris green—which burns blue, by the way—and the yellow sulphur. These compounds are moistened with water, or spirits, or a preparation of gum, and pressed into molds, which turn out cylinders of various diameters. By far the greater number look very much like a section of a lead pencil about half an inch long; but they range up to an inch and a half in diameter and an inch in length. The fireworks people call these cylinders by the generic term "stars," no matter what their size; a few color compounds, made by hand in curious forms, are called "cut stars." As one sees them in the factory, they suggest anything save stars, but when they are exploded in the heavens they are very starlike indeed.

The placing of the display part in the cases of rockets is done mostly by girls, each working at her own bench, beside her own door, so that she can spring outside at the slightest sign of danger. In fact, the

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sides of these assembling houses are mostly made up of doors. No worker need ever be more than five feet from the open.

The projecting case is already filled when it reaches the assembling house. Here the lighting fuse is affixed, the projecting case fitted into a larger one, which is to carry the display, and the exploding charge inserted. The colors, or "stars," are disposed in ever so many ways, according to the character of the rocket. Sometimes they are placed in loosely, with powder to make a shower, the colors being separated by clay partitions or maybe only pasteboard. These partitions may be longitudinal or horizontal. Often little separate rockets or candles in their own cases are placed within the big rocket. The stars are made to explode in a flash or to burn slowly, as the mixer pleases. Some of them are wrapped in paper to regulate their burning up in the air.

Most difficult of all rockets to make is the hanging chain. The expert at the head of the department does all the work on these himself, apart from making the projecting case. Into the relatively small case that is called the head of the rocket, must be carefully placed a paper parachute and perhaps two hundred feet of twine, in such manner that neither will be set on fire. Attached to this cord at intervals are cases called "lances," loaded with fireworks that burn like a ball of fire.

The exploding charge drives the cone-shaped cap from the rocket; then the parachute, supporting the hanging chain, is released. It opens as soon as downward pressure is exerted, after the fireworks part is forced from the case.

At the moment when the exploding charge acts, a fuse to the first lance is ignited. First, it frees the lance from a pasteboard disk, and the cord unwinds before the lance itself is ignited. Then the second one is ignited, unwinds, and drops down in the same way. Finally all are burning. Of course, neither the parachute nor the cord can be seen, so the effect is that of a chain of brilliant balls of fire suspended in mid-air. It requires particular skill to wind the cord so that it will not become tangled nor set on fire, and to arrange the fuses so that the lances will be released and their contents fired in regular order. It costs about twenty dollars to manufacture a rocket with a chain a hundred feet long. This form of display is not especially popular except among fireworks men themselves, because many other effects are at once much more brilliant and cheaper. But the experts hold the chain rockets in the highest esteem.

The most beautiful and wonderful effects are those of the bombshells, which can be made much larger than rockets. In the old days, bombs were fired into the air like cannon balls, the projecting charge being loaded in the mortar. Nowadays, although the bomb is still fired from a mortar, the lifting charge is in the shell itself. Those shells whose chief function is merely to make a noise are cone-shaped, with a rounded base, and they haven't any particular dignity in the eyes of fireworks sharps.

An experiment that even the best informed did not think possible, shows the delicacy with which the projecting and exploding charge can be calculated: An expert made a shell in which he placed a homing-pigeon. This shell was fired about eight hundred feet in the air. Then it exploded, releasing the pigeon, which flew away, apparently unharmed. Later, when it returned to its cote, a careful examination failed to reveal any injury.

Apart from the "stars," the whole process of making a bombshell is completed by one man. It is a form of fireworks that requires a high degree of skill in construction. For one thing, if one of these heavy shells should fail to explode in mid-air, it might do much damage in dropping from a height of a thousand feet.

The expert constructs the outer case from sheets of paper. He inserts the lifting and exploding charge and arranges the display part—delicate work, this, with the placing of many partitions, vertical and horizontal, the insertion of "stars" of different colors, some loose, others in cases, with their individual fuses timed to burn to seconds. Harmonies of form as well as of color must be carefully considered, it should be remembered. The last important process is the wrapping of the bomb in a network of cord, and the resistance must be accurately calculated. For, unlike a rocket, the exploding charge of a bomb must split it asunder, and not force the light-effects through the top—and the light-effect is anywhere from fifty to three hundred feet in diameter.

A bombshell nine inches long and three inches in diameter sells for about a dollar.

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Special ones for display work are made as large as five feet in circumference, with a weight of 150 pounds, and are shot from an iron mortar weighing a ton and a half. A giant shell like this costs about eighty dollars, and the display lasts perhaps thirty seconds. The effects are the most wonderful and beautiful in pyrotechnics, but they are seen only in very elaborate set displays.

Toy balloons form an important part of the fireworks industry, for the demand is constantly growing. The foreman places layers of red, white, and blue tissue paper on a table, 232 thicknesses, and cuts through with a little sharp knife, just as a tailor cuts through layers of cloth. Then deft girl workers paste the sections together so swiftly that the eye can scarcely follow their movements, handling the flimsy paper as if there were no danger of its tearing. Of course, time must be allowed for the paste to dry, so the balloon commenced one day is finished the next, but it takes only about three minutes to make a paper balloon six feet high. It is all done by hand, save the hoop, to which is attached the paraffined excelsior that, when ignited, inflates the balloon.

The "safe and sane" agitation has resulted in making what is known as display work a more important factor in the fireworks business. This means formal exhibitions under the direction of a licensed pyrotechnist, who, with his skill and experience, is able to arrange very brilliant shows. He unites aerial and ground displays, and even makes use of water if it is available.

Fireworks men confidently assert that no design, no color, no effect in set pieces is beyond them. It is merely a question of the money at their disposal.

The frames that support set pieces are a latticework made in a standard size, five by ten feet, to give the greatest freedom in arrangement. The largest set piece ever constructed in this country was a reproduction of the national capitol in Washington, built for the first inauguration of President Cleveland. The fire picture was six hundred feet long, and the dome was seventy-five feet high.

Whatever design is desired is made on paper, and a workman follows this with bamboo strips securely fastened to the frame. In this bamboo work, wherever there is to be light, spikes are placed to hold the lances containing the mixture that makes the display. These lances are paper cases half an inch or so in diameter and about five inches long. Of course, the arrangement of the fuses is particular, because they must be extremely quick. Usually the fuse is enclosed in a pasteboard casing to protect it from any wind.

Portraits in fire present difficulties only in the drawing—in getting a likeness with as few lines as possible. For some reason, a fireworks expert seems able to arrive at this better than a professional artist, probably because he has fuller knowledge of the medium. Anybody who wants to see his face produced in fire on a large scale, say twenty by twenty feet, can have that satisfaction for about a hundred dollars, and it will last a long time—for a fireworks display—about two minutes.

Those who manage fireworks displays have found out that the human capacity for enjoying them is limited to a relatively short time, no matter how brilliant or elaborate the display. For instance, the biggest exhibition of fireworks in history was that which marked the opening of the St. Louis Exposition, and cost fifty-five thousand dollars. The management insisted that the display last two hours. The fireworks experts cut this down to an hour and a half, and they maintained that even this was far too long—that the display would have been far more successful if it had been crowded into an hour. This, they hold, is the ultimate limit for any fireworks spectacle.

In fact, they believe that forty-five minutes insures the best results, because the human brain seems unable to record impressions of brilliant pyrotechnics beyond that period. Henry Pain, the foremost authority on display work, always concentrated his famous Manhattan Beach exhibitions into forty minutes. Within that time he used to set off about a thousand dollars' worth of fireworks.

The exhibition displays that are given fanciful names, like "The Destruction of Pompeii," "The Fall of Santiago," and the like are really theatrical, or rather spectacular, entertainments, with fireworks to give a brilliant and sensational ending. They are profitable only when the exhibition is to last a whole summer season. Frequently a manager plans a show and then makes a contract with a fireworks company to furnish the pyrotechnic display.

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GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

Author of "THE AMERICAN STAGE OF TO-DAY," "THE NEW THEATRE AND OTHERS," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

THE "city folks" have come into our peaceful green valley, with its little river winding through the meadows, fringed with willows and now and then a group of elms walking stately by the bank. Of course, it had to be. We are in too lovely a spot to escape.

Nor should we, perhaps, complain. Long, long ago, the cities took from us our chief industry, the manufacture of shoes. Each man's shop was behind his own house, and some of these tiny relics of a primitive industry still remain, turned into hen-coops. Later, so much later that even I can remember the gray, sad day when the giant saw ripped through the last log—a three-hundred-year-old trunk of white pine—the sawmill ceased operations. There was no more lumber to come down the river. There would be no more "running logs" for us boys on the millpond, slipperiest and most fascinating of sports!

It was about this time, too, or a few years later, that the old stage ceased its trips, night and morning, down the valley to Winton and the railroad. There were no longer passengers and freight enough to make it pay.

Grandfather owned the sawmill, and he padlocked the door with his own hands, while I stood by, wondering a little at his grave silence. Grandfather owned the old yellow stage-coach, too, with its lumbering body hung on straps, its plum-colored interior, and its high seat atop. He was at the barn when it came back from its last trip, and superintended the men who pushed it far into the recesses of the carriage-house. After this event, grandfather went less often to the post-office to talk politics round the stove. His gentle voice grew gentler still.

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He sat more and more in his old rocking-chair by the kitchen window, looking out past the balm-of-Gilead tree, across the road and the roof of the sawmill, up the river valley to the far hills whence his timber had come. That timber had made grandfather rich, as riches went in our valley. But he grieved for the denuded slopes; his ears seemed to listen for the hot, ripping buzz of the saw. And presently he died.

The old dam is mossy and rotting now, and artists paint it, with the mouse-gray mill and twisted wheel. Up over the low hills the forests are growing back, for "villas" dot our landscape, and their owners aspire to forest walks leading out of their formal gardens. Down Winton way, where the valley opens out, we boast a country club and golf course. There is an inn opposite the post-office, where motors congregate from April till November, and when we go for the mail of an evening, we hear the sound of an orchestra from the electric-lighted parlors.

Half a dozen years ago when I was just out of college, it would have made me want to dance. But now I have settled down to a little writing and a lot of farming on the old place, and I am old enough to resent the intrusion.

But if the cities took from us long ago our industries, they have at last brought us employment again. To be sure, it is not the old, independent employment of freemen. Most of us are vassals now to the owners of the "villas." But at least we prosper, and we derive, among ourselves, a certain pleasure from noting the airs and affectations of these rich folk who have come among us—we, whose great-grandfathers threw down their spades in this same valley to go forth to fight when the news of Lexington came.

That is why I am glad Aunt Ruth happened to be in the house when I saw the Slocums walking up my path with a stranger in tow. Aunt Ruth says what I'd often like to say. I call her my safety-valve. She was over making huckleberry pies for me. I hurried out into the butt'ry.

"Quick, Aunt Ruth," I cried, "roll down your sleeves, and get off your apron—the Slocums!"

"Let's see," said Aunt Ruth, "they're stocks and bonds, ain't they?"

"Oh, no," said I, "they're women's underclothes."

"To be sure," said Aunt Ruth, preening herself. "It's the Butlers are stocks and bonds. The Slocums are in that new 'cottage' with forty bedrooms, up next to Appendixes, ain't they?"

"Yes," I laughed. Aunt Ruth has labeled all the "villas" by the source of the family income. Appendixes is the country place of a famous and now retired surgeon, who never cut without a fee of at least five hundred dollars. Breakfast-food, Pigs, Appendixes, Neurasthenia, Politics, Underclothes, Papa, and The-Dear-Departed are some of Aunt Ruth's names for the stately residences which adorn our valley and are known by quite other names in the society columns of the metropolitan papers.

The callers were Mrs. Slocum, her daughter, Ann, whose age, like that Ann's of greater fame, has never been accurately determined, and a small, brown-eyed young lady who twinkled when she talked.

"My aunt, Mrs. Swain," said I, presenting Aunt Ruth.

"Howdy," said Aunt Ruth. "How's the huckleberries up your way, Mrs. Slocum? John's here are pretty weazened—too much dry weather."

"Really, I couldn't say," replied Mrs. Slocum in some surprise. The stranger, whose name was Miss Egan, twinkled, and Aunt Ruth caught her at it, and, I am afraid, winked at her.

"I dare say you're surprised at our calling on you," Mrs. Slocum continued, turning to me; "but you must really blame Eliz—Miss Egan. This is her first visit to New England, and when she saw this house, and I told her what a collection of old furniture you had, she insisted on coming right in. I fancy she thought you were a very old man!"

"Oh! Mrs. Slocum—" the girl protested.

I made a conventional gesture. "Quite right, too," said I. "But as to any real collection of old furniture——"

"No," Aunt Ruth suddenly interjected into the conversation, "we don't collect old furniture in Ashford; we *hev* it!"

The stranger uttered a tinkling little laugh in the face of Mrs. Slocum's astonishment, and eagerly inquired if she might "snoop."

"Snoop away," said I. "I will personally conduct you, if you like."

We passed the mahogany secretaries and the shell-top china cupboard and the blue platters and the cedar chests, in due array,

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and then I opened a door in the dining-room, disclosing a flight of stairs in the wall.

"Oh! A surprise!" cried Miss Egan, clapping her hands.

We ascended—all but Aunt Ruth, who went back to her pies.

"I like your Aunt Ruth," whispered Miss Egan.

"It's safer to," I smiled.

We surveyed the bedrooms, the soapstone stoves, the four-posters, the warming-pans, and then I opened another door and disclosed the stairs to the garret. Mrs. Slocum balked at their steepness. "Not for me!" she said, so we left her below, and climbed into the hot, queer smell of the garret, where wasps buzzed against the cob-webbed window-panes and the dust lay thick on old spinning-wheels, haircloth trunks, and a hundred discarded implements of a more primitive age.

Even Miss Ann warmed up. The stranger gave a little gasp of delight.

"Oh, what I've dreamed of!" she cried. "What I've dreamed of all my life! To have a garret where you could put things and know you'd never have to move 'em again, if you didn't want to, as long as you lived! I suppose your grandmother put some of these things up here?"

"*Her* grandmother put some of them," I smiled. "You are in New England now. But I have another surprise," I continued, unfastening a rope and lowering the ladder that led to the cupola. "My great-grandfather married a sea captain's daughter from Salem, and built this cupola for father-in-law, who used to come up here, they say, with his spy-glass, and sit by the hour, watching for a load of hay on the starboard bow."

Miss Egan and I climbed the dusty ladder. Ann remained below, fascinated with a spinning-wheel.

It was hot in the cupola, and the great flies buzzed, startled by our coming. The girl's lips were parted in silent delight.

"Oh," she cried, "I've always wanted to climb into a cupola!"

"See," said I, "we have little colored panes to make the world look strange. When you're tired of the same old view, you may come up here to alter it."

John Wolcott Adams

"NO," AUNT RUTH SUDDENLY INTERJECTED INTO THE CONVERSATION, "WE DON'T COLLECT OLD FURNITURE IN ASHFORD; WE *HEV* IT!"

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I TOOK HER BERRYING ON HUCKLEBERRY HILL.

North, south, east, and west were set panes of four colors—red, yellow, green, and blue. The girl peeped through each, and its light was reflected on her eager face.

"Oh, oh," she cried, "I like the funny blue world best!"

Then I threw open the windows. "How about the real world?" said I.

The breath of the soft summer air came in to us, fresh with hay, for the men were cutting in my meadows. We could see far up the valley, ringed with its gentle hills and threaded by the river. Each window framed a lovely picture.

"Yes, this is best!" said she. "How beautiful and soft and peaceful it is! And your people have always lived right here? You own the old mill, don't you? Some day will you take me inside the old mill? I don't care anything about the big places up the road, with their silly formal gardens and foreign trees. I want to see the real New England. Are all the real folks here as nice as you and your Aunt Ruth?"

"There are few so nice as Aunt Ruth," I smiled. "But as for me, I'm——"

Miss Egan smiled, too. "Of course," she said, "I understand you've been educated, and all that. It's a great handicap!"

"Education," said I gravely, "doesn't count for much at a birth or a funeral. It's just sympathy and tenderness and strength that count then. You would hardly poke fun at our valley people if you knew them better; if they were 'home folks' to you!"

"Oh," she cried, "you have misunderstood! You have dreadfully misunderstood! I mean all I say. I—I have no 'home folks' myself. I'm just a little city waif. I was born in a flat, and we've moved sixteen times. When I see an old home like this, and feel all these family roots going back into the past, you can't know how it thrills me, and makes me sorry for myself, too. Please, please, I shall go right down and kiss your Aunt Ruth in a minute!"

I looked at her. Her mouth was smiling, but the tears were very close to her brown eyes.

"Come again," said I, "and I'll show you the mill, and the stage-coach, and grandfather's chair in the kitchen!"

"Girls, girls! Are you never coming?" called Mrs. Slocum from the foot of the attic stairs.

"Yes, mother," Ann replied, whistling up to us.

I walked with my callers down to the gate. Aunt Ruth was trimming the pies when I came back through the kitchen.

"Underclothes is some squiffy," she said. "But I like the brown-eyed little girl. She's 'most human."

"She's quite human, I think," said I.

"Well," said Aunt Ruth, "I'll trust you to find out!"

And Aunt Ruth's faith, I must admit, was not without justification. I called at the Inn. I showed Miss Egan the winding reaches of our little river where it threads the fragrant meadows. I took her berrying on Huckleberry Hill, a knoll on grandfather's acres noted through generations for its wealth of luscious fruit. I escorted her to the post-office, where she rented a box

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of her own for the summer, Box 79, with all the glee of a child in the possession. I showed her Aunt Ruth's old house, built before the Revolution, with its great chimney, its slant roof, its mammoth fireplace and brick oven. I unlocked the mill, and displayed the rusting saw and the pathetic machinery. And, finally, when she had grown dear to me with her enthusiastic ways, her fresh wonder and curiosity, her unspoiled frankness, and her almost pathetic eagerness to feel the tug of these old things, to gather to her own heart their wealth of homely association, I showed her the stage-coach and grandfather's chair.

We went to the stage-coach first. It reposed in the farthest dim recess of the carriage-house, covered with dust. I pushed it with my hand, and its great, bulky yellow body swayed on the creaking straps. We opened the door and, sweeping the dust off the faded plum-colored seats, climbed in.

Elizabeth gasped with delight—and dust. "Oh," she cried, "it's the opening chapter of 'A Tale of Two Cities'! It's the —the—the romance of everything old and nice. Oh, I want a poke-bonnet and a hoop-skirt and a band-box on my lap and a timid look, and go for a ride to strange places! Did you ever ride—really ride —in this coach?"

"My dear," I smiled, "I was fifteen years old before this coach stopped running. I went away to school in it, my little trunk up top; and the last thing I saw was mother out there under the balm-of-Gilead tree, trying not to cry."

Elizabeth looked into my face in the half-darkness. "I wish I had known your mother," she said.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because—well, I wish I had," she replied.

Then we went in to see grandfather's chair and the kitchen.

The kitchen is just as it was when I was a lad—just as it was when grandfather was a lad, indeed, save for the range which stands in front of the chimney, taking the place of the old brick oven. It is the pleasantest room in the house, with windows to the west and east, large, clean, fragrant, and, when Aunt Ruth and Mrs. Flint are not at their labors, sleepily peaceful. On the mantel stands one of those old Case & Gilbert mahogany frame clocks, which ticks drowsily, as if it felt its years. On the immaculate floor, a floor made of wide planks of polished first-growth maple, are two or three woven rag rugs, one with a puppy dog picked out in the center, by way of artistic embellishment. The kettle croons on the stove. The coal scuttle is of burnished copper. The old copper cistern pump shines at the end of the sink. And by the western window stands grandfather's chair.

Elizabeth half closed her eyes as the dreamy peace of this immaculate old room stole over her. "Somehow, it seems as if once, long ago, in another life, I lived in just

DOWN THE WHITE ROAD WE WENT, KICKING UP MORE DUST THAN A MOTOR, PAST THE LINKS, WHERE THREE DRIVES WERE FOOZLED AS A RESULT OF OUR APPEARANCE.

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such a room as this," she said softly, "and fried doughnuts. You do fry doughnuts, don't you?"

"Yes," I smiled, "you do. Presently you shall have one. Mrs. Flint fried some yesterday."

She clapped her hands. "Now—show me your grandfather's chair," she said.

I pointed to the old, high-backed rocker by the window. Once it had been beautifully stained, and adorned with designs in blue and gold; but long since, grandfather's hands on the arms had worn away the stain to the polished brown grain of the bare walnut, and the delicate ash rungs of the comb back were similarly worn. Only on the under sides of the arms and seat and on the back of the comb board did the dark red staining show.

"My grandfather's father made that chair," said I, patting it affectionately. "My earliest recollection is of sitting on grandfather's knee and being rocked in it. Every day grandfather sat here and read his paper. He always put his spectacle-case there on the window-ledge. You see the path out from the kitchen door to the road? That is the way we always came into the house. The front door was only for state occasions. As you came up that path, you saw grandfather's beautiful white head, with its white beard and kindly blue eyes, framed in the window, welcoming you. As the years passed, my home-coming up that path meant more and more to me, especially after grandfather was all who was left to welcome me. How his eyes used to light up with pleasure! I could see him brace the arms with his hands and push himself out of the chair when he saw me coming! He was sitting here only the day before he died. He said—I remember it as if it were to-day—'This old chair's done good service, John, nigh a hundred year, and it's got life in it yet. Don't throw it away with the rest o' the old things, will you?'"

I paused, forgetful. Elizabeth was silent, but presently I was aware of a touch on my arm. "Please," she said, "you sit in the chair. I want to see you there."

I sat down, in some surprise, and she stole out of the kitchen and looked in at me from the path. I nodded to her gravely. As gravely she smiled back, and pushed open the door. There was a curious wistfulness in her face.

"What is it?" I asked.

"N-nothing," she replied. "I wanted to see how it felt to come back home."

I'm not sure what I was about to reply, for at that instant Aunt Ruth appeared from another part of the house.

"Mornin'!" she cried cheerily. "John, I come to tell you that I hear old Eli Perkins is going out o' business, an' if you want him to fix up Uncle Warren's chair, you'd better take it over pretty soon. Lazy old man! Why, he's only eighty-seven!"

I jumped up with a sudden inspiration. "Elizabeth," I cried, "to-morrow you shall have your wish! We'll take the chair to Winton in the stage!"

"Land o' Goshen!" said Aunt Ruth. "They'll think it's a ghost!"

"Who cares what they think?" said I. "Grandfather's chair shall go on its last ride in grandfather's stage. Elizabeth, you be at the barn at nine to-morrow morning!"

I grabbed for my hat and started toward the door.

Elizabeth followed. "But aren't you forgetting something?" she smiled.

"What?"

"The doughnut."

Aunt Ruth laughed and went into the butt'ry, emerging with a panful; and Elizabeth and I, a doughnut in each hand, ran like two children to the carriage-house.

It was a long job cleaning the stage of the accumulated dust of a generation, but we had it presentable at last, and the old harnesses polished up, and then I escorted a very hot and bedraggled young lady to the Inn, where her friends on the veranda, in immaculate frills, stared in amazement.

But their amazement at five minutes past nine the next morning was greater still, for with my two best horses in the shafts, grandfather's chair reposing in state on the faded plum-colored cushions within, and Elizabeth and I seated high aloft on the driver's seat, the old yellow stage-coach, rocking on its straps, emerged from my carriage-house and rumbled down the village street, pulling up before the post-office, directly across from the hotel veranda.

"Where's the mail-bag, Sil?" I shouted.

Silvanus Buxton, the postmaster, came forth from his store. "Well, I'll be—switched!" he said. "John, it's a powerful time since we seen the old coach drive up here, ain't it? You might bring me back a five-pound box o' butter and seven pounds o' double B shot."

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"Done!" said I. "G'lang!"

We rattled off down the street, leaving behind us an astonished group on the post-office veranda, and a more astonished group on the steps of the Inn. Past the village green and the old white meeting-house we rumbled, the small boys stopping their ball game to chase on behind, hanging to the trunk-rack.

"Same old instinct!" I cried with delight. "That's what *we* used to do when the stage went by!"

Down the white road we went, kicking up more dust than a motor, past the links, where three drives were foozled as a result of our appearance, through the green, expanding intervale, and rolled into Winton with a rattle of harness and rumble of wheels just as the morning train was pulling up at the station. There were some people in Winton who remembered the old stage; there were more who didn't. Elizabeth sat in the center of a curious throng while I bought the butter and the shot. Then, with small boys hanging on behind, we drove down an alley beyond the station and drew up in front of a dingy old paint shop.

There appeared in the door to greet us a curious figure of a man, small, aged, white-haired, kindly. He was in his white shirt-sleeves. His trousers and tie were black. Across his alpaca waistcoat hung a massive watch-chain, and from the pocket thrust a spectacle-case. His eyes were the pale blue of the very old, but they twinkled merrily. In his hand he held a delicate paint brush, no larger than one would use for a water-color sketch.

"This is Warren Abbott's stage from Ashford," he said. "Be you his ghost?"

"No," said I, "his grandson."

I climbed down over the wheel, and, holding up my arms, swung Elizabeth to the ground. We opened the door of the coach, took out grandfather's chair, and carried it into the shop.

"Mr. Perkins," said I, "your father decorated that chair nearly a century ago. Can you do it again now?"

"I calc'late if my father could, I kin," said the old man. "Goin' to set up housekeepin', you two?"

Elizabeth gave a gasp and grew rosy. I fear I grew red myself. "Oh, no," said I. "This is Miss Egan, Mr. Perkins, one of the summer visitors at the Ashford Inn.

"I'LL DO THIS CHAIR BECAUSE I KIN STILL FIND SOME O' MY OLD DAD'S WORK ON IT."

She wanted to see your beautiful work."

The old man looked at us both, smiling. "Why'd you come in the coach?" he said.

"We thought the old chair would feel more at home riding in that!" said Elizabeth.

"Well, I calc'late maybe it would, miss," said he. "I ain't seen that old shebang for nigh on fifteen year. Didn't know you kep' it, John."

"Oh, he keeps all the old things!" cried Elizabeth.

"Well, well!" said Eli Perkins; "that's more'n some of us do. Look around. There's plenty thet's old here. What ain't, I'm paid to make look 's if 'twas."

We looked. The shop was filled with old furniture—chairs, tables, sofas, stands, bureaus—in the process of being redecorated. The floor and lower walls, even the stove, were covered with minute dabs of paint, like a canvas by Childe Hassam. The old

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furniture, stained or painted a fresh red or white or blue or green, was delicately decorated with little half-formal, half-free designs in gold or colors—clusters of grapes, wreaths, leaves, or merely geometric patterns. It was all done with exquisite brushwork and faultless taste.

"Why, the dear old man's an artist!" whispered Elizabeth.

"He's been doing it, right in this shop, for seventy years," said I, "and his father did it before him. People send him furniture from all over the country."

The old man was examining my chair. "I'm goin' on eighty-seven," he said, "and I'm goin' to quit this fall and enjoy myself ten or fifteen year before I die. I ain't takin' any new work—but I'll do this cha' next week for your grandfather's sake, an.. because I kin still find some o' my old dad's work on it. You come for it Saturday week, and bring the young miss."

He wiped his hand on a rag and took hers. "It's good that the young folks hev the old things," he said, "to pass 'em on—to pass 'em on!"

We drove back more slowly up the valley. The old man's words were in my ears. Perhaps they were in Elizabeth's, too. There was a kind of constraint between us. But when I helped her down from the coach at the Inn door, she smiled up at me. "It was the grandest ride I ever had," she said.

That night a delegation of "summer folks" waited upon me and asked for the use of the coach for a ride to the country club by moonlight, and a dance. They had not known of its existence before. To ride in it appealed to them as a new kind of lark —a new "sensation." I refused rather tartly. I wished Aunt Ruth had been present, properly to express my feelings.

On the appointed Saturday, I hitched up the stage again, and again we rumbled down the valley. Less excitement attended our passage this trip. We were less excited ourselves. Indeed, I for one was rather pensive. The old coach jolted my memory as well as my body, and the reflection that this was probably its last trip out of the barn kept me silent. Elizabeth felt my mood, perhaps. At any rate, she didn't obtrude conversation.

But old Eli Perkins beamed a welcome, and grandfather's chair, resplendent in deep red, with little gold rings here and there on the rounds and a delicate Colonial wreath design in gold and blue on the comb back, was too cheerful an object to be resisted.

"Oh, the festive old thing!" cried Elizabeth. "It's been dipped in the fountain of youth."

"Looks jest about as it must hev when 'twas first done," said Eli Perkins, "an' it's jest about as good to set in. That'll last yer another lifetime. They made things to last in them days."

"They had the timber," said I.

"They had the brains," said Eli.

Gingerly we lifted grandfather's rejuvenated chair into the stage, bade farewell to the old man in his paint-shop door, and rattled up the alley, down the main street of Winton, and out upon the country road.

Presently, far up the valley, against the purple hills, we could see the white spire of the Ashford meeting-house.

"Gee-up!" I cried, snapping the whip. "I'm going home, Elizabeth; I'm on the old stage, going home. That's home up yonder. 'Good-by, proud world, I'm going home!' This is the last run of the Ashford stage. It goes back in the carriage-house to-night. I'm glad you're a passenger. See, you're coming home on it! Doesn't that white steeple give you the home feeling, too?"

"Yes," said Elizabeth, very low. "Yes, it does. I think I ought to have been born here. But I'm—I'm going to the Inn."

I moved closer to her on the seat and touched her hand. Riding so, in silence, we rumbled on through the green country.

We carried grandfather's chair up the old side path, and took it in through the kitchen door. Tenderly I set it down by the window where its rockers had worn two hollows in the solid planking of the floor. The western sun streamed in upon it. The old clock ticked sleepily. The kettle crooned on the stove. I took Elizabeth by the hand and gently seated her. Her brown head against the high comb back, she looked up at me in wonder; and I looked down at her as at the fulfilment of a dream.

"The old folks are gone from this house," I said, "and the old folks are going from this village. Their homes will go, too, and their homely, honest ways and racy speech—go like the coach and the mill and the timber. See, out there, Huckleberry Hill is now my last bulwark against the modern invasion. My wild berry bushes look over the wall into a formal garden. Some day there'll be a hotel where the meeting-house stands. But

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I still have grandfather's chair, and, dearest, I want you."

She uttered a little cry, and put her hands over her face.

I laid my hand upon her hair, and continued: "What use is the chair, or this house, to me alone?" I pleaded. "You know what Eli Perkins said—it's good for the young folks to have the old things—to pass 'em on! You love them, too; you understand; you feel how they can twine about the heart and make life richer, more significant. I guess that's why you have twined about my heart! Anyhow, you have. What matter if the mill rots, and the coach drops to pieces in the carriage-house? Love doesn't grow old; it is renewed with every generation. It is a new love, with all its freshness and its wonder, that I offer you—with grandfather's chair!"

Slowly her hands withdrew from her face, and her brown eyes looked again into mine, shining, happy, so tender that I slipped to my knees beside her and laid my face in her lap for very humility of their answering love.

Presently we heard Aunt Ruth coming.

"See, Aunt Ruth," said I, "grandfather's chair has a new coat of paint and a new occupant, both permanent!"

Aunt Ruth came over quickly and kissed Elizabeth.

"So he's threw over his old aunt!" she said. "Well, I hoped he would from the minute I set eyes on your merry face, dear. You'll hev to git me to teach yer how to make huckleberry pies, though!"

"I calc'late I will," said Elizabeth with a twinkle.

The old clock on the mantel drowsily struck six.

PARIS à la Carte

BY JULIAN STREET

Author of "THE NEED OF CHANGE," "LOBSTER PALACE SOCIETY," "SHIP-BORED," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"The author will regret neither the cares nor the indigestions his researches have caused him, if the alimentary art owes new progress to this effort."—Grimod de la Reynière, in the Almanach des Gourmands, Paris, 1804.

THEATERS and music-halls were emptying; cafés filling up. Under the blue glare of arc-lights, the Paris boulevards had lost their last vestige of reality and attained their ultimate theatric touch; the rows of horse-chestnuts had become stage trees, with papier-maché trunks and preposterous green paper leaves; the women, walking in the patched lights beneath, unearthly beings, with reptilian eyes and poisonous cheeks. Cabmen, soldiers, chauffeurs, policemen, boulevardiers, were playing their parts like trained comedians; the rest of us were "supers," marching and countermarching to the music of the midnight streets. It was the most unreal hour in the most unreal city in the world.

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Turning into the avenue de l'Opéra, my friend, the Reformed Diplomat, and I beheld a line of variegated vehicles, drawing up successively before the entrance of the Café de Paris. On the walk, beside the luminous doorway, huddled a little group of onlookers—some grimy, tousle-headed children; a pair of sad-eyed *midinettes* pale in their black dresses; an old crone bending over her cane; a burly, beery truck-driver pausing on his way from a cruel day's work; a haggard girl of the streets pausing on her way to a cruel night's work—objects to inspire repulsion, pity, or perhaps artistic approbation as the background for a series of startling, vari-colored visions which burst from the equipages, scudded across the sidewalk on twinkling satin slippers, and entered the door of the café. Accompanying each of these effulgent beings was a hovering black figure, shod in glistening patent leather, topped with a sleek silk hat and garnished with the essential pocketbook.

WHERE ONE MAY SIT AND WATCH THE FASCINATING PARIS CROWDS.

We followed and were met, within, by the scream of violins, the scrutiny of head-waiters, and the scent of viands. Before us was a buffet, dressed with a profusion of rare edibles: capon from Le Mans, black truffles from Périgord, ripe red tomatoes from Provence, great fish from icy rivers, pâtés de foies gras from Strassburg, tender asparagus from Rheims, succulent string-beans from Nice, red-lacquered cherries, bits of grape-vine bearing fruit like clusters of old green and purple jewels, almonds in jackets of verdigris; big, bizarre strawberries; peaches with firm, tender flesh and velvet skin; an avalanche of golden bananas, and, enthroned above all, Her Majesty the pineapple, in the green crown she wears as queen of tropic fruits.

Beyond the buffet lay the Café de Paris, divided, like all Gaul, into three parts. People were going up a stairway, two by two, to the *cabinets particuliers*, those secluded and insinuating private dining-rooms which are not the least Parisian things about the leading Paris restaurants. Other people were going sadly to the left side of the ground-floor room, which is the "discard"; still others were being shown to the opposite side, which is, in both senses of the word, the right.

To sit upon the right side of the Café de Paris it is necessary to be upon the right side of Louis Barrya, the maître d'hôtel—which costs, I am informed, one hundred francs, payable in almost any sort of money, in advance. Aside from the fact that a pair of professionals give the "*Apache*" dance among the tables, there is no reason for sitting there, excepting that it is "the thing" to do so. My friend, the Reformed Diplomat, declares that it is a sort of unchartered American club, of which Louis is the house committee, the membership committee, and, above all, the treasurer. The qualification for membership is the possession and free use of money. Payment of the initiation fee creates instant membership, giving you the right to sit on a yellow divan, order à la carte from a menu which scorns to mention sordid things like prices, and, having ordered, eat and drink and look about at the marble columns, gold ceilings, mirrors, luxuriant plants, and gaudy Americans.

If you see an occasional "foreigner," it is probably James Hazen Hyde, Valeska Suratt, or a waiter—although I have heard that a Russian, or an Anglomaniac Frenchman drifts in, now and then, during the winter, when there are no Americans in Paris. (No wonder French waiters think that Americans hibernate through the cold

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season, only to reappear in the spring, the females with new plumage and the males with new letters of credit.) One is inclined to puzzle, at first, as to how the Café de Paris exists while the Americans are absent, but presently one gets one's bill and understands. I ceased to wonder even before the bill was brought, for I saw a gentleman from Indiana drop a golden louis on the floor and give it to the waiter as a tip for his pains in having picked it up.

Witnessing this exhibition of financial insouciance, I suddenly became conscious of the fact that the Café de Paris is no place for a person who endeavors to extract a living from the editors of magazines. The food and drink are not homelike from a literary point of view—they are too good; and although authors, in their lairs, have no prices marked upon their menus, the absence of prices from the menus of this café does not give that cozy and domestic touch one might expect.

To feel entirely at home in the Café de Paris one should have been especially born for the purpose. The seventh son of the seventh wife of a man with seven millions might grow up to it, especially if born with a golden spoon (full of caviar) in his mouth, or if he came into being in a proscenium box on the first night of a Broadway musical show. Subsequent training as a stock-broker, a wine-agent, a man-milliner, or the editor of a Chicago society paper might also help. An infant born under such favorable conditions, and carefully nurtured with bottled cocktails and absinthe, would be ready for the Café de Paris on attaining his majority, or be a disappointment to his parents and the show-girl with whom he elopes. It would be a good place for his honeymoon with his unblushing bride, except for the fact that the Café de Paris closes at about three o'clock in the morning, which might spoil their evenings.

Apropos of this, it may be mentioned that, though the matter of time is, from one point of view, unimportant to your Parisian restaurant-goer, it is peculiarly important from another. Unlike the American, the Frenchman is not irritated by slow service, providing each dish is palatable when it finally arrives. He prefers things cooked to order, regardless of time, and, to this end, ceases entirely to transact business between the hours of noon and two o'clock. In the largest cities outside Paris, even the banks are closed through this part of the day.

"All of which," Flammang will tell you, "shows why the French have better things to eat than the Americans, no matter how many celebrated Parisian chefs are taken to New York."

Flammang has been chef for the Duke of York, also in many clubs and fashionable restaurants in New York, but has retired, now, to pass a philosophic old age as proprietor of a tea-room and pastry-shop on a corner of the rue Valois, near the Palais Royal.

"In America," says he, "people eat too fast. They sit down to table, regard their watches, and say to the waiter: 'Quick! I have but an half-hour!' He brings them food, running. They throw it into their mouths as one throws clothing into a laundry bag. When one course is finished, the next must be upon the table. If it is not, they call for the head waiter and cry with fury: 'What is the matter! What is the

LONG (AND HIGH)
LIVE THE ARMY!

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matter! I arrived at three minutes past twelve; it was twenty-one minutes past when I called you, and here a whole half minute has passed while I have spoken! Eighteen and one-half minutes gone, yet where are those chop with *petits pois?* This is terrible! It is one *véritable scandale!'*

"And for that," Flammang continues, "what must these good chefs do? They must begin to cook two or three hours in advance. Then the food must stand in large quantities, to become dry and without flavor. Ah, but it is ready! That is the thing! Quick! Quick!"

If the time spent at table is not important to the Frenchman, the time for sitting down to meals is highly so. Certain restaurants are popular at certain hours: some for breakfast, others for luncheon, tea, dinner, or supper. Comparatively few people, for example, lunch at the Café de Paris, more dine there, but it is not until about midnight that the great crowd arrives.

When, two or three hours later, the people are leaving this café, and the violinists are putting their instruments in cases, such resorts as Maxim's and the wild establishments of Montmartre are only tuning to their shrillest, dizziest pitch. Maxim's, though technically open through the day, is practically deserted before midnight, and does not reach its ultimate until half-past two or three o'clock, A. M., while the several giddy Montmartre cafés, of which I shall speak later, do not even make a pretense of opening their doors before eleven or twelve at night.

Last year I met, in Paris, an American youth who, having seen "The Merry Widow" and "The Girl from Maxim's," wished to visit the notorious establishment at once. He went there for dinner on the night of his arrival in the city, only to find himself alone in the place save for the idle, grinning waiters.

I congratulated him.

It was not my original intention to mention Maxim's quite so soon, but, since I have drifted to it, I may as well continue. I abominate the place, not because it is gay or seductive, but because it is precisely the reverse—a brazen fake, over-advertised, ogling, odoriferous; a nightmare of smoke, champagne, and banality. Its *art nouveau* mural decorations are vertiginous and terrible, and the people beneath them are even worse—pudgy, purple men, trying to purchase happiness in iced bottles, and solitary sirens trying to look gay and alluring before the dismal pints of champagne which, on entering, they are obliged to order if they wish to stay. The rest are onlookers who might better have remained away.

However, I have been able to find two sadly funny things about this place: a revolving door and a *chasseur*. The former is, so far as I know, the only door of its kind in the world. Instead of the usual four divisions, it has but two, each of which accommodates a couple. The purpose of this door is beautifully obvious: it prevents the devoted, the disgusted, and the drunk from separating, even for an instant. The *chasseur* is comic because of his superbly suitable appearance. A youth but little more than four feet tall, with a sallow, sharp face and shrewd, derisive eyes, he wears a bright red pill-box cap, set so jauntily upon the side of his head that one fancies it must hang upon a sprouting horn. His flaming jacket is cut to an absurd little point, like a sharp tail, behind. Altogether he is the perfect image of his father, Mephistopheles, who (in spite of reports that it is owned by an English stock company) I believe is the proprietor of Maxim's. Waiting with his bicycle, to carry nasty messages for nasty people, you may see the diabolic little *chasseur* almost any time you drive past Maxim's (which I hope you'll always do).

You need drive but a few steps farther to reach the Restaurant Larue, which, by day, lies in the shadow of the church of the Madeleine, and by night casts shadows of its own. With its excellent cuisine and wines, its cosmopolitan clientele, its Tzigany orchestra, and its florid decorations, Larue's is very typical of the Paris boulevards. Americans go there, but then, so do Frenchmen. And Frenchwomen! It is not coarse, like Maxim's, but gay, like Paris; the sort of place one would select for a first meal in the "*ville lumière*" after two years spent on the veldt, or in one of our western towns with funny names and oyster parlors situated on Main Street.

It is very annoying to have to write anything useful or instructive. That is the trouble with this article: it is written with a purpose. I want to convert you from the stupid pretense of standing before statues and paintings which you will never understand, and teach you how to improve your

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BESIDE THE LUMINOUS DOORWAY HUDDLED
A LITTLE GROUP OF ONLOOKERS.

time in Paris, so that, instead of coming away with a blurred list of painters and sculptors, you will have recollections, definite and permanent, of interesting restaurants, dishes, and people. To this end I must encroach somewhat upon the field of Mr. Baedeker and, instead of describing separately each important restaurant on or near the *Grands Boulevards*, run through the list hurriedly:

The Hotel Ritz, Henry's (not Henry's bar), Paillard's, and Durand's are fashionable and very good. The last of these is one of the older restaurants of the first class, having been established about 1820-30. The Café de la Paix is likewise good, and is particularly celebrated for its sidewalk terrace, where one may sit over a lemonade, a *sirop*, or an ice, and watch the fascinating Paris crowd. The Café Américain is not American at all, and has a rather sad supper room up-stairs, in which professional dancing girls waltz, lackadaisically, between the tables. Prunier's is famous for sea food, but is closed in hot weather. Noël Peter's is well known and good. The Restaurant Champeaux (established 1800) is popular with stock-brokers, and is described by Zola in the first chapter of "L'Argent."

So on, down the boulevard, until we come to the famous and admirable Marguery's in the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle. Marguery's is neither painfully fashionable nor distressingly expensive, yet it is one of the best restaurants in Paris, thriving, despite its somewhat out-of-the-way location, by virtue of fine fare and a consequent strong bourgeois support. I hope that it will always thrive, and that I shall often see it doing so—over a platter of sole à la Marguery: the most delectable of fish, cooked in the most marvelous of manners.

The bent, picturesque figure of old Monsieur Marguery, with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his buttonhole, is no longer to be seen passing from table to table. He belonged to an age and type which are fast vanishing. Companies run restaurants to-day, and companies can not be expected to have white hair, or personality, or to stroll among the tables bowing and keeping an eye to the service. Companies hire men to do this sort of thing. And from my observation, they thus give legal and lucrative employment to many individuals who, had they lived in other times, would very likely have sailed the Spanish Main under a flag like the label on a carbolic acid bottle.

In enumerating these leading restaurants, I have purposely omitted Voisin's and the Café Anglais, because they are entirely

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unique. Built before the days of Midas & Co., architects and mural decorators whose touch has turned all modern restaurants to gold, these two fine old establishments hold out with patriarchal scorn against the flamboyant tendencies of the times. Their doorways are not the doorways of palaces; they are white, inside and out; they employ no orchestras to drown stupid conversation, no buccaneers of waiters to gouge their patrons. They are the two great ancient temples of the French cuisine which still remain in Paris.

Voisin's, the more recent of the two, was established in 1813, in a building belonging to a convent, the grounds of which occupied, until the Revolution, the entire neighborhood. It has never moved from its location, and has changed hands but twice. Its cellars (containing such vintages as Château Margaux, 1846, Château Lafitte, and Château Haut-Brion, 1847) are the most famous, I suppose, of any public cellars in the world. And if there are no prices on the bill of fare, one does not feel resentful, for one knows that there will be no overcharging, as at certain other restaurants where this custom holds.

I have the menu of a Christmas dinner held at Voisin's in the year 1870, on the ninety-ninth day of the siege of Paris. Perhaps they did not eat the things which were listed on that card, but they perpetrated a brave joke in face of famine and disaster, when they debonairly listed such dishes as Roast Camel, Stuffed Donkey's Head, and Cats with Rat Dressing.

The Café Anglais is, in history, spirit, and appearance, very similar to Voisin's. Fournier, in his "Promenade Historique dans Paris," tells of the discovery of the place in the year 1800 by some gay young men who soon made it famous and caused its transformation from a humble little *cabaret* into a restaurant of the first order.

The great men of the last century have dined at both these restaurants, and precious souvenirs of royal patrons are preserved at the Café Anglais, in shape of finger-bowls, each bearing the monogram and cipher of the king or prince who used it. The late King Edward's finger-bowl is there, as are also those of the Kaiser, the late Leopold of Belgium, the King and the Crown Prince of Greece, the King of Spain, the Grand Duke Alexis, the ex-King Manuel of Portugal, and many others.

Collectors look upon these souvenirs with greedy eyes.

"But, Monsieur," the maître d'hôtel explained to me, "they are not ours to sell. We regard them as the private property of their respective majesties and royal highnesses. And what would they think, Monsieur, on coming back, to find their finger-bowls no longer here?"

"King Edward and King Leopold will not come back," I ventured.

"True, Monsieur," he replied with dignity, "and that is but an added reason why we most respectfully preserve their finger-bowls."

I know of two other notable restaurants, but of less aristocratic lineage, which are older than Voisin's and the Café Anglais. One of these, the Bœuf à la Mode, in the rue Valois, was founded in 1792. It is a favorite eating-place of mine, simple, old-fashioned, very good. And it is near the Palais Royal, the Comédie Française, and the Louvre; so if, in spite of my advice, you insist on sightseeing, you may find it convenient.

Older still is the Tour d'Argent, which, so far as I know, has the record for antiquity, having existed upon its present site on the Quai de la Tournelle since 1582, or within less than fourscore years of the death of Christopher Columbus. The place is rather dingy; one does not go there to hear music or to see crowds and elaborate costumes, but for the special dishes cooked by old Frédéric,* who, with his Ibsenesque head and his broad shoulders, stooping under the weight of the sixty-nine years they carry, is one of the sights of Paris—and knows it.

His greatest specialty is *canard pressé*. When Frédéric carves a Rouen duck, crushes the carcass in a silver press, mixes his savory sauce, and with it anoints the tender slices, people at the tables lay down their knives and forks to watch, and waiters stand about in prayerful attitudes. The very writing of the thing fills me with a great desire; yet a still small voice whispers to me that I'm better off away from Frédéric's. His *canard pressé* is extremely rich, and the "gathering of material" for such articles as this gives one a tendency toward biliousness and gout.

*Frédéric Delair died in Paris about the time these lines were written.

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It occurs to me that this may be the reason why so little information has hitherto been given on the subject of the Paris restaurants. Writers have doubtless tried to tell about them, but have died in the attempt, or given up and gone to Carlsbad.

Notwithstanding this, there are persons who have enjoyed the distinction of having dishes named for them by Frédéric, yet lived. On the menu of the Tour d'Argent will be found the following: Sole Loie Fuller, Canapé Clarence Mackay, Sole Phipps, Salmon Trout Munsey, and, getting down to dessert, Pear Wanamaker—in which dish a slangy Parisian might find the flavor of a *double entente*; for, in France, to call a man a *poire* is to refer ironically to the shape of his head and the paucity of its contents—as witness the punishment of the journalist who applied the term to King Louis Philippe.

I once wormed myself into the confidence of one of Frédéric's waiters, a confidence which I shall now betray.

"*Mais oui, Monsieur,*" he smiled. "I can make *canard pressé* as well as any one. But then, Monsieur, the people would not come to see me do it. I have neither the so grand manner nor yet the so grand whiskers which have made my *patron* rich, Monsieur."

I was not entirely surprised to hear that my friend Frédéric was rich. Not only does he charge good round prices, but he has served me wines which, on comparing price with flavor, made me think he was just a trifle richer than he really ought to be.

At Frédéric's we find ourselves for the first time on the left bank of the Seine, a

LIKE STAGE-SETTINGS, VERY PERFECT AND ENTIRELY THEATRICAL.

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region which one thinks of as being given over to art, medical and university students, and the Bon Marché. One has not far to go to reach the Latin Quarter.

The best restaurant of this section is the Foyot, near the Luxembourg gallery—a fine old place, frequented by professors from the Sorbonne and the schools. But the more typical Latin Quarter restaurants are on or near the Boulevard St. Michel—known familiarly among the people of the *quartier* as the "Boule Miche": Pascal's, in the rue de l'Ecole du Médecin, frequented principally by medical students and their "*bonnes amies*"; the Café d'Harcourt in the boulevard near by, an old favorite among the art students; and the Taverne du Panthéon, also on the "Boule Miche," much the same as the Harcourt, though somewhat more pretentious. In these cafés, or on the sidewalk terraces outside the two last-named, one sees, at night, the life of the present Latin Quarter. There is a good deal of sordidness, a good deal of pose, and a great deal of youth about it, but it is not so heartless and commercial as the night life on the other side of the river.

Though some writers try to keep up the illusion of the "Real Latin Quarter," the fact is that the days of "Trilby" and of gay *grisettes* are gone. The *grisette* is an extinct animal, having evolved into the model or *cocotte*, and though one sees in these cafés evidences of the fact that life in the Latin Quarter may still be loose, the students' trousers are not nearly so loose as they were twenty years ago. If a few young men affect the baggy corduroys, long matted hair, and flat hats once so prevalent, they are the inefficients who, being unable to paint, devote themselves to shedding a glamour on the *quartier* and soup on their

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Windsor ties. Nevertheless, if one be finicky enough to disapprove of kissing between mouthfuls (and strictly between friends, of course), 'twere better not to dine or sup on the "Boule Miche."

The Restaurant Lavenue, near the Montparnasse railway station, though frequented by artists, shows more restraint than the last three I have mentioned. It is divided into two sections, the Grand and the Petit Lavenue. The former is the more expensive, and pretentious, and is more likely to be crowded, having as a drawing card a particularly good violinist by the name of Schumacher.

For the rest, the boulevards and side streets of the neighborhood are dotted over with quiet little cafés, some of them decorated by the students, where one may lunch or dine surprisingly well for a franc or two. Ordinary travelers will not care to see these places, while those who have the "nose" for them will enjoy them the more for finding them unaided.

It is natural that Paris, with her cosmopolitan population, should have a group of restaurants specializing in the cuisine of other lands. Several German cafés are to be found upon the boulevards; a Spanish restaurant, at 14 rue du Helder; and a restaurant called Vian's, at 22 rue Daunou, opposite the Hotel Chatham, where the homesick American may procure codfish balls, corn-bread, sweet corn on the cob, and other dishes to remind him that the United States is not without her culinary specialties. There are also several Italian restaurants: one on the Boulevard des Italiens, another in the Passage des Panoramas, and still another, little known, yet very fascinating, quite at the top of the Montmartre.

The rather inaccessible position occupied by the Restaurant du Coucou has saved it, so far, to the coterie of artists, actors, journalists, and literary folk who, with their friends, make up its clientele. It perches like a bird's nest on the steep hillside which surrounds the Sacré Cœur. In front of the picturesque, dilapidated old building which is the restaurant proper, lies a tiny square, the name of which I shall not give —for if you have not the energy to find it, you don't deserve to know about the Restaurant du Coucou. The square sleeps throughout the day, but as dinner-time approaches appear Émilie, Marguerite, Rina, and Charles (the children of Vincent, chef and proprietor of the Coucou), bearing little tables and rush-bottom chairs, which they set about the open *place* between their building and the studio-residence of the artist across the way.

Vincent came from Asti, in Italy, a good many years ago, and, after being maître d'hôtel in well-known families, started his little restaurant some ten years since. His cheerful *femme*, who watches the accounts, is Swiss, but the children, who serve the diners, possess (like the cooking and the Asti wine) the qualities of their father's fatherland. It is a place superbly simple, rare and unspoiled—the scene of Charpentier's "Louise"; the veritable citadel of "La Bohème."

When darkness falls, the three girls appear with tiny lamps, which, placed about upon the tables, shed glow-worm lights upon the diners, among whom Charles, youngest of Vincent's flock, passes in the

VENTILATION WOULD SEEM TO THE FRENCH UNPATRIOTIC.

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SHEDDING A GLAMOUR ON THE *QUARTIER* AND SOUP ON THEIR WINDSOR TIES.

rôle of jester, "*blagueing*" and being spoiled.

With the aid of what I have told you, you can find the Restaurant du Coucou in an hour or two's tramp. Having found it, select a balmy night to dine there. You will sit a long time before asking for your bill, which will be written in chalk upon a slate, and very moderate. We were four at table the last time I visited the Coucou, and Rina's slate called for twenty francs, or just one dollar each, for a meal of soup, spaghetti, lobster, salad, and other things, washed down with Asti wine. I paid, but, just as we were leaving, Rina came running after me, announcing a mistake.

"How much more?" I asked, slipping my hand into my pocket.

"Nothing, Monsieur," she said, showing me the amendment on her slate. "We owe you two francs."

I had a different experience at Larue's a few nights later. This time I discovered an error of a few francs on a much bigger bill, and requested that it be corrected. The waiter took the bill away, and when he brought it back it was larger than before. They had deducted the amount I objected to, but added a larger sum against another item! The *restaurateurs* of the boulevards do not believe in "revision downward."

Since the time the ancient Gauls first made their *marmite*, it has been the custom of Gallic people to consider eating passionately. The art of the cuisine is to the French what the—may one say art?—of the Quick Lunch is to us, excepting that our quick lunch is so very, very quick that we have no time (or reason) to be proud of it. No American has ever undertaken to write grandly, majestically of the quick lunch, but there are Frenchmen who have earned immortal names by writing of matters which may, with particular correctness, be described as "touching on the stomach and the palate." Consider, for example, the fulminations of Fulbert Dumonteuil, in the "Almanach des Gourmands":

"It is the flag of the French cuisine, which our incomparable master-cooks have proudly planted upon the strange soil of grateful and charmed nations. And every day its

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Empire grows more vast, and, above all, more durable than those of Alexander and of Charlemagne!"

What is left to other nations in face of such a gastronomic war-whoop but to strike their colors to the French? And we do strike them (all but the Germans) by wearing our napkins at humble half-mast, in our laps, while the Frenchman raises the white banner of culinary conquest to full height, flaunting it victoriously from between his collar and his double chin.

If the French do not know how to eat, they certainly do know what and where to eat. Eating is part of the Parisian's training for the one game, the one industry, the one passionate pursuit on which the whole of his existence centers—the pursuit of woman.

Each time I go to Paris I see more clearly that the superb restaurants, with their rich food and drink, their seductive music, and their little stairways, leading up to *cabinets particuliers*, are designed to strike one incessant note in the bacchanalian chorus of the Venusberg—a chorus in which other notes are struck by the literature, the drama, the *costumiers*, milliners, and jewelers, the insinuating deep-topped *fiacres* and taxis scurrying on clandestine errands.

"The fairy of toilettes," an anonymous French writer says of one Paris restaurant (and he might have said it of a score), "the fairy of adornments, of jewels, of shoulders, the poem of the flesh, the eyes of sorceresses, palpitating throats, superb hair, white hands covered with precious stones, compliments and favors, kisses and embraces, love and voluptuousness, wealth, happiness, joy, youth, luxury, shine resplendently in elegantly decorated rooms, bloom in the intimacy of picturesque salons. . . ."

There is a glimpse of the Frenchman's point of view as set down by himself! Two types of Paris restaurants exemplify it in its extremity. In its most elegant aspect it is to be seen in the outdoor and semi-outdoor establishments, of the Bois de Boulogne and the Champs Élysées; in its more sordid and professional quality in the supper places of Montmartre.

The outdoor restaurants of Paris are unique. Architects, landscape gardeners, and nature have combined with chefs and maîtres d'hôtel to endow them with a theatrical allure so extravagant that, even in broad day, they give one a strong sense of unreality.

IF YOU HAVE NOT THE ENERGY TO FIND IT, YOU DON'T DESERVE TO KNOW THE RESTAURANT DU COUCOU.

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The Château de Madrid, a hotel run by the proprietors of the Restaurant Henry, is the latest of them. It occupies, almost foot for foot, the site of a château built by François I. in the early part of the sixteenth century, and possesses one or two souvenirs of the original structure. The other outlying places, the Pré Catelan, Pavillon d'Armenonville, Cascade, etc., are arranged on a different plan, each having a central pavilion—a low building with large dining-rooms below, private ones above, and wide verandas, glass-enclosed or not, according to the weather. Around these central buildings lie gardens sheltered by opulent trees, walled in by secretive hedges, filled with the scent of flowers, the sound of music, and the sense of sophisticated seclusion.

Especially during the racing season, the show at the Pré Catelan and Armenonville is spectacular. For *déjeuner*, tea, and dinner they are crowded, but have, perhaps, their largest throng for what Paris calls the "feeve o'clock." For this function, which the French indulge in quite as regularly as the English, an endless line of vehicles arrives with women in toilettes elegant and extreme beyond the belief of the Anglo-Saxon man, and French men of fashion, *gommeux*, with pointed shoes, English clothes, canes, silk hats, monocles, and quick, appreciative glances for such women as are either beautiful, chic, or bizarre.

Effective as they are by day, it is not until night that the great hour of the *al fresco* restaurants arrives. At dinner-time, and through the evening, they are like Belasco stage-settings, very perfect and entirely theatrical. There is the play, but it does not progress. It is the same, hour after hour, night after night, year after year.

The performers come in two by two, take tables on the verandas, or in the little bowers and kiosks of the gardens—men with extraordinary beards and mustachios, women with mysteriously wise eyes and fascinating gowns,—to consume rare wines and viands brought (to music) by discreetly self-effacing waiters.

What place could be more fitting for a rendezvous (ah, beautiful French word!) with some one's tremulously lovely wife—perchance your own?

Best of all these garden spots, I like, to dine at the Café Laurent in the Champs Elysées. Though smaller than Ledoyen's across the way (where a thousand people will dine of a summer's evening), there is something superlative about it: its cooking

PEOPLE LAY DOWN THEIR KNIVES AND FORKS TO WATCH.

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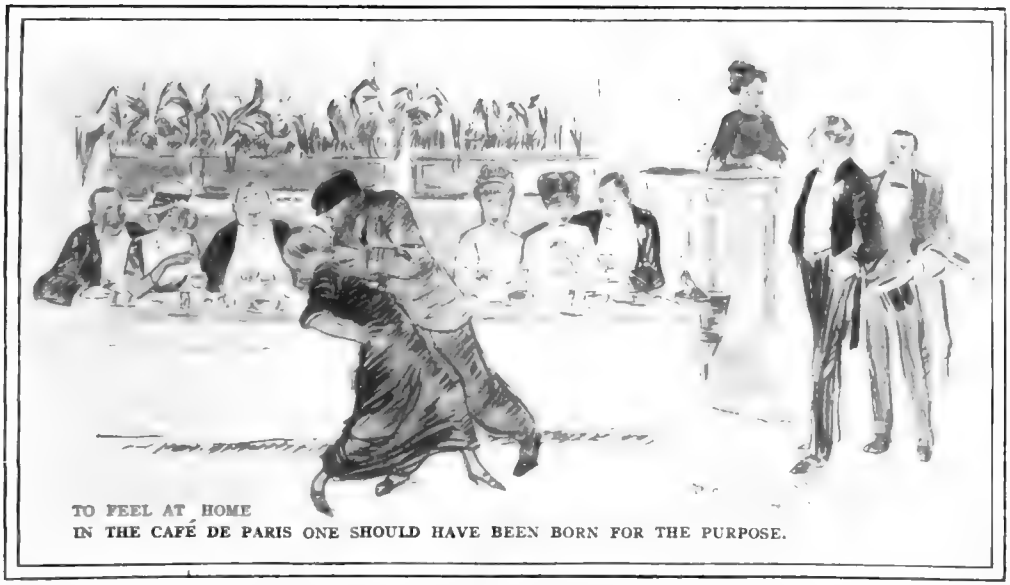

TO FEEL AT HOME
IN THE CAFÉ DE PARIS ONE SHOULD HAVE BEEN BORN FOR THE PURPOSE.

and service are superb, its patrons very fashionable, its gardens gloriously theatric, and its prices—well, they are, too.

The garden would make a perfect setting for the second act of a "comedy of manners," in which one of the characters is a beautiful young Russian woman with a gown cut to an acute V in the back. She would rest a pair of lovely elbows on the table, hold a cigarette between jeweled fingers, and gaze off through the trees at the necklace of lights that encircles the Théâtre Marigny. The men would be ambassadors, and they would talk in well-bred voices while an orchestra played throbbing waltzes.

If, on the other hand, I wished to set a scene for a "Zaza" sort of drama, about an innocent youth and a fiery, wiry actress, I should betake myself to the Café des Ambassadeurs, a stone's throw from the Laurent. There I should have my rich young hero (he would have to be rich to do it) take a table in the first row of the balcony, where one may dine while witnessing the performance in the half-outdoor music-hall below. The plot of the play for which I select this scene would depend upon the country for which it was written. If it was for America, it would hinge upon the efforts of the actress to send the boy back to home and mother, but if for France, upon her efforts to keep him away from them. For the French use pepper and mustard where we use cream and sugar.

But it is getting late. We must decide between repose and prowling. Of course, I recommend that we go home, but you—ah! I can tell from the glitter of your eye that the nocturnal restlessness of Paris is surging through your veins. Well, as you must sit up, let's go to Fysher's.

Fysher's is not properly a café. It is (rather improperly, I fear) a wine-room, where nothing but champagne is served; a fast, chic, boulevard edition of the old-time *cabaret*, in which the threadbare poets and composers of Montmartre rendered their compositions before shabby, appreciative audiences, sipping *sirops*, beers, or absinthes.

The place consists of one small room, full of chairs and tables. Through the two or three hours that follow the striking of eleven it is packed with fashionably dressed men and women, representing "smart" society, the stage, and the "upper class" of the demi-monde.

Fysher's has been running several years, but has, both metaphorically and literally, been kept dark. Double doors and shutters keep the light and music from getting out, and stray nocturnal wayfarers and fresh air from getting in. When the room gets hot and smoky, a waiter undertakes to purify the atmosphere with a fine spray from a nickel-plated squirt-gun, charged

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with perfume. Real ventilation would, as a friend of mine remarked, seem to the French unpatriotic.

Fysher, himself, who is something of an artist, sings French love-songs written by himself—tender, lilting bits, of the type made known to American theatre-goers by Maurice Farkoa and Henri Leoni—with rhymes running to such combinations as *tendresse—ivresse—caresse*, and sentiments to such declarations as:

If life were one long kiss,
I would choose your lips for a dwelling place.

There are other singers who alternate with Fysher, and sometimes a volunteer is found among the tables. One of the regular singers whom I heard there last year, a pretty young woman with a vase-like figure and a bell-like voice, is starring in opera in America this year. The other, I think it safe to say, will never sing in opera. She bawls gay tunes in a raucous voice, but her personality is so humorously engaging that people laugh the moment she stands up.

I have no idea of spoiling Fysher's by telling you exactly where it is. If you find it, you must find it for yourself. The only clue that I shall give you is this: that from the step of the Café de Paris, you can very nearly throw a gold piece (or a handful of them) to Fysher's darkened doorway.

Two classes of night restaurants are left to us when Fysher's closes. There is Maxim's and the similar, if less objectionable, places of Montmartre on the one hand, and, on the other, the little-known dives of the "*Apaches*," both in Montmartre and near Les Halles, the great markets of the city. If the former are dissolute and foolish, the latter are really dangerous, for they are infested by the lowest characters.

Only those who know Paris well should venture into night resorts in doubtful neighborhoods. All the so-called "gayety" that any normal person wishes may be found in well-known places like the Rat Mort and l'Abbaye. The stray sociologist alone should think of penetrating to the lower depths, and him I advise to stay away.

Le Père de Famille, Le Grand Comptoir, Le Chien qui Fume, Le Lapin Sautant, Le Caveau des Innocents, etc., clustering about Les Halles, are, for the most part, shabby likenesses of the Montmartre restaurants. With the exception of the last-named, they have cafés and bars on the ground floor, and restaurants above; and usually there is a red-coated orchestra, composed of hunchbacks or otherwise grotesque musicians. To these places come the "*Apaches*" (a word which the French have borrowed from among our Indian names, to designate a bloodthirsty villain), the "*voyous*," or toughs, who hang about the markets, and the "*maqueraux*," with their women. To some of them, especially the Grand Comptoir, which is the largest and perhaps the most orderly of them all, occasionally come slumming parties from the fashionable world of Paris; but foreigners are never seen.

The crowds arrive between midnight and two o'clock, and stay through until morning, dancing, singing the latest ribald songs, breaking chairs and bottles, and occasionally shedding blood. Just as the purest French is said to be spoken in the city of Tours, the impurest is spoken in these restaurants. It is the argot of thieves and cutthroats, and is called the "*langue verte*." The most poisonous-looking place of all is the Caveau des Innocents, a low, vaulted cellar, with a doorway so small that one has to stoop to enter, and a series of narrow little rooms, in which desperate characters congregate about tables covered with the names of "*Apaches*," which they have carved with their murderous knives: "Casque d'Or," "Coup-couteau de la Bastille," etc.

Outside, the great Halles roar with work, as the creaking two-wheeled carts, which have come in from the country, are emptied of their produce. And when, at five or six o'clock in the morning, the fetid cafés close at last, they are hemmed in by barricades and breastworks of fresh vegetables.

This brief descent into the underworld has been a slight digression from the line of march. The logical ending of a night of prowling in the Paris cafés is, as everybody understands, in Montmartre. To speak of Montmartre anywhere but at the very end of this article would be to "put the *carte* (*du jour*) before the *hors* (*d'œuvre*)."

Very well. You and I have come from the boulevards, below. Our taxi has panted up "the mountain," between rows and rows of darkened houses, steering a straight course for the beacon lights of the Place Pigalle. Nearing the top, we have reached the realm of illumination, the big electric

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sign of the Bal Bullier, of the Restaurant Lajeunie, the Royal, Monico's, Pigalle's, and at last, upon the plateau of the Place Pigalle, l'Abbaye and the Rat Mort.

One can never tell just what is going to happen in Montmartre. The evening may be dull or may be gay. Banalities, absurdities, comicalities, or odd adventures may be there awaiting us.

Montmartre is dissipated, but not in the oppressive, ugly manner of the New York Tenderloin. Many of the women who go regularly to the Abbaye and the Rat Mort are startling in appearance, and, though there is no doubt as to the business they are bent on, they have a superficial gayety, a native wit, which the Anglo-Saxon sometimes finds alluring.

"No wonder," I heard an American woman say to her husband, as she watched a youthful Briton gayly buying bottle after bottle of champagne for a group of bizarre young women in the Abbaye, "no wonder that young Englishmen have such a jolly time in Paris. Think of the dulness of the women that they see at home!"

We have come to Montmartre "for fun," and perhaps we can have fun, if we keep our minds trained upon the superficial side of things. We must persuade ourselves that the dancing girls are there from terpsichorean passion; not for the paltry francs they gain. We must regard the extravagantly costumed *cocottes* as happy nymphs, and must believe that, between hectic nights in cafés and slumbrous days in stuffy rooms, the "*filles de joie*" lead joyful, soul-satisfying lives. In short, we must accept the point of view of other casual visitors, and think that happiness is manufactured by the topsyturvy formulas of Montmartre.

Failing to accomplish this inversion, we shall see in the region of the Place Pigalle only a sample of that sad, artificial gayety which exists in any city where the "lid is off."

It is to the credit of the French and of Montmartre that one sees but little drunkenness up there. And it is to the discredit of Americans that they supply such as there is. There is no more excuse for inebriety in Montmartre, than there would be in an insane asylum. The place is crazy enough without the aid of an excess of alcohol. It is a distorted world, seen through the bottom of a goblet; a mad, dusty, iridescent world, full of color and noise, where one sits and sits and sits until the blue dawn begins to percolate through roofs of glass, and things and people fade and melt in the mixed lights.

You grow depressed. It is another morning—another day to be met and coped with. You shut one eye, relight your cigar, call for checks and coats, and leave.

As you go into the street, a tall, handsome girl from one of the other restaurants is passing toward her home. Over her lovely evening dress is thrown a wrap of costly lace. Her ebony black hair is piled up wonderfully, and in place of a hat she wears two large rosettes of lace and ribbon, fastened to the ends of hat pins. She turns her slanting, inscrutable black eyes to you, notes that you are an "*Anglais*," and says, in staccato accents, as she goes upon her way:

"'Allo, my dear. Sink of me."

A little morning pleasantry, in passing—that is all.

The Paris dawn is very beautiful. It is blue and cold and pure, and as you clatter home through narrow, sleeping streets, the mad scenes of the night, which have been swinging in your brain like windmills, are as the horrors of a past delirium. Paris has been born again, beautiful and virginal, as only you, who see her by the light of dawn, may ever see her.

Yet, even then, she is unreal. The trees are unreal, the long line of two-wheeled carts and the piles of fresh vegetables, arrayed within them, are unreal; the man who is washing down the streets with an absurd hose, on rollers, is unreal; the house before which your cabman stops is unreal; and when, later on, you offer it to some one, you will find that the change the cabman gave you was unreal, as well.

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DEATH

BY · MAURICE · MAETERLINCK*

Author of "THE TREASURE OF THE HUMBLE," "THE LIFE OF THE BEES," "THE BLUEBIRD," etc.

Editor's Note—By a wide circle of readers Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian philosopher, poet, and dramatist, is esteemed perhaps the most distinguished literary figure of to-day. This article, marked with the elements of his greatness—philosophy, poetry, drama—is a noteworthy study of the universal subject, important to thoughtful readers whether or not they find themselves in harmony with its positions. For space reasons we have been obliged to omit a few passages, though no steps of the argument. In August we will follow with an essay on Death by Dr. William Hanna Thomson, whose general point of view on serious subjects is well known to EVERYBODY'S *readers.*

DEATH is the one event that counts in our life and in our universe. It is the point whereat all that escapes our vigilance unites and conspires against our happiness. The more our thoughts struggle to turn away from it, the closer do they press around it. The more we dread it, the more dreadful it becomes, for it battens but on our fears. He who seeks to forget it burdens his memory with it; he who tries to shun it meets naught else. But, though we think of death incessantly, we do so unconsciously, without learning to know death. We compel our attention to turn its back upon it, instead of going to it with uplifted head. We exhaust all our forces, which ought to face death boldly, in distracting our will from it. We deliver death into the dim hands of instinct and we grant it not one hour of our intelligence.

Is it surprising that the idea of death, which should be the most perfect and the most luminous—being the most persistent and the most inevitable—remains the weakliest of our ideas and the only one that is

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backward? How should we know the one power which we never looked in the face? How could it profit by flashes kindled only to help us escape it? To fathom its abysses, we wait until the most enfeebled, the most disordered moments of our life. We do not think of death until we have no longer the strength—I will not say, to think, but even to breathe.

A man returning among us from another century, would not recognize without difficulty in the depths of a present-day soul the image of his gods, his duty, his love, or his universe; but the figure of death, when everything has changed around it and when even that which composes it and upon which it rests has vanished, he would find almost untouched, rough-drawn as it was by our fathers hundreds, nay, thousands of years ago. Our intelligence, grown so bold and active, has not worked upon this figure, has added no single touch to it. Though we may no longer believe in the tortures of the damned, all the vital cells of the most skeptical among us are still steeped in the appalling mystery of the Hebrew Sheol, the pagan Hades, or the Christian Hell. Though it may no longer be lighted by very definite flames, the gulf still opens at the end of life and, if less known, is all the more formidable.

And, therefore, when the impending hour strikes to which we dared not raise our eyes, everything fails us at the same time. Those two or three uncertain ideas whereon, without examining them, we had meant to lean, give way like rushes beneath the weight of the last moments. In vain we seek a refuge among reflections that rave or are strange to us and do not know the roads to our heart.

We must enlighten and establish our idea of death

It were a salutary thing for each of us to work out his idea of death in the light of his days and the strength of his intelligence, and to learn to stand by it. He would say to death:

"I know not who you are, or I would be your master; but, in days when my eyes saw clearer than to-day, I learnt what you are not: that is enough to prevent you from becoming my master."

He would thus carry, imprinted on his memory, a tried image against which the last agony would not prevail and in which the phantom-stricken eyes would take fresh comfort. Instead of the terrible prayer of the dying, which is the prayer of the depths, he would say his own prayer, that of the peaks of his life, where would be gathered, like angels of peace, the most limpid, the most pellucid thoughts of his life. Is not that the prayer of prayers? After all, what is a true and worthy prayer, if not the most ardent and disinterested effort to reach and grasp the unknown?

We must rid death of that which goes before

"The doctors and the priests," said Napoleon, "have long been making death grievous."

Let us, then, learn to look upon it as it is in itself, free from the horrors of matter and stripped of the terrors of the imagination. Let us first get rid of all that goes before and does not belong to it. Thus we impute to it the tortures of the last illness; and that is not right. Illnesses have nothing in common with that which ends them. They form part of life and not of death. We easily forget the most cruel sufferings that restore us to health; and the first sun of convalescence destroys the most unbearable memories of the chamber of pain. But let death come, and at once we overwhelm it with all the evil done before it. Not a tear but is remembered and used as a reproach; not a cry of pain but becomes a cry of accusation. Death alone bears the weight of the errors of nature or the ignorance of science that have uselessly prolonged torments in whose name we curse death because it puts an end to them.

In point of fact, whereas the sicknesses belong to nature or to life, the agony which seems peculiar to death is wholly in the hands of men. Now, what we most dread is the awful struggle at the end, and especially the terrible moment of rupture which we shall perhaps see approaching during long hours of helplessness and which suddenly hurls us, disarmed, abandoned, and stripped, into an unknown that is the home of the only invincible terrors which the human soul has ever felt.

It is unjust to impute the torments of that moment to death. As science progresses, it prolongs the agony which is the most dreadful moment and the sharpest

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peak of human pain and horror, for the witnesses, at least; for, often, the sensibility of him who is "at bay with death," as Bossuet says, is already greatly blunted and perceives no more than the distant murmur of the sufferings which he seems to be enduring. All the doctors consider it their first duty to protract as long as possible even the most excruciating convulsions of the most hopeless agony. Who has not, at a bedside, twenty times wished, and not once dared, to throw himself at their feet and implore them to show mercy? They are filled with so great a certainty, and the duty which they obey leaves so little room for the least doubt, that pity and reason, blinded by tears, curb their revolt and shrink back before a law which all recognize and revere as the highest law of human conscience.

The mistake of the doctors in prolonging the pangs of death

One day, this prejudice will strike us as barbarian. Its roots go down to the unacknowledged fears left in the heart by religions that have long died out in the mind of men. That is why the doctors act as though they were convinced that there is no known torture but is preferable to those which await us in the unknown. They seem persuaded that every minute gained amidst the most intolerable sufferings is snatched from incomparably more dreadful sufferings which the mysteries of the hereafter reserve for men; and, of two evils, to avoid that which they know to be imaginary, they choose the real one. Besides, if they thus delay the end of a torture, which, as good Seneca says, is the best part of that torture, they are only yielding to the unanimous error which daily strengthens the circle wherein it is confined: the prolongation of the agony increasing the horror of death; and the horror of death demanding the prolongation of the agony.

They, on their part, say, or might say, that, in the present stage of science, two or three cases excepted, there is never a certainty of death. Not to support life to its last limits, even at the cost of insupportable torments, were perhaps to kill. Doubtless there is not one chance in a hundred thousand that the sufferer escape. No matter! If that chance exist, which, in the majority of cases, will give but a few days or, at the utmost, a few months of a life that will not be the real life, but much rather, as the Latin said, "an extended death," those hundred thousand torments will not have been in vain. A single hour snatched from death outweighs a whole existence of tortures. . . .

Increased by so many adventitious horrors, the horror of death becomes such that, without reasoning, we accept the doctors' reasons. And yet there is one point on which they are beginning to yield and to agree. They are slowly consenting, when there is no hope left, if not to deaden, at least to lull the last agonies. Formerly, none of them would have dared to do so; and even to-day many hesitate and, like misers, measure out drop by drop the clemency and peace which they grudge and which they ought to lavish, dreading lest they should weaken the last resistance, that is to say, the most useless and painful quiverings of life that does not wish to give place to the coming quiet.

It is not for me to decide whether their pity might show greater daring. It is enough to state once more that all this does not concern death. It happens before it and below it. It is not the arrival of death, but the departure of life that is appalling. It is not death, but life that we must act upon. It is not death that attacks life; it is life that wrongfully resists death. Evils hasten up from every side at the approach of death, but not at its call; and, though they gather round it, they did not come with it. Do you accuse sleep of the fatigue that oppresses you if you do not yield to it? All those strugglings, those waitings, those tossings, those tragic cursings are on this same side of the slope to which we cling, and not on the other side.

Some time death will come without pain

They are, for that matter, accidental and temporary, and emanate only from our ignorance. All our knowledge only helps us to die in greater pain than the animals that know nothing. A day will come when science will turn against its error and no longer hesitate to shorten our misfortunes. A day will come when it will dare and act with certainty; when life, grown wiser, will depart silently at its hour, knowing that it has reached its term, even as it withdraws silently every evening, knowing that its

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task is done. Once the doctor and the sick man have learnt what they have to learn, there will be no physical nor metaphysical reason why the advent of death should not be as salutary as that of sleep. Perhaps, even, as there will be other things to consider, it will be possible to surround death with deeper delights and fairer dreams. Henceforth, in any case, once death is exonerated from all that goes before, it will be easier to face it without fear and to enlighten that which follows after.

The horrors of the grave also do not belong to death

Death, as we usually picture it, has two terrors looming behind it. The first has neither face nor shape and overshadows the whole region of our mind; the other is more definite, more explicit, but almost as powerful, and strikes all our senses. Let us first examine the latter.

Even as we impute to death all the evils that precede it, so do we add to the dread which it inspires all that happens beyond it, thus doing it the same injustice at its going as at its coming. Is it death that digs our graves and orders us to keep there that which was made to disappear? If we can not think without horror of the fate of the beloved in the grave, is it death or we that placed him there? Because death carries the spirit to some place unknown, shall we reproach it with our bestowal of the body which it leaves with us? Death descends upon us to take away a life or change its form: let us judge it by what it does and not by what we do before it comes and after it is gone. And it is already far away when we begin the frightful work which we try hard to prolong as much as we possibly can, as though we were persuaded that it is our only security against forgetfulness.

I am well aware that, from another point of view than the human, this proceeding is very innoxious. Looked upon from a valid height, decomposing flesh is no more repulsive than a fading flower or a crumbling stone. But, when all is said, it offends our senses, shocks our memory, daunts our courage, whereas it would be so easy for us to avoid the hateful test. Purified by fire, the memory lives in the heights as a beautiful idea; and death is naught but an immortal birth cradled in flames. This has been well understood by the wisest and happiest nations in history. What happens in our graves poisons our thoughts together with our bodies. The figure of death, in the imagination of men, depends, before all, upon the form of burial; and the funeral rites govern not only the fate of those who depart, but also the happiness of those who stay, for they raise in the very background of life the great image upon which their eyes linger in consolation or despair.

There is therefore but one terror particular to death: that of the unknown into which it hurls us. In facing it, let us not delay in putting from our minds all that the positive religions have left there. Let us remember only that it is not for us to prove that they are not proved, but for them to establish that they are true. Now not one of them brings us a proof before which a candid intelligence can bow. Nor would it suffice if that intelligence were able to bow; for man lawfully to believe and thus to limit his endless seeking, the proof would need to be irresistible.

The God offered to us by the best and strongest proof has given us our reason to employ loyally and fully, that is to say, to try to attain, before all and in all things, that which appears to be the truth. Can He exact that we should accept, in spite of it, a belief of which the wisest and the most ardent do not, from the human point of view, deny the uncertainty? . . .

Why we may put away religious fears

If not by our reason, by what, then, would He have us decide? By usage? By the accidents of race or birth, by some esthetic or sentimental hazard? Or has He set within us another higher and surer faculty before which the understanding must yield? If so, where is it? What is its name? If that God punishes us for not having blindly followed a faith which does not force itself irresistibly upon the intelligence which He gave us; if He chastises us for not having made, in the presence of the great enigma with which He confronts us, a choice which condemns the best and most divine part of that which He has placed in us, we have nothing left to reply: we are the dupes of a cruel and incomprehensible sport, the victims of an immense injustice; and, whatever the torments wherewith the latter loads us, they will be less intolerable than the eternal presence of its author.

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Here we stand before the abyss. It is void of all the dreams with which our fathers peopled it. They thought that they knew what was there; we know only what is not there. It is mysterious with all that we have learnt to know nothing of. While waiting for a scientific certainty to break through its darkness—for man has the right to hope for that which he does not yet conceive—the only point that interests us, because it is situated in the little circle which our actual intelligence traces in the thickest blackness of the night, is to know whether the unknown for which we are bound will be dreadful or not.

Outside the religions, there are four imaginable solutions and no more: total annihilation; survival with our consciousness of to-day; survival without any sort of consciousness; lastly, survival with universal consciousness or with a consciousness different from that which we possess in this world.

Annihilation impossible

Total annihilation is impossible. We are the prisoners of an infinity without outlet, wherein nothing perishes, wherein everything is dispersed, but nothing lost. Neither a body nor a thought can drop out of the universe, out of time and space. Not an atom of our flesh, not a quiver of our nerves will go where they will cease to be, for there is no place where anything ceases to be. The brightness of a star extinguished millions of years ago still wanders in the ether where our eyes will perhaps behold it this night, while it pursues its endless road. It is the same with all that we see as with all that we do not see. To be able to do away with a thing—that is to say, to fling it into nothingness—nothingness would have to exist; and, if it exist, under whatever form, it is no longer nothingness. As soon as we try to analyze it, to define it or to understand it, thoughts and expressions fail us or create that which they are struggling to deny. It is as contrary to the nature of our reason and probably of all imaginable reason to conceive nothingness as to conceive limits to infinity. . . . In any case—and that is what matters here—if nothingness were possible, since it could not be anything whatever, it could not be dreadful.

Next comes survival with our consciousness of to-day. I have broached this question in an essay on "Immortality," *of which I will reproduce only an essential passage, contenting myself with supporting it with a few new considerations.

The most steadfast point of our own ego is memory

What composes this sense of the ego which turns each of us into the center of the universe, the only point that matters in space and time? Is it formed of sensations of our body or of thoughts independent of our body? Would our body be conscious of itself without our mind? And, on the other hand, what would our mind be without our body? We know bodies without mind, but no mind without a body. It is almost certain that an intellect devoid of senses, devoid of organs to create and nourish it, exists; but it is impossible to imagine that ours could thus exist and yet remain similar to that which derived from our sensibility all that gave it life.

This ego, as we conceive it when we reflect upon the consequences of its destruction—this ego is neither our mind nor our body, since we recognize that both are waves that flow away and are renewed incessantly. . . . In truth, it is impossible for us to apprehend or define it, to tell where it dwells. When we try to go back to its last source, we find hardly more than a succession of memories, a series of ideas, confused, for that matter, and unsettled, attached to the one instinct of living: a series of habits of our sensibility and of conscious or unconscious reactions against the surrounding phenomena. When all is said, the most steadfast point of that nebula is our memory, which seems, on the other hand, to be a somewhat external, a somewhat accessory faculty, and, in any case, one of the frailest faculties of our brain, one of those which disappear the most promptly at the least disturbance of our health. As an English poet has very truly said, that which clamors aloud for eternity is the very part of me that will perish.

It matters not: that uncertain, indiscernible, fleeting, and precarious ego is so much the center of our being, interests us so ex-

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clusively that every reality of our life disappears before this phantom. It is a matter of utter indifference to us that throughout eternity our body or its substance should know every joy and every glory, undergo the most splendid and delightful transformations, become flower, perfume, beauty, light, air, star; it is likewise indifferent to us that our intellect should expand until it mixes with the life of the worlds, understands and governs it. We are persuaded that all this will not affect us, will give us no pleasure, will not happen to ourselves, unless that memory of a few almost always insignificant facts accompany us and witness those unimaginable joys. . . .

Let us then consider that all that composes our consciousness comes first of all from our body. Our mind does but organize that which is supplied by our senses; and even the images and words—which in reality are but images—by the aid of which it strives to tear itself from those senses and deny their sway, are borrowed from them. How could that mind remain what it was when there is nothing left to it of that which formed it? When our mind no longer has a body, what shall it carry with it into infinity whereby to recognize itself, seeing that it knows itself only by grace of that body? A few memories of a life in common? Will those memories, which were already fading in this world, suffice to separate it forever from the rest of the universe, in boundless space and unlimited time?

The stranger within us

"But," I shall be told, "there is more in us than the intellect discovers. We have many things within us which our senses have not placed there; we contain a being superior to the one we know."

That is probable, nay, certain: the share occupied by unconsciousness, that is to say, by that which represents the universe, is enormous and preponderant. But how shall the ego which we know and whose destiny alone concerns us, recognize all those things and that superior being whom it has never known? What will it do in the presence of that stranger? If I be told that that stranger is myself, I will readily agree; but was that which upon earth felt and measured my joys and sorrows and gave birth to the few memories and thoughts that remain to me—was that this unmoved, unseen stranger who existed in me without my suspecting it, even as I am probably about to live in him without his concerning himself with a presence that will bring him but the wretched recollection of a thing that is no more? Now that he has taken my place, while destroying, in order to acquire a greater consciousness, all that formed my small consciousness here below, is it not another life commencing, a life whose joys and sorrows will pass above my head, not even brushing with their new wings this which I feel myself to be to-day?

If survival with our present consciousness were possible, it would not be dreadful

It seems, therefore, that a survival with our present consciousness is as impossible and as incomprehensible as total annihilation. Moreover, even if it were admissible, it would not be dreadful. It is certain that, when the body disappears, all physical sufferings will disappear at the same time; for we can not imagine a soul suffering in a body which it no longer possesses. With them will vanish simultaneously all that we call mental or moral sufferings, seeing that all of them, if we examine them well, spring from the habits and ties of our senses. Our soul feels the reaction of the sufferings of our body or of the bodies that surround it; it can not suffer in itself or through itself. Slighted affection, shattered love, disappointments, failures, despair, treachery, personal humiliations, as well as the afflictions and the loss of those whom it loves, acquire the sting that hurts it only by passing through the body which it animates.

Outside its own sorrow, which is the sorrow of not knowing, the soul, once delivered from its body, could suffer only at the recollection of that body. It is possible that it still grieves over the troubles of those whom it has left behind on earth. But, in the eyes of that which no longer counts the days, those troubles will seem so brief that it will not grasp their duration; and, knowing what they are and whither they lead, it will not behold their severity.

The soul is insensible to all that is not happiness. It is made only for infinite joy, which is the joy of knowing and understanding. It can grieve only at perceiving its own limits; but to perceive those limits, when one is no longer bound by space and time, is already to transcend them.

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There remains but the survival without consciousness, or survival with a consciousness different from that of to-day.

A survival without consciousness seems at first sight the most probable. From the point of view of the good or ill awaiting us on the other side of the grave, it amounts to annihilation. It is lawful, therefore, for those who prefer the easiest solution and that most consistent with the present state of human thought, to set that limit to their anxiety there. They have nothing to dread; for every fear, if any remain, would, if we look into it carefully, deck itself with hopes. The body disintegrates and can no longer suffer; the mind, separated from the source of pleasure and pain, is extinguished, scattered and lost in a boundless darkness; and what comes is the great peace so often prayed for — the sleep without measure, without dreams, and without awakening.

But this is only a solution that flatters indolence. If we press those who speak of a survival without consciousness, we perceive that they mean only their present consciousness; for man conceives no other; and we have just seen that it is almost impossible for that manner of consciousness to persist in infinity. Unless, indeed, they would deny every sort of consciousness, even that of the universe into which their own will fall. But that means solving very quickly and very blindly, with a stroke of a sword in the night, the greatest and most mysterious question that can arise in a man's brain.

This question is closely allied to our modified consciousness. There is for the moment no hope of solving it; but we are free to grope in its darkness, which is not perhaps equally dense at all points.

The glorious adventure

Here begins the open sea. Here begins the glorious adventure, the only one abreast with human curiosity, the only one that soars as high as its highest longing. Let us accustom ourselves to regard death as a form of life which we do not yet understand; let us learn to look upon it with the same eye that looks upon birth; and soon our mind will be accompanied to the steps of the tomb with the same glad expectation that greets a birth.

If, before being born, we were permitted to choose between the great peace of non-existence and the magnificent hour of death, which of us, knowing what he ought to know, would care to come into a world where there is so little to learn, if he did not know that he must enter it if he would leave it and learn more? The best part of life is that it prepares this hour for us; that it is the one and only road leading to the magic gateway into that incomparable mystery where misfortunes and sufferings will no longer be possible, because we shall have lost the body that produced them; where the worst that can befall us is the dreamless sleep which we count among the number of the greatest boons on earth; where, lastly, it is almost unimaginable that a thought can survive to mingle with the substance of the universe, that is to say, with infinity, which, if it be not a waste of indifference, can be nothing but a sea of joy.

The limited ego would become a torture

Before fathoming that sea, let us remark to those who aspire to maintain their ego that they are calling down the sufferings which they dread. The ego implies limits. The ego can not subsist except in so far as it is separated from that which surrounds it. The stronger the ego, the narrower its limits and the clearer the separation. The more painful, too; for the mind, if it remain as we know it—and we are not able to imagine it different—will no sooner have seen its limits than it will wish to overstep them; and, the more separated it feels, the greater will be its longing to unite with that which lies outside. There will therefore be an eternal struggle between its being and its aspirations. And really there were no object in being born and dying only for the purpose of these endless contests. Have we not here yet one more proof that our ego, as we conceive it, could never subsist in the infinity where it must needs go, since it can not go elsewhere? It behooves us therefore to get rid of imaginations that emanate only from our body, even as the mists that veil the daylight from our sight emanate only from low places.

On the other hand—for we must be honest, probe the conflicting darkness which we believe nearest the truth, and show no bias—on the other hand, we can grant to those who are wedded to the thought of remaining as they are, that the survival of

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a mere particle of themselves would suffice to renew them again in the heart of an infinity from which their body no longer separates them. If it seems impossible that anything—a movement, a vibration, a radiation—should stop or disappear, why, then, should thought be lost? There will, no doubt, subsist more than one idea powerful enough to allure the new ego, which will nourish itself and thrive on all that it will find in that new and endless environment, just as the other ego, on this earth, nourished itself and throve on all that it met here. Since we have been able to acquire our present consciousness, why should it be impossible for us to acquire another? For that ego which is so dear to us and which we believe ourselves to possess was not made in a day: it is not at present what it was at the hour of our birth. Much more chance than purpose has entered into it; and much more foreign substance than any inborn substance which it contained. It is but a long series of acquisitions and transformations, of which we do not become aware until the awakening of our memory; and its nucleus, of which we do not know the nature, is perhaps more immaterial and less concrete than a thought.

A new ego can find a nucleus and develop itself in infinity

If the new environment which we enter on leaving our mother's womb transforms us to such a point that there is, so to speak, no connection between the embryo that we were and the man that we have become, is it not right to think that the much newer, more unknown, wider, and more fertile environment which we enter on quitting life will transform us even more? One can see, in what happens here, a figure of that which awaits us elsewhere and readily admit that our spiritual being, liberated from its body, if it does not mingle at the first onset with the infinite, will develop itself there gradually, will choose itself a substance, and, no longer trammeled by space and time, will grow without end.

It is very possible that our loftiest wishes of to-day will become the law of our future development. It is very possible that our best thoughts will welcome us on the other bank and that the quality of our intellect will determine that of the infinite that crystallizes around it. Every hypothesis is permissible, and every question, provided it be addressed to happiness; for unhappiness is no longer there to answer us. It finds no place in the human imagination that explores the future methodically. And, whatever be the force that survives us and presides over our existence in the other world, this existence, to presume the worst, could be no less great, no less happy than that of to-day. It will have no other career than infinity; and infinity is nothing if it be not felicity. In any case, it seems fairly certain that we spend in this world the only narrow, grudging, obscure, and sorrowful moment of our destiny. . . .

Infinity as conceived by our reason

Let us turn our thoughts toward infinity as conceived by our reason. The problem extends beyond humanity and embraces all things. It is possible, I think, to view infinity under two or three aspects and to try to foresee our fate therein. Let us contemplate the first of these aspects. We are plunged into a universe that has no limits in space or time. It never began, nor will it ever end. It could not have an aim, for, if it had one, it would have attained it in the infinity of years that preceded us. It is not making for anywhere, for it would have arrived there; consequently, all that the worlds within its pale, all that we ourselves, do, can have no influence upon it. If it have no thought, it will never have one. If it have one, that thought has been at its climax since all time and will remain there, changeless and immovable. It is as young as it has ever been and as old as it will ever be. It has made in the past all the efforts and all the experiments which it will make in the future; and, as all the possible combinations have been exhausted since all time, it does not seem that that which has not taken place in the eternity that extends before our birth can happen in that which will follow after our death. If it have not become conscious, it will never become so; if it know not what it wishes, it will continue in ignorance, hopelessly, knowing all or knowing nothing and remaining as near its end as its beginning.

Infinity as perceived by our senses

All this would be, if not intelligible, at least acceptable to our reason; but in that

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universe float thousands of millions of worlds limited by space and time. They are born, they die, and they are born again. They form part of the whole; and we see, therefore, that parts of that which has neither beginning nor end themselves begin and end. We, in fact, know only those parts; and they are of a number so infinite that in our eyes they fill all infinity. That which is going nowhere teems with that which appears to be going somewhere. That which has always known what it wants, or will never learn, seems eternally to be making more or less unfortunate experiments. What is that which has already attained perfection trying to achieve? Everything that we discover in that which could not possibly have an aim looks as though it were pursuing one with inconceivable ardor; and the spirit that animates what we see in that which should know everything and possess itself seems to know nothing and to seek itself without intermission.

Thus all that is apparent to our senses in infinity gainsays that which our reason is compelled to ascribe to it. According as we fathom it, we understand better the depth of our want of understanding; and, the more we strive to penetrate the two incomprehensibilities that stand face to face, the more they contradict each other.

Which of the two infinities shall we know?

What will become of us amid all this obscurity? Shall we end by mingling with the infinite which our reason conceives, or shall we remain eternally in that which our eyes behold, that is to say, in numberless changing and ephemeral worlds? Shall we never leave those worlds, which seem doomed to die and to be reborn eternally, to enter at last into that which, since all eternity, can neither have been born nor have died and which exists without either future or past? Shall we have the fate which our senses foretell or that which our intelligence demands?

Or are both senses and intelligence illusions, puny implements, vain weapons of a brief hour that were never intended to probe or contend with the universe? If there really be a contradiction, is it wise to accept it and to deem impossible that which we do not understand, seeing that we understand almost nothing? Is truth not at an immeasurable distance from those inconsistencies which appear to us enormous and irreducible, and which, doubtless, are of no more importance than the rain that falls upon the sea?

But, even to our poor understanding of to-day, the discrepancy between the infinity conceived by our reason and that perceived by our senses is perhaps more apparent than real. When we say that, in a universe that has existed since all eternity, every experiment, every possible combination, has been made; when we declare that there is not a chance that that which has not taken place in the uncountable past can take place in the uncountable future, our imagination attributes to infinity a succession of time and a preponderance which it can not possess. In truth, all that infinity contains must be as infinite as the time at its disposal; and the chances, encounters, and combinations that lie therein have not been exhausted in the eternity that goes before us any more than they could be in the eternity that comes after us. There is, therefore, no climax, no changelessness, no immovability. It is probable that the universe is seeking and finding itself every day, that it has not become entirely conscious and does not yet know what it wants. It is almost certain that its ideal is still veiled by the shadow of its immensity, and almost evident that the experiments and chances are following one upon the other in unimaginable worlds, compared with which all those which we see on starry nights are but a pinch of gold-dust in the ocean depths.

Lastly, it is very nearly sure that we ourselves, or whatever remains of us—it matters not—will profit one day by those experiments and by those chances. That which has not yet happened may suddenly supervene; and the best state, as well as the supreme wisdom which will recognize and establish it, is perhaps ready to arise from the clash of circumstances. It were not at all astonishing, if the consciousness of the universe, in the endeavor to form itself, had not yet met with the aid of the necessary chances and if human thought were seconding one of those decisive chances.

Here there is a hope. Small as man and his thought may appear, he has exactly the value of the most enormous forces that he is able to conceive, since there is neither great nor small in the immeasurable; and, if our body equaled the dimensions of all the worlds which our eyes can see, it would

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have exactly the same weight and the same importance with regard to the universe that it has to-day. The mind alone perhaps occupies in infinity a space which comparisons do not at once reduce to nothing.

Our fate in infinity

Whatever the ultimate truth may be, whether we admit the abstract, absolute, and perfect infinity—the changeless, immovable infinity which has attained perfection and which knows everything, to which our reason tends—or whether we prefer that offered to us by the evidence of our senses, here below undeniable—the infinity which seeks itself, which is still evolving and not yet established—it behooves us above all to foresee in it our fate, which, in any case, must end by absorption in that very infinity.

The first infinity, the ideal infinity, is so strangely contrary to all that we see that it is best not to attack it until we have tried to explore the second. Moreover, it is quite possible that it may succeed the other. . . . After giving a glance, useless, for that matter, and impotent, at all that will maybe happen, we shall try to interrogate, without hope of answer, the mystery of the boundless peace into which it is possible that we may sink with the other worlds.

Behold us, then, in the stellar infinity, the infinity of the heavens, which assuredly veils other things from our eyes, but could never be a total illusion. It seems to us to be peopled only with objects: planets, suns, stars, nebulæ, atoms, imponderous fluids that move, unite and separate, repel and attract one another, sink and expand, displace one another incessantly, and are ever becoming, measure space in that which has no limit, and count the hours in that which has no term. In a word, we are in an infinity that seems to have almost the same character, the same habit, as that power in the midst of which we breathe and which, upon our earth, we call nature or life.

What will be our fate in that infinity? It is not vain to ask oneself the question, even if we should mingle with it after losing all consciousness, all notion of the ego, even if our existence should be no more than a little substance without name, soul, or matter—one can not tell—suspended in the equally nameless abyss that replaces time and space. It is not vain to ask oneself the question, for we are concerned with the history of the worlds or of the universe; and this history, far more than that of our petty existence, is our own great history, in which perhaps something of ourselves or something incomparably better and vaster will end by finding us again some day.

Shall we be unhappy there? It is hardly reassuring when we consider the habits of our nature and remember that we form part of a universe that has not yet collected its wisdom. We have seen, it is true, that good and bad fortune exist only in so far as regards our body, and that, when we have lost the agent of our sufferings, we shall not meet any of the earthly sorrows again. But our anxiety does not end here; and will not our mind, lingering upon our erstwhile sorrows, drifting derelict from world to world, unknown to itself in the unknowable that seeks itself hopelessly; will not our mind know here the frightful torture of not understanding, which is doubtless the last which the imagination can touch with its wing?

Lastly, if there were nothing left of our body and mind, there would still remain the matter and the spirit (or, at least, the obviously single force to which we give that double name) which composed them, and whose fate must be no more indifferent to us than our own fate; for, let us repeat, from our death onward, the adventure of the universe becomes our own adventure. Let us not, therefore, say to ourselves:

"What can it matter? We shall not be there."

We shall be there always, because everything will be there.

Questions without answers

Will all this to which we shall belong, in a world ever seeking itself, continue a prey to new, unceasing, and perhaps painful experiments? Since the part that we were was unhappy, why should the part that we shall be enjoy a better fortune? Who can assure us that those unending combinations and endeavors will not be more sorrowful, more awkward, and more baneful than those which we are leaving; and how shall we explain that these have come about after so many millions of others which should have opened the eyes of the genius of infinity? It is idle to persuade ourselves, as Hindu wisdom would, that

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our sorrows are but illusions and appearances: it is none the less true that they make us very really unhappy.

Has the universe elsewhere a more complete consciousness, a more just and serene principle of thought than on this earth and in the worlds which we perceive? And, if it be true that it has somewhere attained that better thought, why does the thought that presides over the destinies of our earth not profit by it? Could no communication be possible between worlds which must have been born of the same idea and are steeped in it? What would be the mystery of that isolation? Are we to believe that the earth marks the most advanced stage and the most favored experiment? What then can the thought of the universe have done and against what darkness must it have struggled to have come no farther than this?

More insoluble questions

But, on the other hand, can it have been stayed by that darkness or by those obstacles which, being unable to arise from an elsewhere, can but have sprung from itself? Who then could have set those insoluble problems to infinity, and from what more remote and profound region than itself would they have issued? Some one, after all, must know what they ask; and, as behind infinity there can be none that is not infinity itself, it is impossible to imagine a malignant will in a will that leaves no point around it but what it fills entirely.

Or are the experiments begun in the stars continued mechanically, by virtue of the force acquired, without regard to their uselessness and to their pitiful consequences, according to the custom of nature, which knows nothing of our parsimony and squanders the suns in space as it does the seed on earth, knowing that nothing can be lost? Or, again, is the whole question of our peace and happiness, like that of the fate of the worlds, reduced to knowing whether or not the infinity of endeavors and combinations be equal to that of eternity?

Or, lastly, to come to the greatest probability, is it we who deceive ourselves, who know nothing, who see nothing, and who consider imperfect that which is perhaps faultless—we, who are but an infinitesimal fragment of the intelligence which we judge with the aid of the little shreds of thought which it has vouchsafed to lend us?

How could we reply; how could our thoughts and glances penetrate the infinite and the invisible, we who neither understand nor even see the thing by which we see and which is the source of all our thoughts? In fact, as Jean Saryer justly observes in his very curious "Réflexions sur le second foyer de l'orbite terrestre":

> The universe contains many exceedingly diffused things and of capital importance which we do not see. One of these is light.

Man does not see light itself. He sees only matter, or rather the small part of the great worlds which he knows by the name of matter, touched by light. He does not perceive the immense rays that cross the heavens save at the moment when they are stopped by an object of the nature of those which his eye is accustomed to see upon this earth: were it otherwise, the whole space filled with innumerable suns and boundless forces, instead of being an abyss of absolute darkness which absorbs and extinguishes the clusters of beams that shoot across it from every side, would be but a prodigious, untenable ocean of flashes. Shakespeare's famous lines—

> There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in your philosophy—

have long since become utterly inadequate. There are no longer more things than our philosophy can dream of or imagine: there is none but things which it can not dream of, there is nothing but the unimaginable; and, if we do not even see the light, which is the only thing that we believed we saw, it may be said that there is nothing all around us but the invisible.

It is not necessary to answer them

But let not all these insoluble questions drive us toward fear. From the point of view of our future beyond the grave, it is in no way necessary that we should have an answer to everything. Whether the universe has already found its consciousness, whether it find it one day or seek it everlastingly, it could not exist for the purpose of being unhappy and suffering, neither in its entirety nor in any one of its parts; and it matters little if the latter be invisible or incommensurable, considering that the smallest is as great as the greatest in what

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has neither limit nor measure. To torture a point is the same thing as to torture the worlds; and, if it torture the worlds, it is its own substance that it tortures. Its very destiny, in which we are placed, protects us. Our sufferings there could be but ephemeral; and nothing matters that is not eternal. It is possible, although somewhat incomprehensible, that parts should err and go astray; but it is impossible that sorrow should be one of its lasting and necessary laws; for it would have brought that law to bear against itself.

In like manner, the universe is and must be its own law and its sole master: if not, the law or the master whom it must obey would then be the universe; and the center of a word which we pronounce without being able to grasp its scope would be simply displaced. If it be unhappy, that means that it wills its own unhappiness; if it will its unhappiness, it is mad; and, if it appear to us mad, that means that our reason works contrary to everything and to the only laws possible, seeing that they are eternal, or, to speak more humbly, that it judges what it wholly fails to understand.

Everything must finish exempt from suffering

Everything, therefore, must finish, or perhaps everything already is, if not in a state of happiness, at least in a state exempt from all suffering, all anxiety, all lasting unhappiness; and what, after all, is our happiness upon this earth, if it be not the absence of sorrow, anxiety, and unhappiness?

But it is childish to talk of happiness and unhappiness where infinity is in question. The idea which we entertain of happiness and unhappiness is something so special, so human, so fragile that it does not exceed our stature and falls to dust as soon as we go beyond its little sphere. It proceeds entirely from a few accidents of our nerves, which are made to appreciate very slight happenings, but which could as easily have felt everything the reverse way and taken pleasure in that which is now pain. We believe that we see nothing hanging over us but catastrophes, deaths, torments, and disasters; we shiver at the mere thought of the great interplanetary spaces, with their cold and formidable and gloomy solitudes; and we imagine that the revolving worlds are as unhappy as ourselves because they freeze, or clash together or are consumed, in unutterable flames. We infer from this that the genius of the universe is an outrageous tyrant, seized with a monstrous madness, and that it delights only in the torture of itself and all that it contains. To millions of stars, each many thousand times larger than our sun, to nebulæ whose nature and dimensions no figure, no word in our languages is able to express, we attribute our momentary sensibility, the little ephemeral and chance working of our nerves; and we are convinced that life there must be impossible or appalling because we should feel too hot or too cold.

Eternal spring and youth

It were much wiser to say to ourselves that it would need but a trifle, a few papillæ more or less to our skin, to turn the temperature, the silence, and the darkness of space into a delicious spring-time, an unequaled music, a divine light. It were much more reasonable to persuade ourselves that the catastrophes which we think we see there are life itself, one or other of those immense festivals of matter and spirit in which death, thrusting aside at last our two enemies, time and space, will soon permit us to take part. Each world, dissolving, extinguished, crumbling, burnt, or colliding with another world, and pulverized, means the commencement of a magnificent experiment, the dawn of a marvelous hope and perhaps an unexpected happiness drawn direct from the inexhaustible unknown. What matter if they freeze or flame, collect or disperse, pursue or flee one another? Matter and spirit, no longer united by the same wretched hazard that joined them in us, must rejoice at all that happens; for all is but birth and rebirth, a departure into an unknown filled with wonderful promises and maybe an anticipation of some unutterable advent. . . .

And, should they stand still one day, become fixed and remain motionless, it will not be that they have encountered calamity, nullity, or death; but they will have entered into a thing so fair, so great, so happy, and bathed in such certainties that they will forever prefer it to all the prodigious chances of an infinity which nothing can impoverish.

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IN LOVE-LADY COURT

BY · L · FRANK · TOOKER

Author of "THE CALL OF THE SEA," "UNDER ROCKING SKIES," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES SARKA

SIS' MAME was feeling "mighty tremulous an' cratchety, wid so much noise goin' on," she said tartly to herself as she rose from her long Sunday afternoon siesta. And because there is little comfort in keeping such things to one's self, she sidled to her open door and in a neighborly way called them across the square to Gumbo Jim, yawning in his own dark doorway. Evidently he, too, had been disturbed by the noisy chatter of the court. He was sympathy itself.

"Yo' wuks tow hahd, Sis' Mame; yo' cehtainly does," he called back feelingly.

"Seem lak Ah cyain't git ma res' no mo'," the old woman complained.

"Yas'm, Ah know," replied Gumbo Jim. "Ol' folks heahs aube* t'ing when dey tries tow sleep. Seem lak dey was jus' er-waitin' da call. An' yo' wuks tow hahd."

The people of Love-Lady Court were beginning to come out from their houses, for the afternoon was declining, and already the sun had dropped behind King Hill. Odds and ends of shrill-voiced talk and bursts of laughter came down to the two. As the deep melody of Gumbo Jim's voice rolled out across the court, curious heads turned to listen to the colloquy. Sis' Mame saw, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure. The center of the stage was her prescriptive right, she always felt. She sidled out into the path, catching the eye of Rose Mary, who sat on her door-step with a neighbor, while her husband leaned against the door-post above her. Sis' Mame called up to her:

"Ah was tellin' Jim Ah was feelin' mighty cratchety, an' he 'low Ah wuks tow hahd," she explained complacently.

Rose Mary ponderously turned her back on Sis' Mame. "What at?" she asked coldly, and Sis' Mame saw Rose Mary's neighbor drop her face in her hands. A sibilant giggle ran from group to group. Sis' Mame's old eyes narrowed, and a dangerous light glittered in them.

"Not er-chasin' afteh Sis' Lily May's man when ma own man's away, Rose Mary," she snapped. "Ah done been spahed dat hahd wuk, praise Gord!"

The shaft went home, and Rose Mary flounced into the house, while the giggling of the court became a series of stifled shrieks. Rose Mary's "man," shuffling his feet uneasily, tried to find a spot in his little world where laughing eyes did not meet his own.

Sis' Mame's own withering gaze was turned on Rose Mary's neighbor, whose face was still hidden in her hands, her shoulders shaking.

"Seem lak yo' done heah somepin' bery funny, Sis' Martina," cried the old woman. "Spit it out, chile! Spit it out, so aube can laugh wid yo'."

But Martina only buried her face deeper in her hands, whereat Sis' Mame's face took on a childlike look of wonder. "Cyain't be yo' done heah whah yo' George done hid dat go!' chain dat buckra sailorman said he done stole off'n him; cyain't be *dat*," she mused aloud. Her voice had all the carrying power of a shrill cicada's note.

For a moment she stood still, letting her gaze rove up and down the little square; then, suddenly picking up the long staff

*Aube: All, everybody.

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with which she always walked abroad, she advanced from her door, taking one long step with her left foot, and two short hitches with the right, rocking on her feet as she paused after each step. Her face was that of peace itself, but her glittering eyes were never still. In the hush that fell, every eye was fixed upon her; but certain discreet souls, sensitive to a public discussion of their lives, slipped quietly away: Sis' Mame was on the rampage.

"Giggle an' cackle, giggle an' cackle, da whole endurin' time," she muttered, as she slowly advanced. "Seem lak Ah'd be pleased tow have dis yerry cote quiet faw once. Seem lak Ah'd take pleasure in peace—seem lak Ah would."

She walked straight up the court, holding her head high; but squarely in the middle she paused and began to shuffle her feet in a queer little dance, crooning under her breath a singsong chant that momentarily broke into a cackling laugh, like a series of staccato notes in another key. Above her the sky was still luminous, but under the trees the swift tropic darkness seemed to rise from the ground like a visible emanation. Save for the gritty scrape of her feet on the hard earth, and her low-pitched chant, the court was soundless. The watching gaze of her neighbors was upon her, but in the tense preoccupation of her mood she seemed as remote from humanity as a pelican brooding on a rock in a lonely sea.

Suddenly she paused, facing the side of the court, and went on, with no apparent recognition of any

THE BARBARIC ORCHESTRA QUICKENED ITS TIME, AND THE DANCING GREW WILDER.

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THE WOMEN, WHEELING LIKE DANCING DERVISHES, WENT WHIRLING AROUND THE MASS OF FLAMES, BUT THE MEN LEAPED THROUGH

change or break in her contemplative march.

Under a great tamarind-tree a silent group sat watching her approach, and near it she paused, gazing intently up into the dark foliage, in which the night wind had begun to stir. "Spi'its talkin' up dar," she said. She turned sharply to a young woman in white whose yellow face was piquantly attractive. "Heah 'em, Sis' 'Lize Lucy?" she asked.

The girl moved nervously. "Ah heah dem leabes er-blowin'," she said.

There was scorn in Sis' Mame's laugh as she retorted: "Yas, eyes tow see wid, an' eahs tow heah wid, but da spi'its walk an' da spi'its talk, an' yo' heah dem leabes er-blowin'! An' dey walk wid da foots ob sorreh, an' dey talk ob sorreh, gal." She dropped to the ground in a crouching position; all the tragic mystery of her face suddenly smoothed out as if with an unseen hand as she said lightly: "Lawsy, Sis' 'Lize Lucy, if dis yerry yen't da cooles' spot! Draf' ri' down yo' back. An' yo' cyain see da sea-wateh, an' da lights on da ships down dah, an' da landin'-place, toby sueh. *Cyain't* be yo' cyain see yo' Hermon wukin' down dah where da sun shine—cyain't be!"

The girl sighed her relief for the changed mood. "Yas," she replied. "Ah cyain see 'im plain f'om da do'. An' it 's aube lak yo' say, cool an' fah-seein'. Hermon he laks da bes' ob eb'ryt'ing." She looked coquettishly up into her husband's face.

"Yo' done proobe dat, gal," graciously replied Sis' Mame; "yo' cehtainly does. An' he'd lak tow hab yo' see jus' whah he is when yo' is jus' whah *yo'* is," she added enigmatically. She turned sharply and again looked up into the tree. "Walk wid da foots ob sorreh an' talk ob sorreh, tow," she repeated; "faw dey sees an' dey *knows* eb'ryt'ing, yas'm."

'Whah dey see?" demanded Hermon, curiously.

Sis' Mame's eyes narrowed as she looked at him. "Yo' down dah er-wukin', an' Sis' 'Lize Lucy up yerry er-watchin' whah yo' is," she replied.

'Lize Lucy sprang to her feet and lifted her arms restlessly. "Wahm up heeh," she cried. "Lawsy, dis yerry 's er hot ebenin'."

"It sho is, Sis' 'Lize Lucy," agreed Sis' Mame. She looked up at the dark sky, in which the stars shone faintly, adding, "Stohm er-comin', yas'm."

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On the opposite side of the square some one began to play an accordion softly, gradually quickening the time. Here and there an eager foot began to beat in unison with the sharply accented notes, and presently a slender form in white, farther up the court, swung out into the open space and began to circle slowly with high-uplifted arms. A man stepped to the side of the dancing girl, holding out his hands. Sis' Mame threw down her staff and, leaping to her feet, caught 'Lize Lucy.

"Come, gal!" she cried. "Dis yerry ol' bag o' bones yen't dade yit. Come!" She drew the reluctant girl forward, and began to sing in a shrill monotone:

Sun an' heat an' shine o' day,
O Lub-Lady!
Lub shall buhn yo' heaht erway,
O Lub-Lady!
Twel yo' heaht is only dus',
An' yo' blood is red wid rus';
Yit shall yo' not say lub nay,
O Lub-Lady!

Joy in lub is sholy yo's,
O Lub-Lady!
Light it comes, but hahd it goes,
O Lub-Lady!
When Lub sa'ntehs by yo' side,
Sin upon yo' soul shall ride,
An' yo' joy become yo' woes,
O Lub-Lady!

Dah 's a grabe faw Lub an' yo',
O Lub-Lady!
One small grabe shall hol' yo' tow,
O Lub-Lady!
Round dat grabe da hants shall walk,
In yo' dade eah laugh an' talk;
Yit shall yo' not bid Lub go,
O Lub-Lady!

Mechanically 'Lize Lucy had yielded to the stronger will of the older woman, and had begun to dance; but as the significance of the shrilly chanted words was borne in upon her, her feet began to drag, and in a sort of growing paralysis of terror her face grew ashen. Near the close, as Sis' Mame, in the dramatic instinct that colored all the actions of her life, darted her long, snake-like neck toward 'Lize Lucy's ear, hissing the words

"LAN' O' LUB, CHILE! WHAT FAW YO' W'AH ER GOL' CHAIN LAK DAT *UNNEH* YO' DRESS?" SHE CRIED.

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with staccato clearness, 'Lize Lucy broke away and sank, sobbing, upon her doorstep.

"What Ah done tow yo', Sis' Mame?" she cried. "What Ah eber done tow yo' tow make yo' talk lak dat tow me?"

Sis' Mame deigned no reply, but still dancing, though in widening circles, moved out into the darkness of the court, where other groups had yielded to the call of the music. The slow shuffle of their feet was like the sound of a scant brook running over a pebbly bottom. Now and then a man uttered a sharp "Heigh!" and stamped his foot, accenting the beat of the dance. Suddenly a conch-shell blew, and out of the darkness a tall negro came striding into the court, blowing as he came. As he seated himself by the side of the accordion-player, Gumbo Jim dropped on his haunches behind the two, and vigorously rattled a pair of castanets. The barbaric orchestra quickened its time, and the dancing grew wilder.

Now and then a woman dropped to the ground in a burst of hysterical laughter; the sharp "Heigh! heigh!" of the men grew fiercer and almost continuous; and when others, hurrying up with scrags and rubbish, lighted a fire in the middle of the court, the dance took on a new phase. In a long, quadruple line the dancers came swinging down the open space, and reaching the fire, now a leaping mass of flames, the women, wheeling like dancing dervishes, went whirling around it; but the men leaped through, joining their partners on the farther side, only to circle the court again for another descent on the flames.

In the little group of older men and women under the tamarind-tree before her door, 'Lize Lucy sat in moody silence. Her soul was a volatile essence, easily touched by a sense of mystery, and now it was grievously troubled. With her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands, she sat with her brooding eyes fixed on the fire and the long lines of her happy friends. The music was stirring her blood, but now, with the spell of Sis' Mame's dark utterances on her, she dared not answer its call. Had the old obi-woman really heard the spirits walking above her head with the feet of sorrow, or, in some more material way, had she learned of things that 'Lize Lucy would wish to conceal? With such unspoken queries she tortured herself.

From his position behind her, her husband stepped down and touched her shoulder. He was a quiet man, much older than 'Lize Lucy, and as he moved he limped.

"YO KEEP IT SIS' MAME," SHE SAID, "FAW 'MEMBRANCE."

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"Yo' wan' tow daunce, ma liddie beedeh?" he asked tenderly.

'Lize Lucy shook her head. "When Ah daunces, Ah daunces faw pleasure," she replied; "but Ah yen't got no pleasure now."

"Why yen't yo'?" he asked.

"Ah jus' yen't, da' 's all," she said sullenly.

An older woman, sitting beside her, leaned over to whisper: "Yo' scairt o' Sis' Mame, gal?"

"Ah yen't scairt o' her; Ah 's scairt o' what she say," 'Lize Lucy answered.

"Jus' da same, jus' da same," replied the other. "She 's mighty nigh tow da Ol' Boy, dat ooman is."

"Well, Ah yen't done nuttin' tow her," 'Lize Lucy declared.

"Mebbe it yen't what yo' done, but what yo' *yen't* done," said the other. "Tell her yo' goin' sen' her a nice chicken tow-marra, an' watch her sing anotheh chune."

"Huh!" said 'Lize Lucy, and fell to watching the dancers.

A tall young man, leaping through the flames, was turning toward his partner, who, with shuffling feet and outstretched hands, was waiting for him, when his eyes met 'Lize Lucy's. For an instant he hesitated, then strode toward her. It was George Lupin, Martina's husband.

Behind him his deserted partner laughed insolently, and called: "Yo' done fohgot whah yo' hid dat chain Sis' Mame done ask Martina erbout, George Lupin? Is yo'?"

He strode on, unheeding, and paused in front of 'Lize Lucy. "What faw yo' yen't dauncin', daunceh lak yo', Sis' 'Lize Lucy? Come. Dat music 's jus' lak prickehs in ma foots; Ah cyain't keep 'em still."

'Lize Lucy shook her head. "Ah cyain keep ma own still," she replied, "an' Ah's er-goin' tow keep on keepin' 'em still."

Behind him they heard the cackling laugh of Sis' Mame, and, whirling like a brown leaf in an eddy of wind, she sank on the door-step by the side of 'Lize Lucy.

"Ol' bag o' bones lak me er-whulin' an' er-flittin' lak er bat, an' young folks er-settin' roun' dolesome," she giggled. "Ya! ya! Yo' call dat fittin'? No, ma Lawd!"

Her roving gaze came to a rest on 'Lize Lucy's bowed shoulders, and suddenly her form stiffened and her claw-like hand shot out toward the low neck-band of 'Lize Lucy's white dress, and drew out to its full length a long, bright chain. 'Lize Lucy, feeling the movement, with a little cry caught at her breast.

"Lan' o' lub, chile! What faw yo' w'ah er gol' chain lak dat *unneh* yo' dress?" she cried. "Seem lak Ah'd w'ah it whah aube c'u'd see it—lessin' Ah's scairt faw 'em tow see it."

'Lize Lucy snatched the chain away. "Yen't gol'; jus' brass," she said sullenly. "Ah bought it mase'f on Kongensgade."

"Well, it looks lak gol'," persisted Sis' Mame; "an' if it looks lak gol', it 's gol' 'nough faw me, yasseh. Ah'd w'ah it whah aube c'u'd see it." She looked up at 'Lize Lucy's husband. "W'u'dn't yo', Hermon?"

He was looking fixedly at 'Lize Lucy, and he made no reply; but, as if stirred to action by the question, he leaned forward and caught his wife by the shoulder, saying grimly: "Lemme see dat chain, gal!"

'Lize Lucy shook off his hand. "Lemme 'lone!" she snapped.

"Lemme see dat chain!" he repeated stubbornly.

"Ah won't!" 'Lize Lucy cried, and sprang to her feet, facing him, her lithe young body tense with passion. "Huh! Aube dis yerry fuss ober er ol' brass chain!"

"Brass er gol', Ah wants tow see dat chain, an' Ah's goin' tow see it," he said doggedly, and moved toward her; but she sprang back.

"Not whiles Ah's er-libin', Hermon Tay," she retorted. "If yo' cyain't trus' me mo' 'n dat!"

For a moment he looked at her fixedly, his face distorted with the ungovernable passion which seems to transform the meek into something peculiarly terrifying.

"Ah knows er way tow trus' yo'," he said grimly; "an' tow trus' some mo' Ah doan' trus' now." His gaze had hatred in it as he looked at George Lupin, and from him back to 'Lize Lucy. Then, turning, he went heavily into the house.

Moved by a premonition of impending disaster, the group that had gathered about 'Lize Lucy's door melted away. For an instant 'Lize Lucy and George stood alone in the shadow of the tree.

"Yo' betteh go, George Lupin," she said coldly.

"Jus' as yo' say, jus' as yo' say," he replied, and slouched away.

The dancers had stopped, and he saw that the eyes of all were following him as he

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"COME OUT LAK ER MAN, HERMON TAY! COME OUT!"

walked across the court. He had an impulse to run, to look over his shoulder, and the flesh of his back was creeping with a chill horror of what might be threatening him from the rear. Then his wife came running down to meet him.

"What yo' been up tow, George Lupin?" she demanded as she caught his arm. He hurried her on.

"'Foh Gord, Ah yen't done nuttin', Martina," he said huskily. "Sis' Mame, she done staht er pack o' lies. She—" Then suddenly he broke into a run as from the upper end of the square a woman shrieked, "Dah he comes!" and the whole court stiffened into paralyzed attention, watching 'Lize Lucy's door.

It was only Sis' Mame rising from the doorstep, and slowly advancing to 'Lize Lucy's side. "Ma Lawd!" she giggled, "yo' c'u'd heah er pin drap en dis yerry cote! Jus' see dat George Lupin er-scratchin' grabel todes da woods! Ya! ya! Yen't he jus' er-puttin' out lak da Ol' Boy was afteh him! He sho is."

'Lize Lucy drew back, terror in her eyes. "Lemme 'lone, Sis' Mame!" she begged. "What faw yo' er-pestehin' me? Ah yen't nebber huht yo'. Lemme 'lone!"

"Let yo' 'lone?" exclaimed the old woman. "Who? Me?" She fixed the girl with her glittering eyes. "Tow be sho, tow be sho, gal. Ah'll let yo' 'lone twel yo' come er-beggin' an' er-crawlin' tow ma do'." She waved her staff above her head and turned away, sidling across the court. She looked back to call: "Ah'll let yo' 'lone, gal; but will dem spi'its let yo' 'lone? Yo' look out!"

Impulsively, 'Lize Lucy ran after her. "Ah doan' mean nuttin', Sis' Mame," she cried. "'Foh Gord, Ah doan'! Ah jus' doan' un'stan' dis yerry rumpus; da' 's all. Ah 's *scairt!*" She caught at the chain about her neck, and, unfastening the catch, slipped the chain into Sis' Mame's hand. "Yo' keep it, Sis' Mame," she said, "faw 'membrance."

Sis' Mame's claw-like hand closed over it covetously.

"Jus' faw 'membrance, gal, jus' faw 'membrance," she assented. "Ah doan' cyeh faw—" Then suddenly she broke off, and, staring over 'Lize Lucy's head, gave the girl a sly nudge. 'Lize Lucy turned.

Hermon was standing on his doorstep. For a moment he stood there, a dark, somber

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figure, and then slowly he walked, limping, across to the spot where 'Lize Lucy was cowering in uncomprehending fear.

Yet she had the dignity of pride that scorned to betray her fright to the gaping throng of neighbors, and it was with a steady step and smiling face that she followed him when he caught her wrist and, without speaking, led her home. Behind him Sis' Mame bowed low in mockery, but none of the watchers laughed. They were thinking only of the grim silence of that unusual spectacle. For them it had an inexplicably tragic significance. At the door 'Lize Lucy stopped to look back; her smile had vanished. Hermon, too, paused, and with bowed head waited until 'Lize Lucy turned away in the dark interior. Then he went up the steps and closed the door behind him.

The watchers in the court drew nearer, listening or talking in low tones; but no sound came forth from 'Lize Lucy's dark house. Sis' Mame grew restless and edged her way to the front. She turned to a neighbor with a laugh as she said:

"Praise Gord ma ol' man died long tam ergo! Ah goes whah Ah laks, an' comes whah Ah laks. Seem lak Ah 'd——"

"'Sh!" said the neighbor.

They saw 'Lize Lucy's door swing back and Hermon come down the steps. His face was like a mask in its immobility, and those who stood near his path as he limped slowly across the court to the fire knew that they were not seen.

At the fire he paused to pick up a blazing pine brand, and then resumed his leisurely progress toward the upper end of the court. At George Lupin's house he turned in.

"Yo' needn't waste yo' tam er-lookin' roun' dah," Sis' Mame called to him. "George Lupin yen't er-waitin' faw no comp'ny tow-night, he yen't."

A few in the crowd laughed, but Hermon went unheedingly on, entered the house, and shut the door. They heard the wooden bolt slip back. Martina ran forward from the court and knocked on the door, wildly crying:

"Yo' Hermon Tay, yo' yen't no ri' in ma house!" She turned back toward the crowd pressing near. "Oh, whah's George! Somebuddy go fin' George!" she screamed.

Through the crescent-shaped cuts in the closed wooden shutters of the windows the uncertain glow of the torch Hermon carried could be seen like pallid moonlight; but presently it grew brighter, then momentarily darkened, like the sun seen through flying rack. At the same moment, Martina, with her face at the crack of the ill-fitting door, caught the pungent tang of smoke.

"He 's er-buhnin' ma house down!" she screamed. "Oh, stop him! Stop him!" She fell back in the crowd, sobbing, as her husband came dashing around the corner of the house.

He had been hiding in the woods in the rear, but in the presence of this new danger he had forgotten his more intangible dread. He threw himself against the door, shouting: "Come out lak er man, Hermon Tay! Come out!"

At once the door opened, and for an instant George stood dazed in the glare, with his eyes blinking up at the black outlines of the tragic figure before him; then with a sigh he dropped in a crumpled heap, with a bullet through his heart. The horrified watchers, recoiling, saw the door close again; above the crackling of the fire within they heard a second shot, and knew that the soul of the grim and silent avenger had gone out on the leaping flames of the funeral pyre he had made.

Three houses were in ashes, and a company of soldiers from the Danish garrison, called out by the wild rumor that insurrection had broken out among the negroes, was hurrying up the steps into Love-Lady Court when the doctor, kneeling at George Lupin's side, tore open his shirt. Around his bared neck the packed throng of watchers saw the gleam of a gold chain.

"Dat's it," said Sis' Mame, sadly. "Sis 'Lize Lucy done give it back when they was er-standin' dah unner da tamarind-tree. But, ma Lawd! dat was tow late!"

In the hush of early morning, but not before day, Sis' Mame came out of her house and walked slowly across the court. The glow of the fires still made a faint-colored twilight in the place. A guard of soldiers was still there. As she saw a group by the steps, Sis' Mame ducked her head obsequiously.

"Ma Lawd! misteh sog'ers," she said, "Ah 's mighty glad aube yo' is heah, Ah sho is. Dis yerry cote's still faw once, bress Gord! Ah doan' nebber seem tow git no peace wid dese yerry scramblin', ramblin' niggehs. Dey yen't *ma* kin'. No seh."

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The WASTE of HUSTLING

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IN STUDYING the lives of contemporary business men two facts stand out prominently. The first is that their labors have brought about results that seem to most of us impossible. Such men appear as giants, in comparison with whom ordinary men sink to the size of pygmies.

The second fact which a study of successful business men (or of any class of successful men) reveals, is that they *never seem rushed for time.* They almost never appear to be hurried. They have plenty of time to accomplish their tasks, and therefore can afford to take their work leisurely; indeed, they have time to devote to objects in no way connected with their business. It can not be regarded as accidental that this characteristic of mind is found so commonly among successful men during the years of their most fruitful labor.

According to the American ideal, the man who is sure to succeed is one who is continuously "keyed up to concert pitch," who is ever alert and is always giving attention to his business or profession. As far as the captains of industry are concerned, such is not the case. They devote relatively few hours a day to their strenuous toil, but they keep a cool head and a steady hand. They are always composed, never confused, but are ever ready to attack a new problem with their maximum ability. They follow the injunction of Christ expressed in His Sermon on the Mount: "Be not therefore anxious for the morrow."

Of all the nations of the world, Americans are supposed to be the hardest working. We have attributed our industrial success to the fact that there is a hustle and snap to our work which are not equaled in any other country. But recent students of the industrial world are now telling us that even in the case of day- and piece-labor this characteristic is frequently a weakness rather than an advantage. They say that the American product "suffers from hurry, want of finish, and want of solidity." *

Foreign observers tell us that we are wild-eyed and too intense. Dr. Clauston, of Scotland, is quoted as saying:

"You Americans wear too much expression in your faces. You are living like an army with all its reserves engaged in action. The duller countenances of the British population betoken a better scheme of life. They suggest stores of reserved nervous force to fall back upon, if any occasion should arise that requires it. This inexcitability, this presence at all times of power not used, I regard as the great safeguard of our British people. The other thing in you gives me a sense of insecurity, and you ought somehow to tone yourselves down. You do really carry too much expression, you take too intensely the trivial moments of life."

The late Professor William James, of Harvard, makes the following pertinent remark concerning the over-tension of Americans:

"Your intense, convulsive worker breaks down and has bad moods so often that you never know where he may be when you most need his help—he may be having one of his 'bad days.' We say that so many of our fellow-countrymen collapse, and have to be sent abroad to rest their nerves, because they work too hard. I suspect that this is an immense mistake. I suspect that neither the nature nor the amount of our work is accountable for the frequency and severity

*"Industrial Efficiency," Arthur Shadwell, page 26, Vol. I.

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of our breakdowns, but that their cause lies rather in those absurd feelings of hurry and having no time; in that breathlessness and tension; that anxiety of feature and that solicitude of results; that lack of inner harmony and ease, in short, by which with us the work is apt to be accompanied, and from which a European who should do the same work would nine times out of ten be free. . . . It is your relaxed and easy worker, who is in no hurry, and quite thoughtless most of the while of consequences, who is your efficient worker; and tension and anxiety, and present and future, all mixed up together in one mind at once, are the surest drags upon steady progress, and hindrances to our success."

TOO MANY BREAKDOWNS

Mr. Joseph Lyons, who is recognized as one of the particularly active and efficient men of England, has taken great interest in the way things are done in America. And after observing us at work here he commented on the tension under which we work, as follows:

"I do not believe in what Americans call hustling. The American hustler, in my opinion, does not represent the highest type of human efficiency. He wastes a lot of nervous power and energy instead of accomplishing the greatest possible amount of work for the force expended. Judging the American hustler from my observation of him in his own country, I should say that the American hustler shows a lack of adaptation of means to ends because he puts more mental, physical, and nervous energy into his work at all times than it demands. Regarded as a machine, he is not an economical one. He breaks down too often and has to be laid off for repairs too often. He tries to do everything too fast."*

When Mr. Lyons was asked to explain how he had been able to accomplish so much without hustling, he replied: "By organizing myself as well as my business to run smoothly; by schooling myself to keep cool, and to do what I have to do without expending more nervous energy on the task than is necessary; by avoiding all needless friction. In consequence, when I finish my day's work, I feel nearly as fresh as when I started."*

*Quoted from the New York Herald, August 30, 1910.

The necessity for relaxation is inherent in the human organism. Even those life processes which seem to be constant in their activity require frequent periods of complete rest. The heart beats regularly and at short intervals, but after each beat its muscles come into a state of complete relaxation and enjoy a refreshing rest, even though it be for but a moment. Likewise the lungs seem to be unceasing in their activity; but a careful study of their action discloses the fact that every contraction is followed by a perfect relaxation, and that the rest secured between successive respirations is adequate for recuperation.

In all bodily processes the same alternation is discovered. No physical activity is at all continuous. Mental processes, too, can be continued for but a very short time. By attempting to eliminate these periods of rest for bodily and mental acts, we merely exhaust without a corresponding increase in efficiency. The laws of nature are firm and countenance no infringement.

The periods between activity and rest, as well as the duration of the two processes, may be changed. Thus, up to a certain limit, the periods devoted to activity may follow more rapidly and endure longer. There is, however, a danger-point which may not be passed with impunity. The danger-signal may manifest itself in several ways: The overtrained athlete becomes "stale"; the overworked brain-worker becomes nervous; the overworked laborer becomes indifferent and generally inefficient.

ARE YOU A TUGBOAT OR A LINER?

In all these and in similar instances, the amount of energy expended is out of proportion to the results of the labor. The athletic trainer has learned to guard against overtraining and is severely condemned for making such a mistake. The brain-worker often regards overwork as a commendable thing. However, sentiment is changing. The employer of labor is finding that rest and relaxation are essential to the greatest efficiency. Employees accomplish as much in a week of six days as they do in one of seven.

It is not necessarily true that the greatest and the most constant display of energy accompanies the greatest presence of power. The tug-boat in the river is constantly blowing off steam and making a tremendous display of energy, while the ocean liner pro-

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ceeds on its way without noise and without commotion. The still current runs deep, and the man who is actually accomplishing the most is frequently—perhaps always—the man who is making the least display of his strength. He can afford to be calm and collected, for he is equal to his task. The man who frets and fumes, who is nervous and excited, who is strung up to such a pitch that energy is being dissipated in all directions—such a man proclaims his weakness from the housetop.

Many business men know they are going at a pace that kills, and at the same time they feel that they are accomplishing too little. For such, the pertinent question is, How may I reduce the expenditure of energy without reducing the efficiency of my labor? The ability to relax at will and to remain in an efficient condition, but free from nervousness, is a thing which may be acquired more or less completely by all persons. It is accomplished by a voluntary control of the muscles of the arms, legs, and face, by breathing slowly and deeply, and by placing the body in a condition of general relaxation.

WORRY—WORRY—WORRY

This antecedent condition of relaxation brings all the forces of the mind and body more completely under control and makes it possible to marshal them more effectively. It also gives one a feeling of control and assurance, which minimizes the possibility of confusion and embarrassment in the presence of an important task. The possibility of developing the power of relaxation by means of special training is being taken advantage of in teaching acts of skill, in all forms of mental therapeutics, and in numerous other instances where over-tension hinders the acquisition or accomplishment of a useful act. By assuming the attitude of assurance and composure, the actual condition is produced in a manner most astonishing to those who have never attempted it. When accomplishing intellectual work of any sort, it is found that worry exhausts more than labor. Anxiety as to the results is detrimental to efficiency. The intellectual worker should periodically make it a point to sit in his chair with the muscles of his legs relaxed, to breathe deeply, and to assume an attitude of composure. Such an attitude must not, of course, detract from attention to the work at hand, but should rather increase it. Upon leaving his office, the brain-worker should cultivate the habit of forgetting all about his business, except in so far as he believes that some particular point needs special attention out of office hours. The habit of brooding over business is detrimental to efficiency and is also suicidal to the individual.

WORK THAT DOES ITSELF

It is, of course, apparent to all that relaxation may mean permanent indifference, and such a condition is infinitely worse than too great a tension. An employer who is never keyed up to his work, and an employee who goes about his work in an indifferent manner, are not regarded in the present discussion.

A complete relaxation of the body often gives freedom to the intellect. The inventor is frequently able, when lying in bed, to devise his apparatus with a perfection impossible when he attempts to study it out in the shop. The forgotten name will not come till we cease straining for it. Very many of the world's famous poems have been conceived while the poet was lying in an easy and relaxed condition. This fact is so well recognized by some authors that they voluntarily go to bed in the daytime, and get perfectly relaxed in order that their minds may do the most perfect work. Much constructive thinking is done in the quiet of the sanctuary, when the monotony of the liturgy or the voice of the speaker has soothed the quiet nerves, and secured a composed condition of mind. The preacher would be surprised if he knew how many costumes have been planned, how many business ventures have been outlined, all because of the soothing influence of his words.

In ancient Greece, one of the chief functions of the school was to prepare citizens to profit by the hours of freedom from toil. Herbert Spencer, in his great work on education, gives a prominent place to training for the leisure hours. Such training is attracting the attention of the American educator to-day as never before. A few decades ago the majority of the American population lived on farms, spent long hours of the day in toil, and scarcely thought of recreation. We have now become an urban population, the hours of labor have been greatly reduced, and Sunday is a day in

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which the laborer is found in neither the factory nor the church.

The employer of labor fears the effect of long hours of freedom from toil. He prophesies that such hours would be spent in dissipations, and that his laborers would re-enter their shops with unsteady hands and sleepy brains. That such conditions are all too often the result of freedom from toil, no one will deny. That they are not necessary will also be admitted. One of the problems of the American people as a whole, and of employers of labor in particular, is to train up the rising generations so that they may make the best use of the increasing hours of freedom from labor.

To this end the schools are doing much. Settlement workers are contributing their part. Welfare work is becoming popular in certain places. Local clubs are being organized to develop interest in local improvement, literature, politics, ethics, religion, music, athletics. These agencies are so beneficial in results that they are being generously encouraged by business men.

Upon entering business every young man should select some form of endeavor or activity apart from business to which he can devote a part of his attention. This interest should be so absorbing that, when he is thus engaged, business is banished from mind. It may be a home and a family; it may be some form of athletics; it may be club life; it may be art, literature, philanthropy, or religion. It must be something which appeals to the individual and is adapted to his capabilities. Some men find it advisable to have more than a single interest for the hours of recreation. Some form of athletics or of agriculture is often combined with an interest in art, literature, religion, or other intellectual form of recreation. Thus Gladstone is depicted as a woodchopper and an author of Greek works. If the lives of the great business men are studied it will be found that there is a great diversity in the type of recreation chosen; but philanthropy, religion, and athletics are very prominent—perhaps the most popular of the outside interests.

These interests can not be suddenly acquired. Many a man who has reached the years of maturity has found to his sorrow that he is without interests in the world except his specialty or business. With each succeeding year he finds new interests more difficult to acquire. Hence young men should in their youth choose wisely some interests to which they may devote themselves with perfect abandon at more or less regular intervals throughout life.

The more noble and the more worthy the interest, the better will be the results when considered from any point of view. Indeed, the interests which we call the highest are properly so designated, because in the history of mankind they have proved themselves to be the most beneficial to all.

"IN A GARDEN."

BY E. B. FLETCHER.

THIS is the dial, ivy-wreathed,
We named together. Here you breathed
New fragrance in the loveliness
Of that red rose, and your caress
Wakened beneath its faëry kiss
The white moth from his chrysalis.
And once you swept your fingers slim
Across the fountain's curving rim,
And lo! starwise aslant the gloom,
A white night-lily smiled in bloom!
Ah, God was good who made a world
With all June's loveliness upcurled
Beneath this sun-crowned curve of blue
And in the heart of it set—You!

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The COMING ASHORE of ANDREW FURUSETH

BY · JOHN · L · MATHEWS

Author of "REMAKING THE MISSISSIPPI," "THE CONSERVATION OF WATER," etc.

IN THE old French Quarter of New Orleans, on a side street that runs out from the market, in a big, dark room with a broad gallery, are the local headquarters of the Seamen's Union. One reaches it by a flight of stone steps from an inner court of an Italian grocery, passing through the intimate life of the family, and falling over children in the ascent. Into these headquarters, one day in last November, entered a weatherbeaten old seaman.

"Hello, George," he said, saluting George Bodine, the secretary in charge, "I've signed again. I'm going down to Southwest Pass."

"I'm glad of it," said Bodine. "By the way, I've got you on the books. You owe the Union a dollar and a half." He scrutinized the seaman's record. "Oh, yes; and here are three strike assessments for one dollar each, for the Lake Seamen's Union."

The old salt went through his pockets deliberately and collected a handful of small silver, which he counted up slowly. His total capital was $3.25. He calculated mentally, abstracted a quarter, put it back in his pocket, and piled the remaining change upon the desk.

"Send it to them poor chaps on the Lakes," he said. "They're all fighting for Andy. Hold up my Union dues till I get paid."

When I had walked across the street with the old fellow and drunk a glass of beer with him, he shouldered a bundle of magazines for use in the forecastle, and was off, perfectly sober, to the ship.

The incident was interesting to me, first, because it indicated, better than anything else I had found in the collection of the material for this story, the breadth of the sympathy and the strength of the interrelation maintained among seamen by Andrew Furuseth, their organizer, and president of the International Seamen's Union. Here on the Gulf of Mexico he was able to obtain support for a three years' strike against a black list on the Great Lakes—a struggle, still going on, to which his Pacific Coast seamen have contributed more than $75,000.

It was interesting, too, because of the manner of the announcement; for in the days before the Coming Ashore of Andrew Furuseth no American seaman signing for a voyage would have said, "I have signed again." Had he been sober enough for utterance, he would have said, "I have sold my carcass," for by that phrase they then truly described the process of sea enlistment.

But the subtler significance of the incident lies in the fact that a seaman signing on for a voyage in an American port was going aboard in the manner of an efficient, self-respecting mechanic. That, in his own phrase, was "fighting for Andy," by using to the full the opportunity made possible for seamen in our ports by the devotion, the hard work, the untiring patience and self-denial of Andrew Furuseth. For every sailor who goes aboard willingly, soberly, with money in his pocket, with reading matter in his sea-chest, and with his actions directed by reason and intelligence, is helping to win his fundamental rights as a man. He is driving one more nail in the coffin of

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the Supreme Court decision that a seaman is not a responsible being before the law. He is following the trail that Furuseth himself has blazed—the trail up from bondage.

For the seamen of the world the most important event of the nineteenth century was the Coming Ashore of Andrew Furuseth.

Sent to sea as a young boy in a Norwegian deep-sea square-rigger, Furuseth learned with a brave generation the whole story of seamanship. From apprentice to ordinary, from ordinary to able-bodied seaman, he advanced in the capacity for work, the ability to obey orders, to fight for the life of his ship far out on the topsail yards in a heavy sea, to think and act for himself quickly in a crisis. He was able-bodied in every sense—stalwart, square-shouldered, powerful, quick-witted, and, above all, intelligent. He was a tower of strength in a crew, a man to be desired by any captain. Another so equipped would have advanced rapidly to be second mate, mate, and then master, as other Norwegian seamen have done; and, as captain, Furuseth might have been like other masters, a man-driver of the deep-sea trade. But he was too big for command. He was too alive with instinctive democracy to assume a master's position. His mind was as active with the life of the seamen as his hands were with the life of the ship. From his earliest days aboard he learned, one by one, the hard lessons of the law.

He learned that a seaman was a slave, signing, before he could go aboard, an unalterable contract for involuntary servitude; that thereafter he was the property of his ship, to be bought and sold with it until his contract expired; that he was not responsible before the law nor a valid witness even in his own defense, but was classed with idiots, minors, and imbeciles as a ward of the court. Having signed, if he refused to go aboard he could be placed on the ship forcibly by the police and compelled to work. If brutal treatment, rotten food, the unseaworthiness of the ship, and the certainty that no appeal to the law could secure him justice—if all these things made him desperate, and he left his ship—even safely moored in port—he could be pursued and thrown into jail under an act adopted with, and similar to, the Fugitive Slave Law of the eighteenth century. If the captain suspected that he intended to leave, he could call the police and have the seaman

Photograph by Estey, San Francisco.

AN ABSORBING GAME OF CHESS IN THE ROOMS OF THE SAILORS' UNION OF THE PACIFIC, A BRANCH OF THE INTERNATIONAL SEAMEN'S UNION, THROUGH WHICH FURUSETH IS FIGHTING TO FREE SEAMEN FROM BONDAGE.

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taken from the ship to jail and held there without even the right to a writ of habeas corpus.

When he signed articles for a voyage, the seaman was entitled by law to draw in advance three months' wages. A credulous government believed that he left this with his mythical family. Instead, the crimp collected it. The seaman was the crimp's defenseless prey, and the advance of his whole wage was the price of employment. In the early days, Furuseth saw in the crimp the worst enemy and the only friend of the seaman. When slavery became so abominable that the seaman could no longer endure it, he could flee to a sailor's boarding-house and the crimp would hide him. That was the crimp's business. Furuseth found later that the police shared in the arrangement. All he knew then was that the crimp hid the fugitive and sold another man to the captain for the three months' advance; then, later, sold the "absconding bondsman," whom he was hiding, to a second ship on the same terms. Thus the seaman was kept impoverished, passed along from ship to crimp and crimp to ship, fed on bad food and worse whisky, drugged, shanghaied, and beaten until he often became a brutal and worthless tramp of the sea trade.

This Furuseth learned by years of hard experience, during which his mind dwelt continually on the seaman's condition. Wherever he went in the ports of civilized nations, landsmen were free. They earned their wages where they would, married, had families, voted, and changed their employment at their own will. Every one of these things was impossible to the sailor. To be free, to live decently—those are the essentials; even the desire for them is crushed out of most seamen by the pressure of sea brutality. It could not crush his ideal out of this big Norwegian, Andrew Furuseth, though his very zeal and intelligence made him a man whom captains feared, and subjected him to additional discipline.

Photograph by Brown Bros., New York.

VICTOR OLANDER, SECRETARY OF THE LAKE SEAMEN'S UNION.

But this sea brutality, while it embittered, yet inspired him. It built up within him a vision of the seaman free, equal with the landsman, living on the same terms. He studied the laws that bound him, the customs of various countries, whatever he could learn ashore and in the forecastle. A Lincoln of the sea—as tall, as uncouth, as rugged, as determined, as brave in the face of cruel and vindictive opposition, inspired by as clear ideals, but working in a far lowlier way—he set out deliberately to free the last great body of slaves remaining under the Stars and Stripes.

Truly it was a marvelous aspiration—an impossible task—for a man inexperienced on shore, with no voting citizenship anywhere, untrained in the processes of government, and, above all, absolutely lacking in civic knowledge and unacquainted with the intricate interrelation of interests in politics.

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Photograph by Eatey, San Francisco.

THE "BELLS OF SHANDON," ONE OF THE OLDEST OF THE "CRIMP HOUSES." THE ADVANCE WAGES COLLECTED, IN SAN FRANCISCO ALONE, BY CRIMPS AMOUNTED TO ONE MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR.

He saw clearly before him to be fought only the captain and the owner, representing authority. The crimp he had not yet placed in the system with them. To stop bondage, to forbid the advance of wages, to abolish slave-catching—those were his ends; and he determined to create a leadership among seamen and attain these ends by such means as might develop.

How to begin—that was the question. Furuseth came ashore at the close of a great Chicago strike, at a time when unionism was growing up, when labor was filled with a significant unrest, when "organize" and "fight it out" were the slogans of the primitive groups from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Though he was fighting for seamen, he was imbued with a broader democracy, and the whole struggle of workingmen soon appealed to him. The fever of organization caught him with the others. He devised a method of adapting unionism to the transient seamen; he appealed to the men of the Pacific coast, brought them together, organized them, and began his conflict.

The Union itself was entirely novel. It was absolutely a democracy. President and janitor fared alike, drawing a seaman's pay, eating a seaman's rations, using a seaman's sleeping space — everywhere there was equality in the meager insufficiency of the forecastle. All the seamen who joined the Union were given cards that could be presented wherever there was an officer to recognize them. No matter in what coast port they landed, they were members there —an idea that has become international and will soon be world-wide.

It chanced that a fortunate omission in the statutes freed coastwise seamen from arrest as fugitive bondsmen. In 1872 Congress had enacted a drastic Shipping Commissioner Act, and later, amending it to exclude coastwise sailors from its operation, had, incidentally and without intention, neglected to provide for their arrest. Therefore Furuseth was able at once to organize crews and draw them from their ships, to hold his men together and demand better wages and better treatment; and, seeing only captain and owner ahead of him, he went at this first campaign in that way—trying for better conditions rather than for better laws.

His awakening came soon, for the seaman's graft was too far-reaching in San Francisco to be thus rudely attacked with impunity. He was summoned to police headquarters, and one of those all-too-frequent plots in which a corrupt police force

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Photograph by Estey, San Francisco.

CHINESE SAILORS ON A STEAMER BELONGING TO THE PACIFIC MAIL COMPANY. TO HAVE CREWS THAT UNDERSTAND THE OFFICERS' LANGUAGE IS ONE OF FURUSETH'S AIMS. THIS WOULD EXCLUDE MOST OF THE COOLIES.

becomes adept was outlined to him in detail. Charges were ready to be preferred against him, witnesses were ready to testify, and they would not only blacken his character but consign him to jail for a long term.

"You shut up and stay shut," they said, "or we'll put you so deep in jail you will never come to light again."

Furuseth's compelling eyes never wavered. "Very well, gentlemen," he said, "put me then in jail. You can not give me narrower quarters than as a seaman I have always had by law; you can not give me coarser food than I have always eaten; you can not make me lonelier than I have always been."

Perhaps the police were convinced that he uttered only the naked truth and that they could not stop him by brutality. At any rate, the talk of imprisonment was ended, and the owners and the politicians who were back of it all developed a more subtle and more effectual attack. They went quietly to Congress, pulled the right wires, and had imprisonment for coastwise seamen reenacted. Then they cut wages in half—the most direct stroke they could deliver at Furuseth.

The fight was short and desperate. With a full treasury at the start, the Union was quickly demoralized. Two hundred men in jail, thirteen shot dead by masters or police for refusing to go aboard or stay aboard ship and work—that was the situation when the Union gave up and the men went to work at half pay. And Furuseth began to see that there was something beyond the captain, some power working in the dark that could not only direct the police force to corrupt acts, but alter the laws to suit itself. He could fight force with force, but he must learn a new way to fight this power. He began to suspect that before he could free seamen from physical bondage he must help free landsmen from political bondage.

His eyes were opened still wider by a case at Port Townsend, Washington. The old trick of arresting innocent citizens, assessing a dollar fine and very large costs, and dividing the costs among the gang, was in full force there. A seaman discharged could not escape with his money unless he caught a boat the moment he was paid off. But when the Union arose, the Port Townsend gang tried another game. They arrested seven seamen on trumped-up charges and put them in jail.

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Then they sent for Furuseth to come and give cash bail for them. Their plan was to shanghai the seamen for a long voyage when they were released, and then to confiscate and divide the Union bail money.

Furuseth was too wise. "You will have to stay in jail, boys," he told the seven.

"That's all right, Andy," they replied. "Don't bother about us. Send us some tobacco and something to read, and come to see us once in a while, and we'll be very comfortable."

Seven months they stayed in jail. Then a disgruntled judge discharged them and assessed the heavy costs upon the county. That broke up the arresting of seamen in Port Townsend. The Seaman's Union gave each man $100 for a reward; and Furuseth had learned something illuminating about political graft, something that pierced like a searchlight into the dark places of San Francisco. He saw that this game was the result of connivance by organized power, and, at least indirectly, by society at large.

What was the influence that kept landsmen dormant while their politicians played such games? It was money, of course; but what money? Furuseth made an investigation and a computation. He found that in San Francisco alone the seaman graft, that is to say, the advanced wages collected by the crimp, amounted to one million dollars every year—practically eighty per cent. of the total wages of seamen signing on in the port. Soon he was able to trace this stolen advance from the crimp, on the one hand, to the captain and owner; and, on the other, to the police, through them to the politicians, and at last to the Big Business that was contending against him. And finally he located the seat of power of Big Business in the very capitol at Washington.

Furuseth was reaching out. He allied himself with the national labor leaders, and his Seamen's Union with the American Federation; and this enabled him to go well equipped to fight Big Business in its own headquarters. The big men in unionism found in him not only an equal but a leader of unusual power, of clear insight, and, thanks to his incessant study, of wide learning in their own field. With their support he carried his struggle into Congress; but he went unaided, except by his own seamen, into the Supreme Court in a brave attempt to destroy the laws that held them all in bondage.

Of all the victories he has won, probably

Photograph by Boley, San Francisco.

CHINESE FORECASTLE ON AN AMERICAN CANNERY SHIP. THREE CHINAMEN CROWD EVERY BUNK AND TWO HUNDRED ARE TAKEN CARE OF IN THE SMALL SPACE DEEP IN THE SHIP'S BOW.

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none is more significant than his defeat in the highest court, in the case of Robert Robertson and others against Barry Baldwin and the United States. It was really Furuseth against Bondage—the case he had been fighting so long; but as he drove it up to the highest tribunal in the land, it was the case of a Union seaman suing out a writ of habeas corpus against the marshal of northern California.

BOATS BELONGING TO THE LAKE CARRIERS' ASSOCIATION WHICH WERE WRECKED THE ONE ON THE RIGHT, WHICH WAS TOWING THAT ON THE LEFT,

In the summer of 1895, Robert Robertson, John Bradley, Morris Hansen, and Peter Holden, four of Furuseth's men, signed aboard the American barkentine *Arago*. She was to go to a port in Washington, thence to Valparaiso, thence to whatever other foreign ports the master might elect, and eventually to return to a port of discharge in the United States. Until she so returned, the men were the property of the ship and could not leave it.

They were all unusually fine seamen, Robertson being a man of considerable education and refinement. They found the *Arago* entirely unfit for living, the food bad, and the master brutal. When she was safely moored to the dock at Astoria, they exercised a right that belongs to every American—they quit their job and walked ashore. They were immediately apprehended as fugitive bondmen, put in jail; and on an ex parte hearing, the captain swearing they were fugitives, they were held in jail sixteen days and then escorted aboard forcibly by the police and compelled to sail with the ship. They refused to work on the captain's call, and were put in irons in the brig, and at San Francisco turned over to Marshal Barry Baldwin. The commissioner of the United States District Court held them for trial on the captain's complaint, for refusal to obey orders on board ship; and they were remanded to await the action of the court.

Furuseth had here a case made for him. He sued out a writ of habeas corpus, the principal ground of which was that the Thirteenth Amendment had prohibited involuntary servitude except as punishment for crime of which the subject has been previously convicted, and that therefore it was unconstitutional to take men aboard a ship by force and compel them to work.

The District Court denied the writ, and the case went to Washington, the men remaining in jail. It was not until late December that the Supreme Court heard the case. In January the opinion was handed down by Justice Brown, denying the writ.

I hesitate to say anything of Justice Brown's opinion, lest I be thought guilty of animus. But the heart of it is easy to set forth. He recognizes that in 1861 there were four classes of bound servants in this country—negroes, Mexican peons, coolies, and seamen. Certainly three were included in the Thirteenth Amendment, he admits—the three inferior races. But how about seamen, the one white group? Well, go back to 900 B.C. Seamen were slaves. Go back to the time of Christ. The same result. Look at England in 1681—still bondmen. Look at Massachusetts in 1728—still slaves. Look at the United States—

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WHEN MANNED BY GREEN MEN DURING THE LAKE SEAMEN'S STRIKE OF 1909. RAN ON TO A REEF, AND THE TOWED BOAT RAMMED HER STERN.

law still on the books, passed in 1790, with the Fugitive Slave Law—seaman a slave, properly recognized.

Now, all that was also true of the negro, of the peon, of the coolie—it was true round the world. Brown ignored that. It was condemnatory of the seamen, and that was enough for him. "This law existed for sixty-seven years before the Amendment was passed," he says; "therefore the amendment which makes it unconstitutional certainly was not meant to apply to it."

Justice Harlan dissented, and it is said he is still angry about the case. "The placing of a person by force upon a vessel about to sail is putting him in a condition of involuntary servitude," he declared. "The arrest of a seaman and his forcible return to the vessel can not be justified under the Constitution as it now is. To give any other construction is to say that one class may be so far subject to involuntary servitude as to be compelled by force to render personal service in a purely private business. This is involuntary servitude from the moment the seaman is compelled against his will to continue in such service. . . . I dissent from the opinion and judgment of the Court," he concluded.

Disappointed in the Supreme Court, to which he had looked as a tribunal that must uphold the freedom of his mates, Furuseth found his task looming large before him. Victory seemed farther away than ever; but he was growing as fast as his burden, and he faced at once the problem of getting from Congress a law that would free the seamen. He enlisted congressmen, and brought labor leaders to his aid; but, push and pull as he would, he could not start the legislative machinery. Something clogged the wheels, and it did not take him long to find that it was Big Business again that wanted to keep the sailor a slave—to hold his wages down; to spare him little space in the forecastle; to have him returned by force if he fled. When Furuseth began to study this Big Business, he found that he would have to undertake cleaning the Augean stables.

He was plunged into this task in spite of himself. The Crimps' Million in San Francisco was so intimately bound up with the whole situation among the Higher-ups, which was destined to be exposed by Heney and Burns, that Furuseth could not remain outside the fight. On the contrary, he welcomed the opportunity it offered; and Fremont Older, Rudolph Spreckels, Hiram Johnson, and all those brave spirits who fought for California and her chief city welcomed the seaman eagerly as a wise counselor and an unfaltering worker. His association with them in the struggle, too, forced him rapidly into a broad and clear understanding of the civic problem into which he had plunged; and his power of accomplishing results in his own fight was doubled.

Furuseth had acquired philosophy and balance. He looked upon the rich and the poor with impartial eyes and found the same frailties in both. He became almost class-unconscious, if the term be permitted. He gained a deeper insight into the methods and manners of the men who are concerned

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with the control of the government and the wording of its laws; and learned that when victory for a principle was won, individual culprits and their punishment were of little account.

Thus at Washington, during a recent session of Congress, he was examining witnesses before the Merchant Marine Committee of the House. There came before him a rich old ship-owner of San Francisco whom Furuseth had once caught smuggling opium on the dock at two o'clock in the morning. At the committee hearing, Furuseth had in his pocket documents proving that this owner had, three weeks before, charged a crimp one hundred and twenty dollars for the privilege of shanghaing a crew aboard one of his ships.

"The old scoundrel!" said Furuseth, relating the incident. "He knew what I had —that I could expose him. For the first time in his life he saw all that society had given him stripped away, his falsehood, his disguise torn from him, leaving him naked and ashamed. As he sat there in the witness-chair, expecting me to begin, his eyes were like the eyes of a dog, begging his master not to beat him—fixed upon me, pleading. . . . Poof!—I let him go. He was too pitiful. And we had made our case."

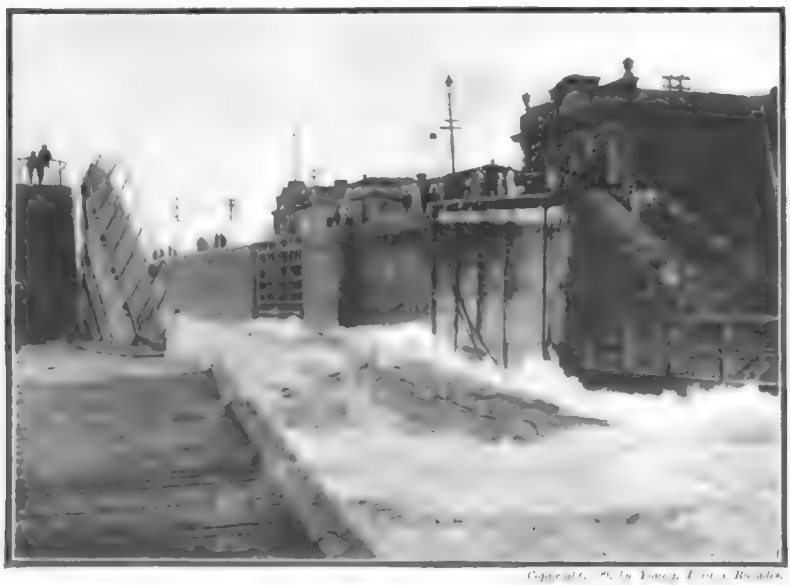
It was during another meeting of the same committee, while he was fighting for a specific clause extending the Thirteenth Amendment to his mates, that an opposing congressman undertook to sound his real temper in the matter.

"Suppose, Mr. Furuseth," he said, "you were yourself forcibly carried aboard ship as you have described, and compelled to work, what would you do?"

Furuseth's face grew stern with recollection. "It would not be safe, now, to do that to me," he said. "If it were done— I believe I would take the whole shipload to heaven and let the Almighty God decide between us."

He has become a familiar sight in that committee room in his long contest. And through its discussions he has won many encouraging amendments to the laws controlling seamen. He has had the imprisonment of seamen in the domestic service ended, probably forever; and the arrest of American foreign-going seamen stopped in our own ports—though we still pursue and return the seaman of other nations. He has had the advance wages entirely stopped on the coast, and cut to one month in the foreign trade, thus striking a crushing blow at the crimps and utterly ending shanghaing in the coastwise service.

With these laws he has so firmly established his Union that he has advanced an able-bodied seaman's wages in the coastwise trade of the Pacific from eighteen to fifty dollars per month. Home and family life—impossible! for seamen before the formation of the Seamen's Union—has made a beginning among his men. They vote. And year after year many of them sail upon the same ships, with increasing efficiency, and to the great improvement of the service. He has built up a corps of not less than fifteen thousand



CANADIAN LOCK, SAULT STE. MARIE, SHOWING THE IMMENSE LOWER GATES BROKEN BY A STEAMER DURING THE STRIKE OF THE LAKE SEAMEN.

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American seamen, a larger corps of efficient steamship men than the nation has ever before possessed, able to man twenty big battleships at a moment's notice without calling upon a landsman to volunteer—and as sober and skilful a class of mechanics as any union can show. These men are still compelled, however, to fight for an existence against terrible odds, in a struggle made tremendously difficult because they are forced to compete, for employment on American ships, with the riffraff of the world, even with coolie labor.

The progress made thus far has been indeed only a step, the beginning, and by no means the end, of Furuseth's effort. The important thing is the rights of seamen to ownership in their own bodies, in the foreign trade as well as the coastwise—their rights to a freedom that will command a better standard of wages and better conditions at sea. To bring this about he is fighting now for these additional five points in the law:

1. To stop catching seamen as fugitive slaves. To do this, we must denounce the treaties by which other nations catch ours.

2. To give our seamen and foreign seamen the same rights in court that other men have to sue for wages, and to cease regarding them as wards and imbeciles.

3. To require every ship entering our ports to have a crew that understands the language of the officers. This would take all the coolies off the fruit ships and put Americans on them; and would vastly improve the class of sailors and the conditions at sea.

4. To require a manning scale; by which, instead of sending to sea a "sufficient crew," so-called by the local inspector, we require an *efficient* crew, the number depending upon the tonnage of the ship, and including a certain percentage of able-bodied seamen of at least three years' experience.

5. To provide some form of industrial insurance or, better yet, insurance and pension combined, as other nations have, by which the vessel, the freight it carries, and the nation (through a share in the vessel dues) shall provide an insurance fund for seamen. Insurance has taken all risks off the vessel owner, and he has no longer any worry for the safety of the crew. Traffic pays for the ship insurance; it should also pay for the crew insurance.

Not long ago, Furuseth, accompanied by Victor Olander, went to a dinner of the Artists' Guild of St. Louis. This is an organization of people devoted to all the arts, which meets in its club-house Saturday evenings for informal suppers. Guests are invited upon the sole condition that they shall speak; and it is the custom to badger the speakers and argue with them in an endeavor to turn each supper into a feast of reason and humor.

The chairman of the evening did not at all understand the caliber of his guests. St. Louis is far inland; and sea-stories, when they reach it, have the same flavor of merriment and hilarity as the roustabout tales from its own river. The chairman re-

THE "SENATOR," SUNK BY THE "NORMAN B. REAM" DURING THE STRIKE. BOTH BOATS WERE LAKE CARRIERS. THE DISASTER OCCURRED IN DAYLIGHT, WHEN THE WATER WAS AS SMOOTH AS GLASS.

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ferred to Mr. Furuseth as a "sailor boy" and intimated to the audience that they would hear some adventurous tales from "before the mast."

There is very little humor in a seaman's life, as Furuseth sees it. When he rose slowly and faced them, the members of the guild instinctively felt this. The simplicity of his eloquence as he began commanded their attention; but as he advanced he moved them with the underlying quality of intense, passionate sadness that is inherent in the character of men who fight, as he has fought, to liberate their fellow men.

"Only a landsman sees the humor in our life," he said. "He has much delight in accusing us of having a wife in every port. I assure you a deep-water seaman, whose wages are twenty dollars a month, can not support a wife in any port whatever. But we are asking for the right to have, as you have, a wife, a home, a vote." He held out his powerful right hand. "We are pleading with you, with all of you, we seamen, for the right to this hand, the right to own it, to use it for ourselves. We do not own it. The law sells it away from us."

He put his hand in his pocket and drew out a pamphlet—a document which in various languages has been presented to every nation in Europe, and which, in our own Congress last spring, by showing the true state of the forecastle, ended all efforts to bring out of committee the ship subsidy bill. We can present here only a few pregnant paragraphs from this appeal of Furuseth's, which he read that night:

"*To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, to humanitarians, democrats, Christians, and friends of human freedom everywhere*, do we, the seamen, the yet remaining bondmen, humbly yet earnestly submit this, our petition, that we be made free men, and that the blighting disgrace of bondage be removed from our labor, which once was considered honorable, which is yet needed in the world of commerce, and which has been held to be of great importance to nations with seacoasts to defend.

"Existing maritime law makes of us, excepting in the domestic trade of the United States, the property of the vessel on which we sail. We can not work as seamen without signing a contract which brings us under this law. This contract is fixed by law or authorized by governments. We have nothing to do with its terms. We either sign it and sail, or we sign it not and remain landsmen.

"When signing this contract, we surrender

CREW'S QUARTERS IN THE SHIP'S PROW OF A COASTWISE STEAMER. FORECASTLE CONDITIONS ARE FAR FROM PERFECT, BUT THERE HAS BEEN A WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENT SINCE "THE COMING ASHORE OF ANDREW FURUSETH."

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our working power to the will of another man at all times while the contract runs. We may not, on pain of penal punishment, fail to join the vessel. We may not leave the vessel, though she is in perfect safety. We may not, without our master's permission, go to a mother's sick bed or funeral, or attend to any other duties of a son, a brother, a Christian, or a citizen, excepting in the domestic trade of these United States.

"If the owner thinks he has reason to fear that we desire to escape, he may, without judicial investigation, cause us to be imprisoned for safekeeping until he shall think proper to take us out. If we have escaped, he may publish our personal appearance along with a reward for our apprehension and return. He may, through contracts between nations, cause the peace officers and police to aid him in recovering his property. The captain may change, the owner may change—we are sold with the vessel—but so long as the flag does not change there is nothing except serious illness or our master's pleasure that will release us from the vessel.

"We now raise our manacled hands in humble supplication and pray that the nations issue a decree of emancipation and restore to us our right as brother men; to our labor that honor which belonged to it until your power, expressing itself through your law, set upon it the brand of bondage in the interest of cheap transportation by water."

Photograph by Ester, San Francisco.

WALTER MACARTHUR, EDITOR OF THE COAST SEAMEN'S JOURNAL AND A CO-WORKER WITH ANDREW FURUSETH, ADDRESSING AN OPEN-AIR MEETING.

When he had finished reading, silence brooded over the Guild. Every member of it was deeply stirred—except, apparently, the chairman. He addressed several sarcastic sallies to the speaker and then, calling upon a well-known artist, introduced again the humor-producing topic of the evening.

The artist rose slowly. "My mind does not run to humor after listening to Mr. Furuseth," he said. "I had always thought of the sea as a pleasant place, of the sailors as a happy lot. I can not get away from the picture he has given us. It is difficult to talk about even a thing that is so much my life to me as art."

That was the tone of the remaining speeches. One after another spoke under an unusual influence. Furuseth had set them all thinking. And at the close of the evening a member asked the chairman:

"Why were you so sarcastic toward Furuseth?"

"Damn him!" said the chairman; "he moved me—and I don't like to be moved."

As he moved the Guild that night, so he has moved many thousands of others, in high places and low, through the country. It is that subtle power of carrying his hearers with him, of stirring them profoundly, that has enabled him to accomplish since he came ashore in 1885 so many decisive forward steps toward the final emancipation of the only body of slaves now remaining under the American flag.

Yet with it all, he is a seaman still. He has never lost his response to the lure of the sea, to the clutch of the wheel in the gale, the sound of the wind in the high rigging, the strain of the deck beneath his feet. A seaman's pay, a seaman's ration, a seaman's dwelling-space satisfy him. Yet the Viking seaman fighting with force alone has broadened into a statesman battling for his fellows against the keenest minds of the nation. His philosophy, expressed in simple terms, is that of a man who has taken into his mind the experience of the whole race of seamen and has ordered and studied them and allied them with the democracy that lives ashore, and with the whole of humanity.

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The NE'ER-DO-WELL

by

REX · BEACH

ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

CHAPTER XXII—*Continued.*

"THAT night at Taboga!" Mrs. Cortlandt flared up. "What about that? Couldn't you tell then? I fought—fought—fought—but I had to give up." She began to sob, but steadied herself with an effort. "You say you didn't know. Then what about that afternoon in the jungle? Oh, you're not blind—you must have seen a thousand times. Every hour we've been alone together I've told you, and you let me go on believing you cared. Do you think that was right? Now you are shocked because I admit it," she mocked. "Well, I have no pride. I am not ashamed. It's too late for shame now. Why, even my husband knows."

With an exclamation Kirk seized her by the arm. "You don't mean that!" he cried fiercely. But she wrenched herself away.

"Why do you suppose I made a man of you?" she demanded. "Why did I force you up and up and over the heads of others? Why are you in line for the best position on the railroad? Did you think you had made good by your own efforts?" She laughed harshly. "I took Runnels and Wade and Kimble and the others that you liked and forced them up with you, so you'd have an organization that couldn't be pulled down."

"Did—did you do all that?"

"I did more. I broke with Alfarez because of what his son did to you. I juggled the politics of this country; I threw him over and took Garavel—Garavel! My God! What a mockery! But I won't let you—I won't let that girl spoil my work!" Her voice trailed off in a kind of rasping whisper. She struggled a moment for composure, then went on: "It was I who promoted you to Runnels's position—he'll tell you that. It was I who put ideas of advancement into his head. I fostered this quarrel between Jolson and the superintendent, and I've used Runnels to break trail for you. Why? Ask yourself why! Oh, Kirk," she cried, "you mustn't marry that girl! I'll make you a great man!"

"You seem to forget Cortlandt," he said dully.

She gave a scornful laugh. "You needn't bring Stephen in. He doesn't count. I doubt if he'd even care. Our marriage amounts to nothing—nothing. You'd better consider *me*, and the sacrifice I'm willing to make."

"I'm not going to listen to you!" he cried. "I suppose I've been a fool, but this must end right here."

"You can't marry that girl," she reiterated hysterically. She was half sobbing again, but not with the weakness of a woman; her grief was more like that of a despairing man.

"For Heaven's sake, pull yourself together," said Kirk. "You have servants. I—I don't know what to say. I want to get out, I want to think it over. I'm—dreadfully sorry. That's all I can seem to think about now." He turned and went

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blindly to the door, leaving her without a look behind.

When he had gone, she drew off her riding gloves, removed her hat, and dropped them both upon the nearest chair, then crept wearily up the stairs to her room.

A moment later the latticed wooden blinds at the end of the parlor swung open, and through the front window stepped Stephen Cortlandt. Behind him was a hammock, swung in the coolest part of the balcony. The pupils of his eyes, ordinarily so dead and expressionless, were distended like those of a man under the influence of a drug or suffering from a violent headache. He listened attentively for an instant, his head on one side; then, hearing footsteps approaching from the rear of the house, he strolled into the hall.

A maid appeared with a tray, a glass, and a bottle. "I could not find the aspirin," she said, "but I brought you some absinthe. It will deaden the pain, sir."

He thanked her and with shaking fingers poured the glass full, then drank it off like so much water.

"You're not going out again in the heat, sir?"

"Yes! Tell Mrs. Cortlandt that I am dining at the University Club." He went slowly down the steps and out through the flowering shrubs.

CHAPTER XXIII

A PLOT AND A SACRIFICE

KIRK had never passed a more unpleasant night than the one which followed. In the morning he went straight to Runnels with the statement that he could take no part in the little testimonial they had intended to give Cortlandt.

"But it's too late now to back out. I saw him at the University Club last evening and fixed the date for Saturday night."

"Did you tell him I was in the affair?"

"Certainly. I said it was your idea. It affected him deeply, too. I never saw a chap so moved over a little thing."

Kirk thought quickly. Perhaps Edith had spoken rashly in her excitement, and her husband did not know her feelings, after all. Perhaps he only suspected. In that case, it would never do to withdraw. It would seem like a confession of guilt.

"If he has accepted, that ends it, I suppose," he said finally.

"What has happened?" Runnels was watching him sharply.

"Nothing. I merely wish I hadn't entered into the arrangement, that's all. By the way, I've ordered a watch for him, too, and it's being engraved. I wanted to give him something to show my own personal gratitude for what he and his wife have done for me. Lord! It took a month's salary. I know it's a jay present, but there's nothing decent in these shops."

"Look here! I've wanted to say something to you for some time, though it's deuced hard to speak of such things. Maybe I have more moral scruples than some people, but—" Runnels stirred uncomfortably in his chair. "Steve Cortlandt has put us where we are—you understand, when I speak of him I include his wife, too. Well, I like him, Kirk, and I'd hate to see him made unhappy. If a chap loves a married woman he ought to be man enough to forget it. Rotten way to express myself, of course——"

Kirk looked the speaker squarely in the eyes as he answered: "I don't understand what you're driving at. I haven't the least interest in any married man's affairs—never have had, in fact. I'm in love with Gertrudis Garavel, and I'm engaged to marry her."

"The devil!"

"It's a fact. I didn't know until last night that I'd been accepted."

"Then just forget what I said. I was going north on a southbound track—I ran ahead of orders. I really do congratulate you, old man; Miss Garavel is—well, I won't try to do her justice—I had no idea. Please pardon me."

"Certainly! Now that it's settled, I'm not going to let any grass grow under my feet."

"Why, say! Garavel is to be the next president! Jove! You *are* lucky! Cortlandt told me last night that the old fellow's candidacy was to be announced Saturday night at the big ball; that's how Cortlandt came to accept our invitation. He said his work would be over by then, and he'd be glad to join us after the dance. Well, well! Your future wife and father-in-law are to be his guests that night, I suppose you know?"

"Then they have patched up a truce with Alfarez? I'm glad to hear that."

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"It's all settled, I believe. This dance is a big special event. The American minister and the various diplomatic gangs will be there, besides the prominent Spanish people. It's precisely the moment to launch the Garavel boom, and Cortlandt intends to do it. After it's over, our little crowd will have supper and thank him for what he has done for us. Oh, it will be a big night all round, won't it? Do you realize the sky-rockety nature of your progress, young man? Lord! You take my breath."

"It does seem like a dream. I landed here with a buttonhook for baggage and now—say, Runnels, her eyes are just like two big black pansies, and when she smiles you'll go off your trolley."

"Your promotion came just in time, didn't it? Talk about luck! We ought to hear from Washington before Saturday and know that our jobs are cinched. This uncertainty is fierce for me. You know I have a wife and kid, and it means a lot. I suppose jobs and increased salaries and preferments and all that don't count for much with a young fellow who is engaged to the fabulous Miss Garavel, but with the Runnels family it's different. When you give Cortlandt that watch, you'll have to present him with a loving-cup from the rest of us. I think it's coming to him, don't you?"

"I—I'd rather you presented it."

"Not much! I can run trains, but I can't engineer social functions. You'll have to be spokesman. Meanwhile, let's just hold our thumbs till our promotions are ratified from headquarters. I need that position, and I'm dying of uneasiness."

The night had been as hard for Edith Cortlandt as for Kirk, but during its sleepless hours she had reached a determination. She was not naturally revengeful, but it was characteristic of her that she could not endure failure. Action, not words or tears, was the natural outlet for her feelings. There was just one possible way of winning Kirk back, and if, instead, it ruined him, she would be only undoing what she had mistakenly done. As soon after breakfast as she knew definitely that her husband had gone out, she telephoned to General Alfarez, making an appointment to call on him at eleven.

It was the first time she had ever gone to see him, for she was in the habit of bringing people to her; but this was no ordinary occasion, and she knew the crafty old Spaniard would be awaiting her with eagerness.

Her interview with him was short, and when she emerged from his house she ordered the coachman to drive directly to the Garavel bank. This time she stayed longer, closeted with the proprietor. What she told him threw him into something like a panic. It seemed that Anibal Alfarez was by no means so well reconciled to the death of his political hopes as had been supposed. On the contrary, in spite of all that had been done to prevent it, he had been working secretly and had perfected the preliminaries of a *coup* which he intended to spring at the eleventh hour. Through Ramón, he had brought about an alliance with the outgoing Galleo, and intended to make the bitterest possible fight against Garavel. Such a joining of forces meant serious trouble, and until the banker's position was materially strengthened it would be most unwise to announce his candidacy as had been planned. The General had worked with remarkable craftiness, according to Mrs. Cortlandt's account, and Galleo's grip upon the National Assembly was so strong as to threaten all their schemes. She did not go into minute details—there was no need, for the banker's fears took fire at the mere fact that Alfarez had revolted. He was dumbfounded, appalled.

"But it was only last week that we were assured all was well," he cried in despair.

She shrugged her shoulders. "One is privileged to change one's mind over night, I suppose. Politics is not a child's game."

"Oh, I am sorry I ever entertained the proposal! To be defeated now would do me immeasurable harm, not only in my pride, but in my business affairs. My affiliations with the government are of the closest—they must be, for me to live. To be a candidate, to make the fight, and to be beaten!—What consideration will come to the firm of Garavel Hermanos, think you?"

"Not much; but you are not so deeply committed that you can not withdraw."

This cool suggestion brought the expected outburst. "Rather than such a disgrace," declared Garavel, "I would go to certain defeat. One's pride is not for sale, madame. What do you think has caused this so sudden change of sentiment?"

"Ramón is partly to blame. He is just as proud as you or as his father. When he

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"I MAY NEVER SPEAK WITH YOU AGAIN ALONE, SEÑOR, AND I MUST PRAY TO—CEASE LOVING YOU, BUT WILL YOU—KISS ME ONCE SO THAT I MAY NEVER FORGET?"

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heard of your daughter's engagement to our friend Anthony——"

"Ah! Now I see it all." The banker's face darkened. "So, this is my reward for heeding your advice in regard to Gertrudis! She should have wed Ramón as was intended, then I would have had a lever with which to lift his father from my path. Very well, then, there is no engagement with this Anthony. It may not be too late even yet to capture Ramón."

"The city is already talking about Gertrudis and Kirk."

"No word has been spoken, no promise given. There is not even an understanding. It is merely an old custom that has caused this report. He seemed a pleasant fellow, she had dreams, so—I yielded. But do you suppose I would allow my great ambition to be thwarted by the whim of a girl—to be upset by a stranger's smile? Bah! At their age I loved a dozen. I could not survive without them." He snapped his fingers. "You see now the truth of what I told you when we first spoke of my daughter. It is the older heads that must govern, always. I should have foreseen this effect. But Ramón was offended and he said too little. Now I admire his spirit; he is desperate; he will fight; he is no parrot to sit by and see his cage robbed. So much the better, since he is the pivot upon which this great affair revolves. You see what must be done?"

"Certainly."

"Come! We will see my friend Anibal at once."

But Mrs. Cortlandt checked him, saying quietly: "That is all right as far as it goes, but you forget the other young man."

Garavel paused in his heavy strides across the room. "Eh? How so? Gertrudis will not marry this Anthony."

"Perhaps she loves him."

"Love is a fancy, a something seen through a distant haze, an illusion which vanishes with the sun. In a month, a year, she will have forgotten; but with me it is different. This is my life's climax; there will be no other. I am a Garavel, I have looked into the future, and I can not turn back. I think also of Panama herself. There are great issues at stake."

"But how will you handle Anthony?"

Garavel looked at her blankly. "He is in my way. He is ended! Is not that all?"

"I am glad you are practical; so many of you Latin Americans are absurdly romantic."

"And why should I not be practical? I am a business man. I love but two things, madame—no, three: my daughter, my success, and—my country. By this course I will serve all three."

"Since you take this view of it, I am sure that with Ramón's help we can dissuade Don Anibal from his course. The General is sensible and doesn't want a fight any more than you do. If your daughter will consent——"

"My dear lady, give yourself no uneasiness. She does not know the meaning of rebellion. If necessary—but there is not the slightest question. It is done."

"Then let me look up Ramón. He and I will approach the General together." She gave him her neatly gloved hand. "Things are never so bad as they seem."

"And I thank you for your promptness, which alone perhaps has saved our hopes and our ambitions." He escorted his caller to her carriage, then hurriedly returned to his office.

That afternoon Kirk received a formal communication from the banker which filled him with dismay. It ran as follows:

My Dear Mr. Anthony:

To my extreme distress, I hear a rumor that Gertrudis is to become your wife. I assure you that neither she nor I blame you in the least for this unfortunate report, but since busy tongues will wag upon the slightest excuse, we feel it best that no further occasion for gossip should be given. I am sure you will cooperate with us.

Sincerely and respectfully, your friend,

Andrés Garavel.

A sense of betrayal crept over the young man as he read. What the letter signified, beyond the fact that Mr. Garavel had changed his mind, he could not make out, and he resolved to go at once and demand an explanation. But at the bank he was told that the proprietor had gone home, and he drove to the house only to learn that Señor Garavel and his daughter had left for Las Savannas not half an hour before. So back through the city he urged his driver, across the bridge, and out along the country road. . . .

Darkness had settled when he returned, raging at the trickery that had been practised upon him. If they thought to gain their point by sending him on wild-goose chases like this, they were greatly mistaken.

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He proposed to have Chiquita now, if he had to burst his way to her through barred doors. Reared in a way to foster a disregard of all restraint and a contempt for other people's rights, he was in a fitting mood for any reckless project, and the mere thought that they should undertake to coerce an Anthony filled him with grim amusement. He had yielded to their left-handed customs out of courtesy; it was time now to show his strength.

What folly he might have committed, it is hard to tell, but he was prevented from putting any extravagant plan into operation by a message from the girl herself.

As he dismissed his coachman and turned toward his quarters, Stephanie came to him out of the shadows.

"I have been waiting," she said.

"Where is Chiquita? Tell me quickly."

"She is at the house. She wants to see you."

"Of course she does. I knew this wasn't any of her doing. I've been hunting everywhere for her."

"At nine o'clock, she will be in the plaza. You know the dark place across from the church?"

"I'll be there."

"If we do not come, wait."

"Certainly. But, Stephanie, tell me what it is all about?"

The black woman shook her head. "She is sick," she said in a harsh voice; "that is all I know. I have never seen her act so." From her expression, Kirk fancied that she held him responsible for the sufferings of her mistress.

"Now don't be angry with me," he made haste to say. "I'm sick, too, and you're the only friend we have. You love her, don't you? Well, so do I, and I'm going to make her happy in spite of her father and all the rest. Run along now; I won't keep you waiting to-night."

Long before the appointed time, he was at the place of meeting; but scarcely had the city chimes rung out nine when he saw two women emerge from the dark side street next the Garavel mansion and come swiftly toward him.

He refrained from rushing out to meet them, but when they were close to his place of concealment he stepped forward, with Chiquita's name upon his lips and his arms outstretched. She drew away.

"No, no, Señor!" she cried. "I sent for you because there was no other way—that is all. My father would not let you come to the house. You will not think me bold?"

"Of course not!"

"I could not let you go until you knew the truth. You do not—believe it was my fault?"

"I don't know what to believe, because I don't know what has happened. All I know is that I got a note from your father. But that won't make me let you go."

She clung desperately to the Bajan woman, as if afraid to trust herself near him. "Wait—wait," she said, "until you have heard it all."

Never had she appeared so beautiful as now, with her face white, her bosom heaving, as the half light dimly revealed.

"No matter what it is, I'll never give you up," he declared stubbornly.

"Ah! I feared you would say those very words. But you must do it, just the same. It will be hard for us both, I know, but—" She choked and shook her head as the words refused to come.

Stephanie laid a great copper hand soothingly upon her shoulder, and growled at Kirk in a hoarse, accusing voice: "You see?"

"Tell me first why I must give you up!"

"Because, in spite of all, I am to marry Ramón," Gertrudis said wretchedly.

"Who said so?"

"My father. He has forbidden me to think of you and ordered that I marry Ramón. Sick or well, living or dead, I must marry him."

"I'm hanged if you do!"

"It is those miserable politics again. If I do not obey, my father can not be president, do you see?" Pausing an instant to master her agitation, she hurried on: "To be president means a great deal to him and to our family; it is the greatest honor that has ever come to a Garavel. Señor Alfarez is terribly angry that I refused to marry his son, to whom since I was a little child I have been engaged. Ramón also is furious; he threatened to kill himself. So it comes to this, then: If I will not bind myself to the agreement, Señor Alfarez will contest the election—I do not know how you say those things—but my father will be defeated—perhaps he will be humbled. Many other terrible things which I can not understand will happen also. If I agree, then there will be no opposition to his plans. He

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will be president, and I shall be a grand lady."

"I won't stand for it! They're making you a sacrifice, that's all. What kind of a father is it who would sell his daughter——"

"No, no! You do not understand. He is proud, he can not accept defeat, he would rather give his life than be humiliated. Furthermore—he wishes me to marry Ramón, and so that ends it." Her lips were trembling as she peered up at him to see if he really understood.

"Let them rave, dear. What does it matter who is president? What does anything matter to you and me?"

"He says I am too young to know my own mind and—perhaps that is true, Señor Antonio; perhaps I shall soon forget you and learn to love Ramón as he loves me—I do not know——"

In spite of the pathetic quaver in her voice, Kirk cried with jealous bitterness: "You don't seem to object very strongly; you seem to care about as much for Alfarez as you do for me. Is that it?"

"Yes, Señor," she said bravely.

"You are lying!" declared Stephanie suddenly.

The girl burst into a perfect torrent of weeping that shamed him. Then, without any invitation, she flung herself recklessly into his arms and lay there trembling, palpitating, like an imprisoned bird.

"Forgive me, dear," he exclaimed softly. "I knew better all the time. You mustn't think of doing what they ask; I won't allow it!" His own heart-beats were shaking him, and he hardly knew what he was saying. The sight of her grief maddened him.

She looked up with eyes gleaming through her tears and said brokenly: "Señor, I love you truly. You see, I can not lie."

Her breath intoxicated him, and he bent his head to kiss her, but Stephanie tore her roughly from his arms. The woman showed the strength of a man, and her vulture-like face was working fiercely as she cried:

"No! She is mine! She is mine! She is a good girl."

"Stephanie!" protested Kirk. "She loves me, don't you see?"

"No, no!" The black woman drew the girl into the shelter of her own arms.

"Oh, I am wicked!" Gertrudis said. "I love you, Keerk, yes, I love you very dearly, but my father—he refuses—I must obey—he has the right, and I must do as he wishes."

"Come with me now. We'll be married to-night," Kirk urged, but she only clung to Stephanie more closely, as if to hold herself from falling.

"You are very sweet to me," she said, with piteous tenderness, "and I shall never forget the honor, but you see I can not. This is more to my father than his life; it is the same to all our family; and I must do my duty. I will pray for strength to keep from loving you, Señor, and some day, perhaps, the dear God will hear. You must do likewise, and pray also for me to have courage. I could not let you go away thinking this was my doing, so I sent for you. No; one must obey one's people, for they are wise—and good. But one should be honest."

The tears stole down her cheeks as she listened to Kirk's answer, and she thrilled to his pleadings as to some wondrous music; yet she was like adamant, and all his lover's desperation could not shake her. It was strange to see this slender, timid slip of a girl so melting and yet so cruelly firm. He appealed to Stephanie, but she was as unresponsive as a bronze image. Seeing that his urging only made matters worse, he said more gently:

"You are exalted now with the spirit of self-sacrifice, but later you will see that I am right. I am not discouraged. A thousand things may happen. Who knows what to-morrow may bring? Let's wait, and see if we can't find a way out. Now that I know you love me, I have the courage to face anything, and I am going to win you, Chiquita. I have never lost in all my life, and I don't intend to begin now. I'll see your father in the morning, and I'll be here again to-morrow night——"

But at this Gertrudis cried out: "No, no. I can not meet you again in this manner." And Stephanie nodded her agreement.

"Then I'll see you the next night—that is Saturday. You are coming to the big ball at the Tivoli with him and the Cortlandts—I must see you then, so make sure to be there, and meanwhile don't give up."

"Oh, there is no hope."

"There is always hope. I'll think of something."

"We must go," said the Bajan woman, warningly.

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"Yes, yes! It is of no avail to resist," came the girl's choking voice. She stretched out her little hand, and then, looking up at him, said uncertainly: "I—may never speak with you again alone, Señor, and I must pray to—cease loving you, but will you—kiss me once so that I may never forget?"

He breathed a tender exclamation and took her gently to his breast, while the negress stood by, scowling and muttering.

The memory of that long, breathless moment lived with him for years. Strangely enough, at the touch of her lips he felt his courage forsake him—it ran out like water. He became weak, fearful, despairing, as if it were his life that was ebbing away. And the pang, when she drew herself from him, was like a bayonet-thrust. Even when she and Stephanie had melted into the shadows, he stood motionless under the spell of that caress, its ecstasy still suffusing him.

He found himself following slowly in the direction they had taken, in the hope of catching just one more glimpse of her; as he emerged from the darkness of the park, he paused. There across the street, in the little open shrine set in the corner of the great cathedral, she was kneeling before the shining figure of the Madonna. The candle-glow that illumined the holy image and shone out so hopefully against the gloom showed her crouched close before the altar, her dark head bowed in uttermost dejection. Outside, and barely revealed, stood the tall, gaunt Bajan woman, silent, watchful, and forbidding.

With a painful grip at his throat, Kirk watched until the girl rose and hurried away into the shadows. Then he, too, turned, and made his way up the street; but he went unseeingly, as if he had beheld a vision.

For the first time in his life he was a prey to fear. A thousand panics clamored at him, his mind began working with exaggerated speed, like that of a person in dire peril. Once more, as upon that night when he had first called at her father's house, he turned abruptly at the corner to stare at her window, and again he surprised a figure skulking after him. Without a moment's hesitation he made after it on a run, but the fellow dodged into the plaza and disappeared among the shrubbery. Not caring to pursue the chase into those lurking shadows, Kirk desisted, certain only of one thing—that it was not Allan who was trailing him.

CHAPTER XXIV

A BUSINESS PROPOSITION

EDITH CORTLANDT'S interview with the rival candidates for the Panaman presidency formed but a part of her plan. She next held a long conversation with Colonel Jolson, with the result that on Friday morning Runnels heard a rumor which threw him into the greatest consternation. It was to the effect that instead of his succeeding to the office of superintendent, he was to retain his old post, and that Colonel Jolson's brother-in-law was to supersede.

Although the word was not authoritative, it came with sufficient directness to leave him aghast. If true, it was, of course, equivalent to his discharge, for it meant that he could not even continue in his former position without putting himself in a light intolerable to any man of spirit. Since he was entitled to the promotion, had been promised it, in fact, and had made his plans accordingly, there was no course open except resignation. If he did not resign voluntarily, he knew that his new superior would eventually force him to do so.

Inasmuch as his assistant was concerned in this threatened calamity, Runnels made haste to lay the matter before him. At first, Kirk was inclined to take it as a joke, but his friend quickly brought him to a more serious frame of mind.

"No," he said, "Blakeley has finally put it over. He's wanted this position for a long time, and I guess the Cortlandts weren't strong enough to prevent it—or else they have broken with the Colonel."

"Didn't he promise you the job?"

"Sure! But what are promises? I've been double-crossed, that's all. It means I must quit."

"Of course. I'm trying to figure out what it will mean to me."

Runnels smiled grimly. "The same thing it would mean to me if I stayed. I'd go back to my desk; in a month I'd have a row with Blakeley, no matter what I did; then I'd be fired and have a tough time getting a job with another railroad. Of course, the Cortlandts might do more for you than they would for me, and you might be able to hang on."

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"Then this would seem to end our fine hopes, eh?"

"Rather!" Runnels broke out bitterly. "I've worked like a nigger, Kirk, and I deserve promotion if anybody ever did. This other fellow is a dub—he has proved that. Why, I've forgotten more railroading than he'll ever know. Every man on the system hates him and likes me; and on top of it all I was *promised* the job. It's tough on the wife and the kid."

He stopped to swallow his emotion. He could not meet misfortune with Kirk's careless self-confidence.

"I gave this job the best I had in me," he went on, "for I had the idea that I was doing something patriotic, something for my country—that's the way they used to talk about this canal, you know. I've put in four years of hell; I've lost step with the world; I've lost my business connections in the States; and I haven't saved up any money. I *can't* quit, and yet I'll have to; for if I'm fired, it'll mean I'll have to go back there and start at the bottom again. Those people don't know anything about these damned politics; they'll think I made a failure here in government work, and I'll have to live it down. Still, I suppose I ought not to kick—it's happening all the time to other fellows who came down here with hopes as high as mine—fellows who have given even more to the job than I have. What are *you* going to do?"

Kirk started. "Oh, I don't know. I was thinking about you. This job doesn't worry me, for I'm on my feet at last, and I know I have the goods with me—they can have my position and welcome. Now about you: I haven't spent much of that lottery coin. It's in the bank—all that Allan hasn't used; and half of it is yours, if you'll take it. You and Mrs. Runnels and the kid, and Allan and I—and a certain person—will hike back home and get something else to do. What do you say?"

Runnels's voice shook as he answered: "By Jove! You're the—real stuff, Anthony. I'll think it over." He turned away as if ashamed of his show of feeling, only to whirl about with the question, "Who is this 'certain person'?"

"My wife."

"Good Lord! You're not married?"

"No, but I'm going to be. You talk about *your* troubles—now listen to mine. I'll make you weep like a fog." Briefly he told his friend of the blow that had so suddenly fallen upon him.

"You *are* up against it, old man," agreed Runnels, when he had heard all. "Garavel has set his heart on the presidency, and he'll pay any price to get it. It's the same all over Central America; these people are mad on politics. There are never more than two parties, you know—the Wanters and the Hasers. The Wanters are out and the Hasers are in; that's what makes these wicked little revolutions at every change of the moon—it isn't a question of policy at all. Now if Miss Gertrudis were an American girl, she might rebel, elope, do something like that; but she's been reared with the Spanish notions of obedience, and I dare say she will submit tamely because she doesn't know how to put up a fight."

"Well, she's half American," said Kirk.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean the game isn't over. I carried the ball forty yards once, for a touch-down in the last ten seconds of play, and Yale won. I had good 'interference' then, and I need it now. Somebody'll have to run ahead of me."

Runnels smiled. "I guess you can count on me. What is the plan?"

For the next half hour the two talked earnestly, their heads together, their voices low.

"I don't believe it will work, my boy," Runnels said at last. "I know these people better than you, and yet—Lord! if it does come off—" he whistled softly. "Well, they may kick the political props out from under us, but there will be an awful crash when we hit. Now don't mention this rumor about Blakeley. I want to see Steve Cortlandt first."

"Cortlandt! By the way, do you happen to remember that he's to be our guest at supper to-morrow night? Kind of a joke now, trying to thank him for what he's done, isn't it?"

"Not at all! It may be our one chance of salvation; he may be the one person who can help us."

"Well," Kirk reflected, "I have a good deal to thank him for, I suppose, outside of this, and I'll go through with my part."

He proceeded at once to put his plan into execution. As a first step, he rented a room at the Tivoli, taking particular care to select one on the first floor in the north wing. That evening he and Allan moved.

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It was a simple process, yet he felt that he was performing the most momentous act of his life. As to its outcome, much depended upon Runnels and much more upon himself—so much, in fact, that when he came to look at the matter coolly he confessed the hope of success was slender. But, such as it was, he clung to it desperately.

Runnels telephoned during the evening that he had been equal to his part of the task, so there remained nothing to do but wait for the hour of the dance.

Over and over Anthony asked himself if he were not foolish to pin his faith to so slight a chance, but he could find no answer. He slept little amid his new surroundings that night, and awoke Saturday morning thrilled with the certainty that his life's crisis was but a few hours away.

It was considerably after dark on Saturday evening when John Weeks, American consul at Colon, received a caller who came to him direct from the Royal Mail steamer just docked. At first sight the stranger did not impress Mr. Weeks as a man of particular importance. His face was insignificant, and his pale blue eyes showed little force. His only noticeable characteristic was displayed when he removed his hat. Then it could be seen that a wide white scar ran from just over his temple to a point back of the right ear.

He made his name known as Williams, which, of course, meant nothing to the consul, and while drinking one of Weeks's highballs he inquired idly about the country, the climate, and the people, as if in no hurry to come to his point. Weeks watched him shrewdly, convinced at last by his visitor's excessive caution that his first judgment had been wrong and that the man was more knowing than he seemed. Mr. Williams was likewise studying the fat man, and, when he had satisfied himself, he came out openly with these words:

"I'm looking for a chap named Wellar. He landed here some time late in November."

"Friend of yours?"

"Um—m—not exactly." Mr. Williams ran a hand meditatively over the ragged scar on his scalp, as if from force of habit.

"Wellar? I never heard of him."

"He may have traveled under another name. Ever hear of a fellow called Locke?"

The consul's moist lips drew together, his red eyes gleamed watchfully. "Maybe I have and maybe I haven't," said he. "Why do you want him?"

"I heard he was here. I'd enjoy meeting him again."

"What does he look like?"

Mr. Williams rattled off a description of Kirk Anthony so photographic that the consul suddenly saw a great light.

"Yes, I know him all right," he confessed warmly. "He's a good friend of mine, too; in fact, he lived with me for a while." Misconstruing the eager expression that came to his caller's face, he rose heavily and thrust out a thick, wet hand. "Don't let's beat about the bush, Mr. Anthony. Your son is safe and well and making a name for himself. I'm happy to say I helped him—not much, to be sure, but all I could—yes, sir, I acknowledge the corn—and I'm glad to meet you at last. I have a lot of things to talk about."

But the other stared upward impatiently. "No, no! You've got me wrong. I'm a detective, and I'm after your friend Wellar, *alias* Locke, *alias* Anthony. He's wanted for embezzlement, and assault, and a few other things, and I'm going to take him."

Weeks stared open-mouthed for an instant. "Then you're really not Darwin K. Anthony?" he gasped.

"Certainly not! Here's the warrant. I'm sorry this chap is your pal, but——"

"My pal! Hell! I hate him like the smallpox! Good thing you spoke, or I'd have sold you a cocoanut grove. I *knew* he was wrong. Embezzler, eh? Well, well!"

"Eighty thousand, that's all; and he's got it on him."

"You're wrong there; he was broke when he landed. I ought to know."

"Oh, no. He came down on the *Santa Cruz;* I've seen the purser. He traveled under the name of Jefferson Locke. There's no mistake, and he couldn't have blown it all. No, it's sewed into his shirt, and I'm here to grab it."

Weeks whistled in amazement. "He *is* a shrewd one. Eighty thou— Lord! I wish I'd known that! He's here, all right, working for the railroad and living at Panama. He's made good, too, and got some influential friends. Oh, this is great!"

"Working, hey? Clever stall! Do you see that?" Williams inclined his head for a fuller display of the disfiguration over his ear. "He hung that on me, with a bottle.

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I damn near died." He laughed disagreeably. "He'll go back, and he'll go back quick. How do I get to Panama?"

Weeks consulted his watch h a s t i l y. "You've missed the last train, but we'll go over together in the morning. I want to have a hand in this arrest, for reasons of my own; I don't like him nor his influential friends." He began to chuckle ponderously. "No, I don't like his influential friends, in particular."

While this scene was being enacted on the north side of the Isthmus, Kirk Anthony, over at the Tivoli Hotel, was making himself ready for the ball with particular pains. Even his personal appearance might have a bearing upon the outcome of this adventure, he reflected, and he dared not overlook the slightest advantage.

Allan regarded him admiringly from many angles. "Oh, Master h'Aunthony," he exclaimed rapturously, "you are beautiful!"

"Thanks! Again thanks! Now, can you remember to do as I have told you?"

"I would die——"

"*Don't* say that again—I'm too nervous. Here are your instructions, once more. Keep both doors to this room locked and stand by the one to the veranda! Don't let any one in except Mr. Runnels and the man he'll bring. *Don't—leave—this—spot*, no matter what happens! Does that penetrate your teak-wood dome? Does your ivory cue-ball encompass that thought?"

"I shall watch this h'apartment carefully, never fear."

"But I do fear. I'm scared to death. My hands are so cold they are brittle. Remember, when I knock, so, let me in instantly, and keep your wits about you."

"H'Allan never fails, sar. But what is coming to pahss?"

"Never mind what is coming to pass. This is going to be a big night, my boy—a --very—big—night." Kirk strolled out into the hall and made his way to the lobby.

Already the orchestra was tuning up and the wide porches were filling with well-dressed people, while a stream of coaches at the door was delivering the arrivals on the special from Colon. It was a very animated crowd, sprinkled plentifully with Spanish people—something quite unusual, by the way—while the presence of many uniforms gave the affair almost the brilliance of a military function. There were marine officers from Bas Obispo, straight, trim, brown of cheek; naval officers from the cruisers in the roadstead, clad in their white trousers and bell-boy jackets; army officers detailed from Washington on special duty; others from the various parts of the work itself.

Kirk wandered about through the confusion, nodding to his friends, chatting here and there, his eyes fixed anxiously upon the door.

Clifford approached and fell into conversation with him. "Great doings, eh? I came up from the Central just to see what these affairs are like. Did you see to-night's paper?"

"No."

"Garavel is going to run for president. This is a kind of political coming-out party."

"So I believe. . . . Excuse me." Anthony saw Runnels searching the room with anxiety. He hurried toward him and inquired breathlessly: "Have you got him?"

"Sure; I showed him your room."

"Did you lock him in?"

"Certainly not."

"He'll get away."

"Oh, no, he'll be on the job. Has she come?"

Kirk shook his head. "Gee! I'm nervous." He wiped his brow with a shaking hand.

"Don't weaken," Runnels encouraged. "I'm beginning to believe you'll pull it off. I told my wife all about it—thought we might need her—and she's perfectly crazy. I never saw her so excited. Let me know as soon as you can which dance it will be. This suspense—Gad! There they are, now! Go to it, old man."

Into the lobby came a mixed group, in which were Andrés Garavel, his daughter, Ramón Alfarez, and the Cortlandts. Kirk's face was white as he went boldly to meet them, but he did his best to smile unconcernedly. He shook hands with Edith and her husband, bowed to Gertrudis, then turned to meet her father's stare.

"May I have a word with you, sir?"

Garavel inclined his head silently. As the others moved on he said: "This is hardly a suitable time or place, Mr. Anthony."

"Oh, I'm not going to kick up a fuss. I didn't answer your note because there was nothing to say. You still wish me to cease my attentions?"

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"I do! It is her wish and mine."

"Then I shall do so, of course. But if Miss Garavel is dancing to-night, I would like your permission to place my name on her program."

"No!" exclaimed the banker.

"Purely to avoid comment. Every one knows I have been calling upon her, and that report of our engagement got about considerably; it would set people talking if she snubbed me. That is the only reason I came to this dance."

"Perhaps you are right. Let us have no unpleasantness and no gossip about the affair, by all means. I consent, then." Garavel's voice altered, and he said with more of his natural geniality: "I am very glad you take the matter so sensibly, Mr. Anthony; it was, after all, but a dream of youth."

"Well, permit me to offer my congratulations upon the honor your country is about to bestow upon you," said Kirk; and conversing in a friendly manner, they followed the rest of the party.

As the banker appeared upon the threshold of the ballroom, a murmur ran through the crowd; faces were turned in his direction, whispers were exchanged, showing that already the news had traveled. Conscious of this notice and its reason, Garavel drew himself up; he walked with the tread of an emperor.

Kirk ignored Ramón's scowl as he requested the pleasure of seeing Chiquita's program, then pretended not to notice her start of surprise. After a frightened look at her father, she timidly extended the card to him and he wrote his name upon it.

As he finished, he found Mrs. Cortlandt regarding him.

"Will you dance with me?" he inquired.

"Yes. I saved the fourth and the tenth." As he filled in the allotted spaces, she said in a low voice: "You are the boldest person! Did Mr. Garavel give you leave to do that, or——"

"Of course! Thank you." He made his way out of the press that had gathered and toward the open air. He was shaking with nervousness.

Runnels pounced upon him just outside. "Well, well, quick! Did you make it?"

"Number nine."

"Good! I was gnawing my finger-nails. Whew! I'm glad that is over. Now pull yourself together and don't forget you have the first dance with Mrs. Runnels. There goes the music. I—I'm too rattled to dance."

Anthony found his friend's wife bubbling with excitement, and scarcely able to contain herself. "Oh, I'll never live through it, I know," she said, as soon as they were out upon the floor. "How *can* you be so calm?"

"I'm not. I'm as panicky as you are."

"And she, poor little thing! She seems frightened to death."

"But—isn't she beautiful?"

Mrs. Runnels admitted the fact cheerfully, and at the same time noted how her partner's muscles swelled and hardened as Miss Garavel glided past in the arms of Ramón Alfarez.

To Kirk, Chiquita had never appeared so ravishing nor so Spanish as to-night. She was clad in some mysterious filmy white stuff that floated about her form like a mist. The strangeness and brilliance of her surroundings had frightened her a little, and the misery at her heart had filled her wide, dark eyes with a plaintive melancholy. But she was entirely the fine lady through it all, and she accepted the prominence that was hers as the leading señorita of the Republic with simple dignity and unconcern. The women began to whisper her name, the men followed her with admiring glances. At every interval between dances she was besieged by gayly clad officers and civilians in white—the flower of her own people and of the American colony as well—all eager to claim her attention and to share in her shy, slow smile.

Now and then her eyes strayed to Kirk with a look that made his blood move quicker. It boded well for the success of his plans and filled him with a fierce, hot gladness. But how the moments dragged!

General Alfarez entered the room amid a buzz of comment. Then, as he greeted his rival, Garavel, with a smile and a handshake, a round of applause broke forth. The members of the Commission sought them both out, and congratulations were exchanged. At last the Garavel boom was launched in earnest.

Mrs. Cortlandt expressed a desire to sit out the fourth dance. "So your engagement to Miss Garavel is broken?" she began, when they had seated themselves in two of the big rockers that lined the porch.

"All smashed to pieces, running gear

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broken, steering knuckle bent, gasoline tank punctured. I need a tow."

"You take it calmly."

"What's the use of struggling? I'm no Samson to go around pulling down temples."

"Did you expect her to yield so tamely?"

"I didn't know she had yielded. In fact, I haven't had a chance to talk to her."

"But she has. Mr. Garavel told me not an hour ago that as soon as he explained his wishes she consented to marry Ramón without a protest."

"A refusal would have meant the death of the old man's chances, I presume. She acted quite dutifully."

"Yes. If she had refused Ramón, I doubt if we could have saved her father. As it is, the General withdraws and leaves the field clear, the two young people are reunited, quite as if you had never appeared; and you—my dear Kirk, now what about you?"

"Oh, I don't count! I never have counted in anything, you know. That's the trouble with good-natured people. But is it true that Garavel is practically elected?"

"General Alfarez couldn't very well step in after he had publicly stepped out, could he? That would be a trifle too treacherous; he'd lose his support, and our people would then have an excuse to take a hand. I'm tremendously glad it's all settled finally, I assure you. It was a strain, and although I'm sorry you got your fingers pinched between the political wheels, I'm relieved that the uncertainty is ended."

So far they had been speaking like mere acquaintances, but now Kirk turned upon her a trifle bitterly.

"I think you worked it very cleverly, Mrs. Cortlandt," he said. "Of course I had no chance to win against a person of your diplomatic gifts. I had my nerve to try."

She regarded him without offense at this candor, then nodded: "Yes. You see it meant more to me than to you or to her. With you two it is but a romance, forgotten in a night. I have pretty nearly outlived romance."

"You think I will forget easily? That's not flattering."

"All men do. You will even forget my part in the affair, and we shall be better friends than ever."

"Suppose I don't choose to accept what it pleases people to hand me?"

"My dear Kirk!" She smiled. "You will have to accept in this case. There is nothing else to do."

He shook his head. "I hoped we could be friends, Mrs. Cortlandt, but it seems we can't be."

At this she broke out imperiously, her eyes flashing: "I ask nothing you can't give. I have never been denied, and I won't be denied now. You can't afford to break with me."

"Indeed! Why do you think that?"

"Listen! I've shown you what I can do in a few months. In a year you can be a great success. That's how big men are made—they know the short cuts. You are too inexperienced yet to know what success and power mean, but you are beginning to learn, and when you have learned you will thank me for breaking up this foolish romance. I don't ask you to forget your manhood. I ask nothing. I am content to wait. You want to become a big man like your father? Well, Runnels will be out of the way soon; Blakeley amounts to nothing. You will be the superintendent."

"So that's not merely a rumor about Blakeley! Runnels is practically fired, eh?"

"Yes."

"If I choose not to give up Chiq—Miss Garavel, then what? It means the end of me here—is that it?"

"'If you choose'! Why, my dear, you have no choice whatever in the matter. It is practically closed. You can do nothing—although, if you really intend to make trouble, I shall walk inside when I leave and inform the old gentleman, in which case he will probably send the girl home at once and take very good care to give you no further opportunity. Ramón is only too anxious to marry her. As to this being the end of you here, well, I really don't see how it could be otherwise. No, Kirk, it's for you to decide whether you wish to be shown the secret path up the mountain or to scale the cliffs unaided. There are no conditions. You merely mustn't play the fool."

"And if I don't agree, you will tell Mr. Garavel that I'm going to make trouble?" he mused aloud, watching her out of the corner of his eye. She said nothing, so he went on cautiously, sparring for time: "Well, inasmuch as this seems to be a plain business proposition, suppose I think it over. When it comes time for our next dance, I'll say yes or no."

"As you please."

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"Very well. The music has stopped; we'd better go in."

As they rose, she laid her hand upon his arm, and he felt it tremble as she exclaimed: "Believe me, Kirk, this isn't at all easy for me, but—I can't bear to lose."

CHAPTER XXV

CHECKMATE!

ANTHONY had no partner for the eighth dance, and was very glad of it, for he could not have carried off the necessary small talk. As it was, he felt that his excitement must be patent to those around him. His mind was filled with tormenting doubts, his chance for success seemed so infinitely small, his plan so extravagantly impracticable, now that the time had come!

As the music ceased and the dancers came pouring out into the cool night air, Runnels approached with his wife. "Well, are you equal to it?" he asked.

Kirk nodded; he could not speak.

"Why, you look as cold as ice," exclaimed Mrs. Runnels, half resentfully. "I'm the only one who seems to feel it. I—I'm positively delirious. My partners look at me as if they thought I were liable to become dangerous at any moment."

"Not too loud!" her husband cautioned; then to Kirk, "Good luck, old man. Lord! I need a bracer." His words stuck in his throat, and Kirk realized that he was himself the calmest of the three. Together Runnels and his wife strolled off through the crowd, disappearing in the direction of the north wing of the hotel.

It seemed ages before the orchestra struck up; Kirk began to fear that something had happened to the musicians. He edged closer to the door and searched out Chiquita with his eyes. There she was, seated with her father, Colonel Bland from Gatun, and some high officer or other—probably an admiral. Ramón Alfarez was draped artistically over the back of her chair, curling his mustache tenderly and smiling vacantly at the conversation.

Kirk ground his teeth together and set his feet as if for the sound of the referee's whistle on the football field. He heard the orchestra leader tap his music stand, then, as the first strains of the waltz floated forth, he stepped into the ballroom and made toward his sweetheart. All at once he found that his brain was clear, his heart-beats measured.

Of course she saw him coming; she had waited all the long evening for this moment. He saw her hand flutter uncertainly to her throat; then, as he paused before her, she rose without a word. His arm encircled her waist, her little cold palm dropped lightly into his and they glided away together. He found himself whispering her name over and over again passionately.

"Why—why did you do this, Señor?" she protested faintly. "It is very hard for me."

"It is the last time I shall ever hold you—this way."

She faltered, her breath caught. "Please! My father is looking. Ramón——"

"Have you agreed to marry him?"

"Yes! N-no! Oh, I have prayed to the Virgin every hour. I can not, and yet I must. See! I can not waltz; I have s-stepped upon you. Take me back to my seat."

For answer he pressed her closer to his breast, holding her up without effort. The incense from her hair was robbing him of his wits; his old wild desire to pick her up and carry her away swept over him.

"Don't—esqueeze me—so!" she exclaimed. "I can not hold back—the tears. I am so unhappy. If I could but die quickly—now."

"Let us go out on the porch."

"No, no! We must remain in my father's sight. Will you take me to my seat?"

"No. I want you to listen carefully to what I'm going to say." He spoke low and earnestly. "Try to show nothing in your face, for they are watching us." Seeing her more composed and attentive, he went on:

"Don't stop dancing now, when I tell you. Chiquita, dear, you must marry me, to-night, right away! I have arranged everything. No, don't look up at me until I have finished. Try to smile. I've planned it all out, and everything is in readiness. I have a room just around the corner of the veranda; there's a judge waiting for us, and Runnels and his wife——"

"You are mad!" she gasped.

"No, no. We'll slip through one of the French windows, and we'll be back again before they miss us. Nobody will know. I tell you they're waiting. If we are missed, they'll think—it doesn't matter what they think, you'll be my wife and Ramón can't marry you then."

The Next Instalment of **"The Ne'er-Do-Well"** will appear in the August Number.

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A FIGURED FLAME

·BY·MABEL·E·FLETCHER·

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. M. CROSBY

Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends them all.—*Browning.*

"HELLO! You girl on the hill!" The call, penetrating and clear, seemed to come from a clump of trees in the curve of the road below. Helga Haupt, who had been sitting in Little Freedom graveyard and staring down into the happy valleys where the smoke from burning stumps floated up in lines of wavering beauty, started. Finally her puzzled eyes discovered among the trees a little sway-backed house that she had never noticed before. A subdued exclamation broke from her lips as a woman ran out of it, flapped a black apron wildly in the air, and beckoned to her. After a startled look at the figure below, she turned to see if some one was behind her.

"You girl on the hill!"

In the motionless air the call came more clearly than before, and the woman below stretched up her arm and beckoned slowly again. Helga slipped the letter she had written inside her blouse, gathered up her loose papers, then started slowly out of the graveyard. She paused irresolutely to gaze at the tense, waiting figure at the foot of the hill. It beckoned once more.

"Helga, my friend," she said, the laughter springing to her face, "yon black spook bespeaks an adventure—mayhap local color. Let's descend." And, gathering up her skirts, she went slowly down the hill.

A moment later, somewhat amused at her impulsiveness, she found herself entering a chip-strewn yard enclosed by a sagging rail fence. The little figure came toward her shyly but eagerly—a small woman in a black cotton dress. Her thin, brown face, with the delicate tendrils of black hair about it, seemed lighted by an inward fire, and there was a wildwood grace in every movement. Even on a crowded city street she would have commanded a second look.

"Sit down," she bade smilingly, pushing forward a barrel-stave chair that stood under a pear-tree. "It's hot in the house."

Helga's eyes went swiftly around the little yard. Three chickens were taking a dust-bath in the soft dirt by the house, a cat lay sunning on the warm doorstep, and on a

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bit of carpet in a barrel-stave hammock near by a rosy baby slept with its thumb in its mouth. Helga sat down somewhat stiffly on the edge of the hard chair and looked at the strange person before her with a straight, questioning look.

"Yes," said the little woman, smiling. "I saw you up there a-moonin', 'n' I was down here a-moonin', and I thought I'd call you down. Whether you moon in a black calico or a blue sailor, the feelin's just the same, and I 'lowed we'd keep each other company."

The color rose in Helga's cheeks and she laughed. "I was writing a letter." Her stiffness melted, and she looked at the strange little person before her with sudden sympathy.

"That's better," said her hostess approvingly. "You're prettier still when you laugh. Florence! Paul! All you children come here!"

The little brood that had been peeping around the corner of the house came forward shyly, and slipped along behind the mother's chair, except for one small, round-faced boy, who planted himself in front of Helga and stared gravely. The baby, awakened by the mother's call, stretched out its arms to be taken.

"They don't get a chance to see a real good-lookin' girl very often," explained the mother, "and I wanted them to drink you in."

Helga laughed again. She vaguely felt that there must be pathos in the life of this little woman with the passionate eyes, flushed cheeks, and quaint imagery of speech.

"I've seen him before," she said, pointing to the round-cheeked boy. "He ate a big piece of cherry pie on a tombstone one day. I asked him where he lived, but he wouldn't say."

"David isn't over-mannerly," said the little mother, with some severity. "But run away, babies, I want to talk to the lady."

The children scampered off. The sober baby, who had gazed steadily at the visitor, suddenly leaned forward with a wide smile and outstretched hands. The mother absently leaned over and placed her in Helga's astonished arms. Her face grew grave, and after a moment of silence she spoke abruptly.

"I'm glad you're not cross-eyed and a school-teacher. What's your name?"

"Helga Haupt," answered Helga, somewhat embarrassed by the directness of the inquiry.

"I knew it." She nodded her head violently in her satisfaction. "I knew by your looks up there you wasn't a Mamie or a Hattie."

Helga clasped both hands around the energetic little body on her lap and did not answer.

"She's all right," said the little woman reassuringly. "She's just like a grape-vine worm—curls up at both ends and rolls over."

The girl laughed and raised the child. She noticed the cleanness of the coarse little dress, the absence of buttons, and the staring buttonholes. With a swift glance she took in the pathetic attempt at style in the mother's dress, an attempt resulting in an almost charming grotesqueness. She leaned over swiftly and kissed the baby's soft cheek, then looked up at the mother with her straight, questioning look.

"Yes?" said the little woman in answer. As if she saw understanding in her guest's face, she wrapped her apron around her shoulders, threw herself wearily back in her chair, and began to speak in a tone of humorous bitterness.

"When I was a little girl," she said slowly, "I was always wantin' to do every fine thing any one else did. When anybody got up 'n' played the fiddle, I imagined myself up there on the platform, playin' a lot better; when any of the other girls pieced a' Irish chain, I went home and tried to piece a Burr quilt. When the others wrote compositions at school on the cow and the horse, I wrote about the stars 'n' the Alps. When the other girls married the farmer boys round here, I waited 'n' married a city boy with learnin'—that's Stephen on the hill now."

Helga followed her finger as she pointed toward a western hill-top. There, silhouetted against the blazing west, a man apparently lost in reverie sat on a stump.

"When the other girls got their fine homes," the woman went on, sitting up very straight and beating her hand on the chair arms, "I wanted a palace—pretty near. So I burned stumps, chopped down trees, and worked in the fields like a man—for this!" She laughed and pointed over her shoulder at the little house.

"I suppose when I die they'll put on my tombstone—for I'm bound to have one big-

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ger than any up there now—'In my Father's House Are Many Mansions.' I saw you up there 'n' felt you're what you are, 'n'

"I—oh, it's nothing," began Helga, running her fingers through the baby's curls.

"No?" The woman's bright eyes watched

HER THIN, BROWN FACE, WITH THE DELICATE TENDRILS OF BLACK HAIR ABOUT IT, SEEMED LIGHTED BY AN INWARD FIRE, AND THERE WAS A WILDWOOD GRACE IN EVERY MOVEMENT.

how I might 've been even more if I'd 'a' had your chance. That's all," she finished abruptly. "You?"

her curiously. She seemed to have forgotten herself instantly in a close perusal of her visitor's flushing face.

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"You're staying at the Harrises'," she said musingly. "Your shoes ain't very dusty, 'n' if you'd lived farther you'd 'a' been hustling home before dark. I know—you're Nan Mitchell's girl; your mother was Jen Harris's half sister. Why, I went to school with your mother; my name is Doris——"

She stopped abruptly. The girl had grown white, and the hand that grasped the baby's dress was tense.

"My mother and father are dead," she said very faintly, as if to preclude further comment. In her voice there was a subdued anguish that startled her hearer.

"Yes?" said Doris in uncertainty. "And there's no one?"

Helga sat up abruptly. Her manner changed instantly. The tender, evanescent magic of the day was gone; it had vanished at the sound of a commonplace question asked by the same voice that had reached across years and silences and touched the very core of her being. To the girl the words were a direct personification of the primitive crudity of the backwoods; she had thought it lacking in this one woman.

She glanced about her. The baby was fretfully plucking at its mother's skirts and lifting an injured face; Helga smiled slightly at its funny little mouth. From the south there came the low moan of the forest doves, and in the west the sun hung low like a blazing ball over the banks of the Big Muddy River. Sudden loneliness came over the girl; she rose hastily.

"I must go," she said.

The woman still lay back in her chair; she had not moved. A faint smile crept round her eyes.

"For supper," she said, "I'm goin' to have Spanish needle honey. David 'll go tell the Harrises."

Helga laughed somewhat tremulously. "Yes," she heard herself promising, "I'll stay," and with something of her early reserve in face and manner she followed her bright-eyed hostess into the house.

The memory of that evening meal never left Helga; its very simplicity gave it distinction. There was a starched white tablecloth, put on in her honor, and David, who had returned from his errand with very red cheeks, was in agony every time the beflowered gravy-boat reached him. In the center of the table stood a black pitcher filled with fragrant wild crab-apple blossoms, flanked on one side by a dish of rice, and on the other by the golden honey. The children were very shy and said little; but the round-shouldered farmer, who had come quietly in from the fields and taken his place among them, fell at once into an easy discussion of a squirrel hunt. Doris herself said little, and Helga noticed that a troubled expression crept into her eyes every time they rested on her husband's face. After supper, still carrying the child, she led the way to a tiny porch on the south.

"Florence 'n' Paul always do the dishes," she said, "'n' now we'll finish our talk."

Helga seated herself on the edge of the porch. The yard lay bathed in radiant moonlight, crickets were chirping in the grass, and up from Big Muddy there came the insistent trilling of the frogs. Doris sat in the shadow of a fragrant honeysuckle, brushing the child's small hand up and down her cheek. To Helga there was something comforting in the sight, and involuntarily she moved nearer. An impulsive nature, which years of association with half-unsympathetic companions had rigorously subdued, suddenly asserted itself.

"Yes," she answered, as if her hostess had just spoken, "there *is* some one — an instructor in an Eastern university. But I'm afraid—afraid to marry him—though I've a letter here that says I will—" She crackled the letter in her blouse, and the baby stirred a little. After a short silence Helga went on in a low voice. "Ward is so practical and I'm so full of—fancies."

Doris leaned forward a bit breathlessly. "'N' you're afraid?"

"Afraid!" There was illimitable scorn of herself in the girl's voice. "Afraid! I'm afraid of it all, everything, everything in the world—all eternal questions and never an answer but the little foolish fib you make yourself."

"'Tis a mighty pindlin' guess sometimes," agreed Doris absently from the shadow.

"I'd have to live on an Ithaca hilltop," Helga went on, more as if she talked to herself than to the woman in the shadows, "and make omelets instead of similes."

She heard the soft, hesitating *pour*, *pour* as Florence emptied the dishwater at the back steps, and involuntarily her mind circled the quaint happenings of the evening and began weaving a story. She started angrily; always there was that creative side of her breaking in and jarring on the human.

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She rose swiftly. Used to the reaction that too often followed moments of poignant feeling on her part, she was not at all surprised that the events of the evening seemed suddenly flat and colorless, and her own unexpected confession to a stranger most unaccountable.

"I must go," she said. "Aunt will be worried."

Doris rose. "I want you to stay all night," she said swiftly. She had risen and come out into the brilliant moonlight, her apron thrown around the sleeping baby and her face uplifted in a musing survey of the stars. "Please," she said. "David told Mrs. Harris that maybe you'd stay. And to-morrow there's something I want to tell you."

Helga hesitated a moment. Then, impelled by some inexplicable rush of feeling, she consented, and followed Doris into the tiny guest-room, sweet and clean with its white curtains and cool matting; and her last thought before she fell asleep was of the thin eagerness of the woman's face and the shadow of some sorrow about it.

In the morning she was awakened by a noisy oriole clinging to a cedar twig outside her window and calling across the valley to his mate. There was a fragrance in the room, and when she finally opened her eyes she found a great red rose with a drop of dew in its heart lying on her pillow. There were light steps in the kitchen; down in the valley she heard the creak of wagon wheels, and somewhere in the gaunt woods back of the house small David lifted up his voice and sang. Helga found herself suddenly and unaccountably happy; as she paused a moment to pin the rose to her blouse before she went out to the kitchen, she hummed a little song.

Doris, who was bending over the comfortable old cook-stove, lifted a flushed face as she entered. "Good morning," she said, with an effort at brightness, and the girl, sensitive to atmospheres, wondered a little. There was a troubled something in the air all during breakfast, though the children, their shyness overcome, prattled cheerfully, and the baby cooed and reached frantically for the handle of the heavy coffee-pot. When the man spoke to his wife she noticed that it was with a kind of distant courtesy, while Doris's eyes seemed to evade his. After breakfast the farmer disappeared in the woods back of the house, and Florence, with a blue apron tied around her neck, began to wash dishes. Later she and the other children, with the exception of the two youngest ones, went off to school, swinging their dinner-pails.

Doris turned to her guest. "Come into the sittin'-room," she said abruptly, and Helga followed her. The room was low and very neat; there was a bright rag carpet on the floor, and several pictures of blandly smiling women hung on the walls. In one corner stood an old walnut clothes-press that almost touched the ceiling. Doris went up to it and took down a long pasteboard box from one of the shelves. Without saying a word, she seated herself by the girl and took off the lid, disclosing a partly made dress of lavender silk. Helga exclaimed at the beauty of the texture, and looked up questioningly.

Doris leaned back in her chair as she had done the afternoon before in the yard.

"All my life," she said slowly, "I've wanted a lavender silk dress. When I was a girl I couldn't get it, of course. I always meant to be married in it, but that year the crops failed. 'N' ever since I've wanted it, but there's always been something else to eat up the money. It's always sugar or flour or calico." She sat up straight and laid her hand on the silk. "Four weeks ago," she said defiantly, "I sold half the turkeys and bought it."

"It is beautiful," said Helga, in whose eyes a mist had risen at the thought of the woman's longing, "and I know your family 'll think you just beautiful in it."

"My family," said Doris deliberately, "don't know a thing about it."

Helga looked up quickly. In a flash she thought she understood the meaning of the woman's restraint at breakfast, and the man's distant courtesy.

"You mean——"

Doris drooped in her chair. "I mean," she said, "that I've never told I bought it. Stephen's known I've wanted it for years —'n' he said he didn't think it'd be becoming. 'N' one day when I was down the lane huntin' turkey eggs I just thought, 'All these for the same old sugar 'n' coffee, 'n' not one beautiful thing!' 'N' I sat down by the road 'n' thought, 'n' it just seemed to me that I wanted that dress more'n I wanted life itself. Well—I got it, 'n' the very day I brought it home David tore his best coat climbin' up the cedar-tree, 'n' the Jersey died."

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Her eyes sought the girl's, half-wistfully, half-humorously.

"In the face of all that, I couldn't tell what I'd done. That's been layin' there a month, 'n' I never quit thinkin' of it. I feel like a thief! And the worst is"—and the low note of sorrow again crept into her voice—"I can't face Stephen, 'n' he knows there's something wrong, though he can't tell what. 'N' a misunderstanding in the house's just like a baby or a drunkard—you can't pretend it ain't there."

A VOICE SPOKE FROM THE DOORWAY. "MORNIN'. CAN WE WATER THE HORSES AT YOUR TROUGH?"

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Helga, not quite ready with a reply, stood up and held the dress out at arm's length. "It's almost done," she said, with unsteady practicality. The thought of Doris's dark little face rising out of that frilled lavender mist was pathetic. "Aren't you going to finish it?"

"I don't know." Doris was gazing unseeingly out at the corn-fields.

"I would. You might as well, now that you have it."

"Will you stay and help me?"

Helga hesitated. She thought of the unfinished manuscript lying under her hat in the tiny bedroom, a tale of the blended pathos and beauty of the hills of Egypt.

"Yes," she promised finally, "I'll stay. But I can't do anything but make buttonholes."

The half-hour that followed was a silent one, broken only by the baby's prattle as she cooed at the chickens peering in at the doorway, and by David's prattle as he played in a sandpile by the door. Doris, sunk in deep reverie, pushed her needle mechanically to and fro through the soft silk, and the girl's thoughts were on her story. The heroine, who had heretofore been a gentle blonde, persisted in stepping forth with eager dark eyes and quaint imagery of speech, until Helga laughed aloud.

As if in answer, a voice spoke from the doorway.

"Mornin'. Can we water the horses at your trough?"

Framed by the drooping honeysuckle, a young girl stood on the threshold and smiled at the women within. She was a fair, round thing, though very small, with a firm, pink cheek and waving, yellow hair that her slatternly sunbonnet could not conceal. In spite of a cotton frock tawdry with lace and streaked with dust, she had a certain innocent, healthy beauty.

"Of course," said Doris, quickly rising, and pushing forward a rocking-chair.

Helga, looking out of the window, saw a mover's wagon halted at the gate. On the front seat sat a drooping woman, and a loose-jointed man with a long black mustache was pumping water into the hollowed log that served as a horse-trough. The girl sat down, quite at ease.

"I'm Kathleen," she said tranquilly. "I'm goin' to Flora to-night to get married. I started out to walk this mornin', 'n' Mr. and Mrs. Brimm ketched up with me 'n' picked me up. They're goin' on to Missouri." She blew a kiss at the solemn-eyed baby.

Helga stared as if fascinated. What queer little rift of the world was this, where people met, looked, and were friends, where the heart was as open as the face?

"To be married!" said Doris.

The girl nodded as she reached forward and picked up the baby.

"Yes," she said happily, "Jim couldn't afford to leave his job in the evaporator to come up to Olney for us to be married, so I told him I'd go to Flora. I lost my pocketbook this mornin' 'n' I had to walk. I'd only gone about three miles when the Brimms ketched up with me. I was glad, for my telescope was awful heavy."

She smiled at the child in her lap and then went on: "We wanted to be married in the parlor at Mrs. Hughey's, the lady I was workin' for, but if we had I'd 'a' had to get a dress, 'n' I knew I couldn't, 'cause we needed that money to buy dishes. I got an awful pretty set with it—they're white with pink roses. They'll be shipped to Flora to-morrow. You don't s'pose they'll get broke, do you?"

She looked at Helga, and the girl shook her head.

"Do you mean," she said, "that you started to walk all the way from Olney to Flora, and that you gave up your wedding dress to buy dishes?"

Kathleen smiled radiantly. "Why not?" she laughed. "Just things don't count very much—it's people that does. Jim wanted to rent a little cottage in Flora, but the rent was too high; he got an awful nice room, though, right over the grocery store. I thought then I'd get my dress anyway, but I knowed the dishes was a lot sensibler."

She suddenly caught sight of the dress that Doris had tossed aside on the couch. Abruptly she placed the child on the floor, caught up the shimmering thing, and held it lovingly against her cheek.

"Oh! oh!" she exclaimed. "Ain't it just beautiful! It's yourn?" she queried, turning to Helga.

"No," said Doris dryly from the doorway. "It's mine."

"I thought it was yourn." Kathleen's eyes swept the girl again. "It'd be awful sweet on you. You ain't pretty, but you've got a look about you. But it'll look fine on her, too."

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Helga flushed and laughed, and Doris came forward. There was a red spot in each of her cheeks, and her voice was suddenly cheerful.

"What *are* you goin' to be married in?" she demanded.

"I got a white dress in my telescope," said Kathleen readily. "It'll be awful wrinkled 'n' maybe dirty, but Jim won't care, I reckon." Then a wistful note crept into her voice. "I do wisht I had a hat," she mused. "Seems like I'd just love to be married in one." She placed the lavender frock neatly on the couch and smoothed its folds lovingly.

Helga's voice was suddenly eager as she rose swiftly.

"Oh, would you—won't you let me?" she begged. "I've a white hat at my aunt's that I wore at a wedding this summer—won't you let me give it to you—for a wedding present? I'd love to!"

Kathleen looked at her gravely a moment. Then her round face broke into smiles. "Of course," she said. "But where's your aunt live? We've got to move on in a little while."

"Just a little piece down the first lane goin' north," said Doris. "David can run get it if your aunt knows where it is."

"She does." said Helga quickly. "Tell her it's the one in the green box, David." David scampered off.

Doris looked at her guests. "I want you two to see my day-lilies," she said, with an odd note in her voice. "They're on the east side of the house. You just follow the path."

"I'll get my hat first," said Helga, "for I must go as soon as David comes back."

Doris did not protest, and the girl, after gathering up her papers, followed Kathleen around the house. They found the day-lilies, a pure, fragrant host, and stood silent before them. Helga was thinking of the hat David was bringing, a graceful, drooping thing with white roses clustered about the crown—she smiled at the thought of Kathleen's pretty face framed in it.

Kathleen bent down and touched a lily with her finger.

"They'd smell lovely at a wedding supper," she said seriously, "but their stems are too short for them to be much on looks."

"Yes," agreed Helga, and they walked around to where the mover's wagon stood, just as David came panting up the hill.

Helga, unconscious of the gaze of the people on the wagon-seat, eagerly took the box from the boy's hand. She pried up the cover, peeped in, then looked up brightly. "It's the right one—thank you, David," she said. She turned to Kathleen, closing the girl's fingers over the strings of the hat-box.

"Here's my little gift," she said gently. "And, my dear—I do hope you'll be happy."

Kathleen's round face was serious as she took out the hat and gazed at it with awe. She did not speak, but the eyes she finally lifted to Helga's were full of tears. There was an embarrassed pause; the man on the wagon-seat stirred uneasily, looked at his drooping wife, and said, "Well, I reckon we'd bet\ :r be goin'."

"Good-by," said Kathleen softly, her hand involuntarily seeking Helga's, and they turned to look for Doris. She was coming out of the door, the heavy baby under one arm, and under the other a long brown pasteboard box which she held out to Kathleen.

"Here's something for you," she said with shining eyes. "All my life I've wanted to give a pretty wedding present, and I've never had a chance before. Don't you look at it until you get to Flora."

Kathleen's eyes filled once more. She silently clambered to her place in the back of the wagon, and Helga handed up the boxes to her.

"Good-by," the girl said tremulously, "and thank you both."

The man clucked to his horses, and the wagon rolled slowly away into the west.

Helga turned impulsively to Doris. "You—" she breathed, but the little woman stopped her.

"Wait," she said. "At first I wanted to give her that dress just because you'd given the hat, and I wanted to give something better! Then I remembered what Kathleen said, and it seemed as if it'd be heaven if I could wake up 'n' know that dress wasn't on the wardrobe shelf, 'n' I could look Stephen in the face again. She'll have to let out the tucks . . . What you goin' to do?"

Helga slipped the letter from her blouse, walked over to the rusty mailbox with the battered tin flag, and dropped it in.

She turned and met Doris's understanding gaze.

"'Just things don't count,'" she said, the color rising to her cheeks. "'It's *people* that does!'"

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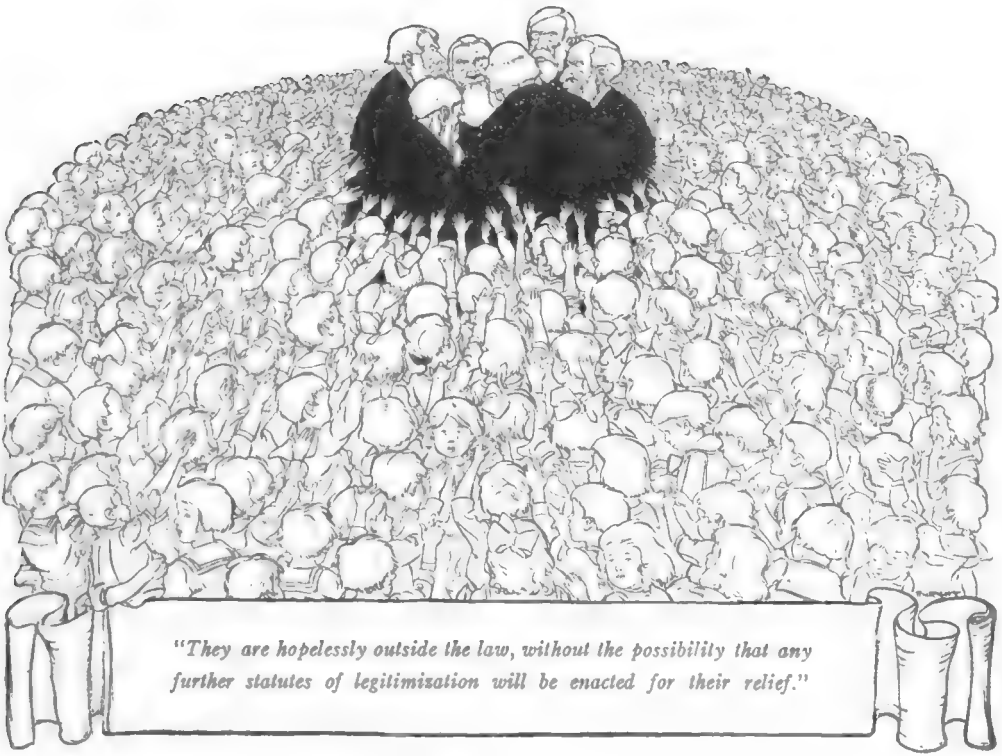
UNDER THE PROPHET IN UTAH


"They are hopelessly outside the law, without the possibility that any further statutes of legitimization will be enacted for their relief."

The NEW POLYGAMY

BY · FRANK · J · CANNON

FORMERLY UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM UTAH

In Collaboration with HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

CHAPTER XVI.—THE PRICE OF PROTEST

THE members of the Mormon hierarchy continually boast that they are sustained in their power—and in their abuses of that power—"by the *free* vote of the freest people under the sun." By an amazing self-deception, the Mormon people assume that their government is one of "common consent"; and nothing angers them more than

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the expression of any suspicion that they are not the freest community in the world. They live under an absolutism. They have no more right of judgment than a dead body. Yet the diffusion of authority is so clever that nearly every man seems to share in its operation upon some subordinate, and feels himself in some degree a master without observing that he is also a slave.

The male members of the ward—who would be called "laymen" in any other church—all hold the priesthood. Each is in possession of, or on the road to, some priestly office; and yet all are under the absolutism of the bishop of the ward. Of the hundreds of bishops, with their councillors, each seems to be exercising some independent authority, but all are obedient to the presidents of stakes. The presidents apparently direct the ecclesiastical destinies of their districts, but they are in fact supine and servile under the commands of the apostles; and these, in turn render implicit obedience to the Prophet, Seer, and Revelator. No policy ever arises from the people. All direction, all command come from the man at the top. It is not a government *by* common consent, but a government *of* common consent—of universal, absolute, and unquestioning obedience—under penalty of eternal condemnation threatened and earthly punishment sure.

"YES"—OR DAMNATION

Twice a year, with a fine show of democracy, the people assemble in the Tabernacle at Salt Lake, and there vote for the general authorities who are presented to them by the voice of revelation. If there were no tragedy, there would be farce in the solemnity with which this pretense of free government is staged and managed. Some ecclesiast rises in the pulpit and reads from his list:

"It is moved and seconded that we sustain Joseph F. Smith as Prophet, Seer, and Revelator to all the world. All who favor this make it manifest by raising the right hand."

No motion has been made. No second has been offered. Very often, no adverse vote is asked. And, if it were, who would dare to offer it? These leaders represent the power of God to their people; and against them is arrayed "the power of the Devil and his cohorts among mankind." Three generations of tutelage and suppression restrain the members of the conference in a silent acquiescence.

If there is any rebel among them, he must stand alone. For he will scarcely have dared to voice his objections in advance of the meeting, lest he be betrayed, and any attempt to raise a concerted revolt would have been frustrated before this opportunity for concerted revolt presented itself. Being a member of the Church, he must combat the fear that he may condemn himself eternally if he raise his voice against the Will of God. He must face the penalty of becoming an outcast or an exile from the people and the life that he has loved. He knows that the religious zealots will feel that he has gone wilfully "into outer darkness" through some deep and secret sin of his own; and the prudent members of the community will tell him that he should have "kept his mouth shut."

WHAT "FREE SPEECH" MEANS IN UTAH

Even if there were a majority of the conference inclined to protest against the reelection of any of its rulers, the lack of communication, the pressure of training, and the weight of fear would keep them silent. And in this manner, from Prophet down to "Choyer-leader" (choir-leader) the names are offered and "sustained by the free vote of the freest people under the sun."

During the days just before the American party's political agitation, a young Mormon, named Samuel Russell, returned from a foreign mission for the Church and found that the girl whom he had been courting when he went away was married as a plural wife to Henry S. Tanner, brother of that other notorious polygamist, J. M. Tanner. The discovery that his sweetheart was a member of the Tanner household drove Russell almost frantic. She was the daughter of an eminent and wealthy family, of remarkable beauty, well educated, and rarely accomplished. Young Russell was a college student—a youth of intellect and high mind—and he suffered all the torments of a horrifying shock.

Unless he should choose to commit an act of violence, there was only one possible way for him to protest. At the next conference, when the name of Henry S. Tanner was read from the list to be "sustained"—as a member of the general Sunday-school Board—

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Russell rose and objected that Tanner was unworthy and a "new" polygamist. He was silenced by remonstrances from the pulpit and from the people. He was told to take his complaint to the president of his stake. He was denied the opportunity to present it to the assemblage.

Almost immediately afterward, Tanner, for the first time in his life, was honored with a seat in the highest pulpit of the Church, among the general authorities. And Russell was pursued by the ridicule of the Mormon community, the persecution of the Church that he had served, the contempt of the man who had wronged him, and the anger of the woman whom he had loved. One of the reporters of the *Deseret News*, the Church's newspaper, subsequently stated that he had been detailed, with others, to pursue Russell day and night, soliciting interviews, plaguing him with questions, and demanding the legal proofs of Tanner's marriage—which, of course, it was known that Russell could not give—until Russell's friends, fearing that he might be driven to violence, persuaded him to go to California, where he was afterward graduated with high honors from Leland Stanford University. Tanner is now reputed to have six plural wives (all married to him since the manifesto of 1890), of whom this young woman is one.

Similarly, at the General Conference of April, 1905, Don C. Musser (of whom I have already written) attempted to protest against the sustaining of Apostles Taylor and Cowley; but Joseph F. Smith promptly called upon the choir to sing, and Musser's voice was drowned in harmony. In more recent years Charles J. Bowen rose at a General Conference to object to the sustaining of some of the polygamous authorities, and he was hustled from the building by the ushers.

SMITH AND HIS SALT

But the most notable case of individual revolt of this period was Charles A. Smurthwaite's. He had joined the Church, alone, when a boy in England, and the sufferings he had endured for allying himself with an ostracized sect had made him a very ardent Mormon. He had become a "teacher" in his ward of Ogden City, had succeeded in business as a commission merchant, and was a great favorite with his bishop and his people, because of his charities and a certain gentle tolerance of disposition and kindly brightness of mind.

Smurthwaite, in partnership with Richard J. Taylor (son of a former President of the Church, John Taylor), engaged in the manufacture of salt, with the financial backing of a leading Church banker. Along the shores of Salt Lake salt is obtained, by evaporation, at the cost of about sixty cents a ton; its selling price, at the neighboring smelting centers, ranges from three to fourteen dollars a ton; and the industry has always been one of the most profitable in the community. In the early days, the Church (as I have already related) encouraged the establishment of "salt gardens," financed the companies, protected them in their leasehold rights along the lake shores, and finally, through the Inland Crystal Salt Company, came to control a practical monopoly of the salt industry of the intermountain country. (This Inland Crystal Company, with Joseph F. Smith as its president, is now a part of the national salt trust.)

SMURTHWAITE'S REVOLT AND RUIN

After Smurthwaite and Taylor had invested heavily in the land and plant of their salt factory, the Church banker who had been helping them notified them that they had better see President Smith before they went any further. They called on Smith in his office, and there—according to Smurthwaite's sworn testimony before the Senate committee—the Prophet gave them notice that they must not compete with his Inland Crystal Salt Company by manufacturing salt, and that if they tried to he would "ruin" them.

This proceeding convinced Smurthwaite that Smith had "so violent a disregard and non-understanding of the rights of his fellow man and his duty to God, as to render him morally unqualified for the high office which he holds." For expressing such an opinion of Smith to elders and teachers—and adding that Smith was not fit to act as prophet, Seer, and Revelator, since, according to his own confession to the Senate committee, he was "living in sin"—for expressing these opinions, charges were preferred against Smurthwaite by an elder named Goddard, of Ogden City, and excommunication proceedings were begun against him.

Smurthwaite replied by making a charge

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of polygamous cohabitation against Goddard; and after the April Conference of 1905, Don Musser and Smurthwaite joined in filing a complaint in the district court of Salt Lake City, demanding from Joseph F. Smith an accounting of the tithes which the Church was collecting. Meanwhile, Smurthwaite had been "disfellowshiped" at a secret session of the bishop's court, on March 22d, without an opportunity of appearing in his own defense or having counsel or witnesses heard in support of his case; and on April 4th, after a similarly secret and ex-parte proceeding, he was excommunicated by the High Council of his stake, for "apostasy and unchristianlike conduct." His charges against Goddard were ignored and his suit for an accounting of the tithes was dismissed for want of jurisdiction!

From the moment of his first public protest against Smith, all Smurthwaite's former associates fell away from him, and by many of the more devout he was shunned as if he were infected. Benevolent as he had been, he could find no further fellowship even among those whom he had benefited by his service and his means. I know of no more blameless life than his had been in his home community—and to this every one of his acquaintances can bear testimony—yet, after the brutally unjust proceedings of excommunication against him, the *Deseret News*, the Church's daily paper, referred to "recent cases of apostasy and excommunication" as having been made necessary by the "gross immorality" of the victims. When a man like Charles A. Smurthwaite could not remonstrate against the individual offenses of Joseph F. Smith without being overwhelmed by financial disaster and social ostracism and personal slander, it must be evident how impossible is such single revolt to the average Mormon. Nothing can be accomplished by individual protest except the ruin of the protestant and his family.

TRYING THE PROPHETS BY STICKS

In the case of my own excommunication, the issues were perhaps less clearly defined than in Smurthwaite's. I had not been for many years a formal member of the Church; and yet in the sense that Mormonism is a community system (as much as a religion), I had been an active and loyal member of it. In my childhood—when I was seven or eight years of age—I began to doubt the faith of my people; and I used to go into the orchard alone and thrust sticks lightly into the soft mold and pray that God would let them fall over if the Prophets had not been appointed by Him to do His work. And sometimes they fell, and sometimes they stood!

Later, when I was appalled by some of the things that had occurred in the early history of the Church, I silenced myself with the argument that one should not judge any religion by the crudities and intolerances of its past. I felt that if I were not hypocritical—if I were myself guided by the truth as I saw it myself—and if I aided to the utmost of my power in advancing the community out of its errors, I should be doing all that could be asked of me.

CANNON NO MORMON, SAYS SMITH

In the days of Mormon misery and proscription, I chose to stand with my own people, suffering in their sufferings and rejoicing with them in their triumphs. Their tendency was plainly upward; and I felt that no matter what had been the origin of the Church—whether in the egotism of a man or in an alleged revelation from God—if the tendencies were toward higher things, toward a more even justice among men, toward a more zealous patriotism for the country, no man of the community could do better than abide with the community.

The Church authorities accepted my aid with that understanding of my position toward the Mormon religion; and though Joseph F. Smith, in 1892, for his own political purposes, circulated a procured statement that I was "a Mormon in good standing," later, when he was on the witness-stand in the Smoot investigation, he testified concerning me:

"He is not and never has been an official member of the Church, in any sense or form."

I made no pretenses and none were asked of me. I was glad to give my services to a people whom I loved and trusted and admired; and the leaders were as eager to use me as I was eager to be used in the proper service of my fellows. (Even Joseph F. Smith, in those days, was glad to give me his "power of attorney" and to trust me with the care of the community's financial affairs.)

But when all the hierarchy's covenants to

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the nation were being broken; when the tyranny of the Prophet's absolutism had been reestablished with a fierceness that I had never seen even in the days of Brigham Young; when polygamy had been restored in its most offensive aspect, as a breach of the Church's own revelation; when hopelessly outlawed children were being born of cohabitation that was clandestine and criminal under the "laws both of God and of man"—it was impossible for me to be silent either before the leaders of the Church or in the public places among the people. I had spoken for the Mormons at a time when few spoke for them—when many of the men who are now so valiantly loyal to the hierarchy had been discreetly silent. I had helped defend the Mormon religion when it had few defenders. I did not propose to criticize it now; for to me any sincere belief of the human soul is too sacred to be so assailed—if not out of respect, surely in pity—and the Mormon faith was the faith of my parents.

TRIED TO SILENCE CANNON

Nevertheless, I was determined to make the strongest assault in my power on the treason and the tyranny which Smith and his associates in guilt were trying to cover with the sanctities of religion; and I had to make that assault, as a public man, for a public purpose, without any consideration of private consequences.

After I began criticizing the Church leaders in the editorial columns of the *Salt Lake Tribune*, my friend Ben Rich, then president of the Southern States Missions, and J. Golden Kimball, one of the seven presidents of the seventies, came to me repeatedly to suggest that if I wished to attack the leaders of the Church I should formally withdraw from the Church. This I declined to do because I was in no different position toward the teachings of the Church than I had been in previous years—because I was not criticizing the Church or its religious teachings, but attacking the civil offenses of its leaders as citizens guilty against the state—and because I saw that my attack had more power as coming from a man who stood within the community, even though he had no standing in the Church. I continued as I had begun.

After the publication of an editorial (January 22, 1905), in which I charged President Smith with being all that the testimony then before the Senate committee had proved him to be, Ben Rich advised me that I must either withdraw from the Church or Smith would proceed against me in the Church tribunals and make my family suffer. I replied that I would not withdraw, and that I would fight all cases against me on the issue of free speech.

JOSEPH SMITH, AMERICAN CZAR

On February 1, 1905, I published, editorially, "An Address to the Earthly King of the Kingdom of God" in which I charged Smith with having violated the laws (revelations) of his predecessors; with having made and violated treaties upon which the safety of his "subjects" depended; with having taken the bodies of the daughters of his subjects and bestowed them upon his favorites; with having impoverished his subjects by a system of elaborate exactions (tithes) in order to enrich "the crown"—and so forth. All of which, burlesquely written as if to a czar by a constitutionalist, was accepted by the Mormon people as in no way absurd in its tone as coming from one American citizen to another!

Because of these two editorials I was charged (February 21, 1905) before a ward bishop's court in Ogden with "unchristian-like conduct and apostasy," after two minor Church officials had called upon me at my home and received my acknowledgment of the authorship of the editorials, my refusal to retract them, and my statement that I did not "sustain" Joseph F. Smith as head of the Church, since he was "leaving the worship of God for the worship of Mammon and leading the people astray." On the night of February 24th, I appeared in my own defense before the bishop's court, at the hour appointed, without witnesses or counsel, because I had been notified that no one would be permitted to attend with me. And, of course, the defense I made was that the articles were true and that I was prepared to prove them true.

Such a court usually consists of a bishop and his two councillors; but in this case the place of the second councillor had been taken by a high priest named Elder George W. Larkin, a man reputed to be "richly endowed with the Spirit." I had a peculiar psychological experience with Larkin. Af-

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ter I had spoken at some length in my own defense, Larkin rose to work himself up into one of the rhapsodies for which he was noted.

"Brother Frank," he began, "I want to bear my testimony to you that this is the work of God—and nothing can stay its progress—and all who interfere will be swept away as chaff"—rising to those transports of auto-hypnotic exaltation which such as he accept as the Spirit of God speaking through them. "You were born in the covenant, and the condemnation is more severe upon one who has the birth-right than upon one not of the faith who fights against the authority of God's servants."

HYPNOTIZING AN ELDER

I had concluded to try the effect of a resistant mental force, and while I stared at him I was saying to myself: "This is a mere vapor of words. You shall not continue in this tirade! Stop!"

He began to have difficulty in finding his phrases. The expected afflatus did not seem to have arrived to lift him. He faltered, hesitated, and finally, with an explanation that he had not been feeling well, he resumed his seat apologetically.

That left me free to "bear testimony" somewhat myself. I warned the members of the "court" that no work of righteousness could succeed except by keeping faith with the Almighty—which meant keeping faith with His children upon earth. I reminded them of the dark days, which all of them could recall, when we had repeatedly covenanted to God and to the nation that if we could be relieved of what we deemed the world's oppression, we would fulfil every obligation of our promises. I pointed out to them that the Church was passing into the ways of the world; that our people were being pauperized; that some of them were in the poorhouses in their old age after having paid tithes all their active lives; that by our practises we were bearing testimony *against* the revelations which Mormons proclaimed to the world for the salvation of the bodies and souls of men.

They listened to me with the same friendly spirit that had marked all their proceedings—for these men had no animosity against me; they were merely obeying the orders of their superiors. And when we arose to disperse, the bishop put his hand on my shoulder and said, in the usual form of words:

"Brother Frank, we will consider your case, and if we find you ought to do anything to make matters right, we will let you know what it is."

I returned to my home, where I had left my wife and children chatting at the dinner-table. They had known where I was going. They knew what the issue of my "trial" would be for them and for me. Yet when I came back to them, none asked me any questions and none seemed perturbed. And this is typical of the Mormon family. I think the experiences through which the people have passed have given them a quality of cheerful patience. They have been schooled to bear persecution with quiet fortitude. Tragedy sweeps by them in the daily current of life. A young man goes on a mission, and dies in a foreign land; and his parents accept their bereavement like Spartans, almost without mourning, sustained by the religious belief that he has ended his career gloriously. Taught to devote themselves and their children and their worldly goods to the service of their Church, they accept even the impositions and injustices of the Church leaders with a powerful forbearance that is at once a strength and a weakness.

CANNON EXCOMMUNICATED

Two days after my "trial," I was met on the street by a young Dutch elder, who could scarcely speak English, and he gave me the official document from the bishop's court notifying me that I had been "disfellowshiped for unchristianlike conduct and apostasy." I was then summoned to appear before the High Council of the stake in excommunication proceedings, and after filing a defense which it is unnecessary to give here—and after refusing to appear before the Council for reasons that it is equally unnecessary to repeat—I was excommunicated on March 14, 1905. No denial was made by the Church authorities of any of the charges which I had made against Smith. No trial was made of the truth of those charges. As a free citizen of "one of the freest communities under the sun," I was officially ostracized by order of the religious despot of the community for daring to utter what every one knew to be the truth about him.

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For myself, of course, no edict of excommunication had any terrors; but the aim of the authorities was to make me suffer through the sufferings of my family; and in that they succeeded. I shall not write of it. It has little place in such a public record as this, and I do not wish to present myself, in *any* record, as a martyr. It was not *I* who was ostracized from the Mormon Church by my excommunication; it was the right of free speech. The Mormon Church deprived *me* of nothing; it deprived itself of the helpful criticism of its members. No anathema of bigotry could take from me the affection of my family or the respect of any friends whose respect was worth the coveting. In that regard I suffered only in my pity for those of my neighbors who were so blindly servile to the decrees of religious tyranny that they turned their backs on the voice of their own liberty raised, in protest, for their own defense.

And it was not by the individual protestants but by the entire community that the heaviest price was paid in this whole conflict. It divided the state again into the old factions and involved it in the old war from which it had been rescued. The Mormons instituted a determined boycott against all Gentiles, and "Thou shalt not support God's enemies" became a renewed commandment of the Prophet.

BOYCOTTING THE GENTILES

Wherever a Gentile was employed in any Mormon institution, he was discharged, almost without exception, whether or not he had been an active member of the American party. Teachers in the Church would exclaim with horror if they heard that a Mormon family was employing a Gentile physician; and more than one Mormon litigant was advised that he not only "sinned against the work of God," but endangered the success of his lawsuit, by retaining a Gentile lawyer. Politicians were told that if they aided the American party, they need never hope for advancement in this world, or expect anything but eternal condemnation in the world to come; and though few of them counted on the "spoils" of the hereafter, they understood and appreciated the power of the hierarchy to reward in the present day. The Gentiles did not attempt any boycott in retaliation; they had not the solidarity necessary to such an attempt; and many Gentile business men, in order to get any Mormon patronage were compelled to employ none but Mormon clerks.

The Gentiles had been largely attracted to Utah by its mines; they were heavily interested in the smelting industry. Colonel E. A. Wall, one of the strongest supporters of the American party, owned copper properties, was an inventor of methods of reduction, and had large smelting industries. Ex-Senator Thomas Kearns, and his partner, David Keith, owners of the *Salt Lake Tribune*, and many of their associates, had their fortunes in mines and smelters. They were leaders of the American party, and they were attempting to enlist with them such men as W. S. McCornick, a Gentile banker and mine owner, and D. C. Jackling, president of the Utah Copper Company, who is now one of the heads of the national "copper combine" and one of the ablest men of the West.

THE CHURCH AND THE SMELTING TRUST

In 1904, in the midst of the political crisis, the Church newspapers served editorial notice on these men that, on account of the smelter fumes and their destructive effect upon the vegetation of the valley, the smelters must go; and that if the present laws were not sufficient, new laws would be enacted to drive them out. Men like Wall and Keith and Kearns and Walker were not terrorized; but McCornick and Jackling and the representatives of the American Smelting and Refining Company either surrendered to a discreet silence or openly joined the Church in the campaign. They were rewarded with the assurance that the Church would protect them against any labor trouble and that no adverse legislation would be attempted against them.

To-day Jackling, of the copper combine, is a newspaper partner of Apostle Smoot, and he is mentioned for the United States Senate as the Church's selection to succeed George Sutherland.* The Church has large mining interests; Smoot and Smith are in close affiliation with the smelting trust; and this is another powerful partnership in Washington that protected Smoot in his seat and has been rewarded by the Church's assistance in looting the nation.

*At the time of this writing the Church was seeking to place Sutherland on the supreme bench of the United States. That effort failed. He was then re-elected senator.

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CHAPTER XVII

THE NEW POLYGAMY

In the old days of Mormonism—and as late as the anti-polygamous manifesto of 1890—the whole aim and effort of the Church was to exalt and sanctify and make pure the practise of plural marriage by means of the community's respect and the reverences of religion. The doctrine of polygamy was taught as a revealed mystery of faith. It was accepted as a sacrament ordained by God for the salvation of mankind. The most important families in the Church dignified it by their participation, and were in turn dignified by the Church's approval and by the wealth and power that followed approval.

The inevitable mental sufferings of the plural wives were endured by them as part of an earthly self-immolation required by God, for which they would be rewarded in eternity. The very necessities of their situation compelled them to exact and cherish a super-reverence for the doctrine of plural marriage—since the only way a mother could justify herself to her children was by teaching, as she believed, that she had been selected by God for the exaltation of this sacrifice, and by inculcating in her children a scrupulous respect for sexual purity. There was no pretense of denial of the polygamous relation. Plural wives held the place of honor in the community. Their marriages were considered the most sanctified. They and their progeny were called "the wives and children of the holy covenant," and they were esteemed accordingly.

MORMON WOMEN UNDER THE CROSS

But, as the history of the Church shows, plural marriage was always a heavy cross to the Mormon women; many had refused to bear it, in the face of the frequent pulpit scoldings of the Prophets; and few did not at some time weep under it in the secrecy of their family life. In the days immediately preceding the manifesto of 1890, there was a general hope and longing among the Mormon mothers that God would permit a relief before their daughters and their sons should become of an age to be drafted into the ranks of polygamy. The great majority of the young men were monogamists. It required the strong persuasions of personal affection as well as the authority of divine command to make the young women accept a polygamist in marriage. And when the Church received President Woodruff's anti-polygamous revelation, every profound human emotion of the people coincided with the promise to abstain.

Only among a few of the polygamous leaders themselves was there any inclination to break the Church's pledge—an inclination that was strengthened by resentment against the Federal power which had compelled the giving of the pledge. Almost immediately upon obtaining the freedom of statehood, some of these leaders returned to the practise of polygamous cohabitation—although they had accepted the revelation, had bound themselves by their covenant to the nation, and had solemnly subscribed to the terms of their amnesty. To justify themselves, they found it necessary to teach that polygamy was still approved by the law of God—that the practise of plural marriage had been abandoned only because it was forbidden by the laws of man.

CLANDESTINE POLYGAMY AND ITS HORRORS

Joseph F. Smith continued to live with his five wives and to rear children by all of them. Those of the apostles who were not assured of that attainment to the principality of heaven which was promised the man of five wives and proportionate progeny, were naturally tempted (if, indeed, they were not actually encouraged) to take Joseph F. Smith as their exemplar. It was scarcely worse to break the covenant by taking a new polygamous wife than by continuing polygamous relations with former plural wives; and when an apostle took a new polygamous wife, his inevitable and necessary course was to justify himself by the authority of God. He could not then deny the same authority to the minor ecclesiasts, even if he had wished to. And, finally, when the evil circle spread to the man on the fringe of the Church—who could not obtain even such poor authorization for his perfidy—he found a way to perpetrate a pretended plural marriage with his victim, and the Church authorities did not dare but protect him!

This was polygamy without the great saving grace that had previously defended the Mormon women from the cruelties and abuses of the practise. It was polygamy

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without honor—polygamy *against* an assumed revelation of God instead of by virtue of one—polygamy worse than that of the Mohammedans, since it was necessarily clandestine, could claim no social respect or acceptance, and was forbidden "by the laws of God and man" alike.

This is the New Polygamy of Mormonism. The Church leaders dare not acknowledge it—for fear of the national consequences. They dare not even secretly issue certificates of plural marriage, lest the record should be betrayed. They protect the polygamist by a conspiracy of falsehood that is almost as shameful as the shame it seeks to cover; and the infection of the duplicity spreads like a plague to corrupt the whole social life of the people. The wife of a new polygamist can not claim a husband; she has no social status; she can not, even to her parents, prove the religious sanction for her marital relations. Her children are taught that they must not use a father's name. They are hopelessly outside the law—without the possibility that any further statutes of legitimization will be enacted for their relief. They are born in falsehood and bred to the living of a lie. Their father can not claim the authority of the Church for their parentage, for he must protect his Prophet. He can not even publicly acknowledge them—any more than he can publicly acknowledge their mother.

DISOWNS HER CHILDREN TO SAVE HER HUSBAND

Out of these terrible conditions comes such an instance as the notorious case of one of Henry S. Tanner's wives, who went on a visit to one of her relatives, with her children, and denied that they *were* her children, and denied that she was married—and was supported by her children's denial that she was their mother.

Similarly, a plural wife of another Mormon—whose fortune is estimated at $25,000,000, who is a partner of the sugar trust, a community leader, and a favorite of the Church—went before the Senate committee in December, 1904, and swore that her first husband had died thirteen years before, that she had had a child within six years, and that she had no second husband. She refused to tell who was the father of this child, but swore that his name was not that of the sugar trust magnate. And by doing so she not only marked the child as illegitimate beyond the relief of any future statutes legitimizing the offspring of polygamous marriages, but she left herself and the child without any claim upon the estate of her husband, publicly swore herself a social outcast before a committee of the United States Senate, and perjured herself—to the knowledge of all her friends and acquaintances in Utah—for the protection of her husband and her Church. What can one say of a man who will permit a woman to commit such an act of social suicide for him—or of a Church that will command it?

THE VALLEY OF SORROW

Here is a condition of society unparalleled anywhere in civilization—unparalleled even in barbarous countries, for wherever else polygamy is practised, it at least has the sanction of local convention. And the consequent suffering that falls upon the women and the children in Utah is a heartbreak to see. During the days when I was in the editorial office of the *Salt Lake Tribune*, scores of miserable cases came to my knowledge by letter, by the report of friends, and by the visits of the agonized wives themselves. I shall never forget one young woman, in her twenties, who came to ask my help in forcing her husband to obtain a marriage certificate for her from the Church, so that her boy might have the right to claim a father. She wept, with her head on my desk, sobbing out her story, and appealing to me for aid with a convulsed and tear-drenched face.

Four years earlier, she had become friendly with a man twice her age, whom she admired and respected. He had taken two wives before the manifesto of 1890, but that did not prevent him from coveting the youth and beauty of this young woman. He first approached her mother for permission to marry the girl, and when the mother—who was herself a plural wife—replied that it was impossible under the law, he brought an apostle to persuade her that the practise of plural marriage was still as meet, just, and available for salvation as it had been when *she* married. Then he went to the daughter.

"I was terrified," she said, "when he proposed to me. And yet—he asked me if I thought my mother had done wrong when she married my father. . . . There was no one else I liked as much. He was good. He was rich. He told me I'd never want for

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anything. He said I would be fulfilling the command of God against the wickedness of a persecuting world. . . . I don't know what devil of fanaticism entered into me. I thought it would be smart to defy the United States."

SEDUCED IN THE NAME OF RELIGION

Late one night, by appointment, he called for her with a carriage, driven by a man unknown to her, and took her to a darkened house that had a dim light only in the hallway. They entered alone and turned into a parlor that was dark except for the reflection from the hall. He led her up to the portières that hung across an inner door, and through the opening between the curtains she saw the indistinct figure of a man. They stood before him, hand in hand, while he mumbled over the words of a ceremony that sounded to her like the ceremonies she had heard in the Temple. She caught little of it clearly; she remembered practically nothing. She was not given anything to show that a ceremony had been performed, and she did not ask for anything. The elderly bridegroom kissed her when the mumbling ceased, led her out to the carriage, took her back to her mother's house, and became her husband.

She bore him a son. No one except her mother, her father, and a few trusted friends knew that she was married. In the early months of 1905 she read in the *Tribune* the testimony given before the Senate committee by Professor James E. Talmage, for the Church, to the effect that since the manifesto of 1890 neither the President of the Church nor anybody else in the Church had power to authorize a plural marriage, and that any woman who had become a plural wife since the manifesto was "no more a wife by the law of the Church than she is by the law of the land."

She asked her husband about it. He replied that an apostle had married them.

"I asked my husband," she said, "to get a certificate of marriage from the apostle. He told me I needed none—that it was recorded in the books here and recorded in heaven—that it would put the apostle in danger if he were to sign such a paper. I said that *that* was nothing to me—that I wanted to protect my good name. Finally he said it was not an apostle. Then we had a bitter scene. And he did not come back for a long time. And he didn't write as long as he stayed away.

"When he came back he was more loving than ever. I was afraid of having more children. I said to him: 'You can not hold me as a wife any longer unless you write a paper certifying that I'm your wife and this boy is your child. You may place that paper anywhere you like, so long as I know I can get it in case you die. Suppose you were to die and all your folks were to deny that I was your wife—say that I was an impostor—that I was trying to foist my boy on the estate of a dead man—in the name of God, then what could I do?' He went away; and he hasn't come back; and he hasn't written. I don't know who married us. I don't even know the house where it happened. I don't know who the driver was. I don't even know who the apostle was that told mother it would be all right. He made her promise under a covenant not to tell.

"I don't know where to go. A friend of mine told me you would advise me. He said perhaps you could make them give me a certificate. I don't want to expose my husband. I only want something so that my boy, when he grows up, won't be——"

What could I do? What could any one do for this unfortunate girl, seduced in the name of religion, with the aid of a Church that repudiated her for its own protection? She had to suffer, and see her boy suffer, the penalties of a social outcast.

POLYGAMY TAUGHT IN SUNDAY SCHOOL

Her case was typical of many that came to my personal knowledge. At the Sunday-schools, in the choirs, in the joint meetings of mutual improvement associations, young girls—taught to believe that plural marriage was sacred, and reverencing the polygamous prophets as the anointed of the Lord—were being seduced into clandestine marriage relations with polygamous elders who persuaded their victims that the anti-polygamous manifesto had been given out to save a persecuted people from the cruelties of an unjust government; that it was never intended it should be obeyed; that all the celestial blessings promised by revelation to the polygamist and his wives were still waiting for those who would dare to enjoy them.

If the tempted girl turned to one of her women friends, and besought her to say, on her honor, whether she thought that plural

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marriage was right, the other was likely enough to answer: "Yes, yes. Indeed it is. Promise me you won't tell a living soul. Tell me you'll die first . . . I'm married to Brother L——, the leader of the ward choir."

If she asked her mother: "Tell me. Is plural marriage wrong?" the mother could only reply: "Oh—I don't know—I don't know. Your father said it was right, and I accepted it, and we practised it, and you have always loved your other brothers and sisters, and it seems to me it can't be wrong since we have lived it. But—oh, I don't know, daughter. I don't know."

THE BLACK CURSE OF SECRECY

The man who is tempting her knows. He has the word of an apostle, the example of the Prophet, the secret teaching of the Church. He courts her as any other religious young girl might be courted—with little attentions at the meetings, over the music books—and he has, to aid him, a religious exaltation in her, induced by his plea that she is to enter into the mystery of the holy covenant, to become one of the most faithful of a persecuted Church, to defy the wicked laws of its enemies. She is just as happy in her betrothal as any other innocent girl of her age. Even the secrecy is sweet to her. And then, some evening, they saunter down a side street to a strange house —or even to a back orchard where a man is waiting in a cowl under a tree (perhaps vulgarly disguised as a woman with a veil over his face)—and they are married in a mutter of which she hears nothing.

Such a case was related to me by a horrified mother who had discovered that the marriage ceremony had been performed by an accomplice of the libertine who had seduced her daughter and since confessed his crime. But whether the ceremony be performed by a priest of the Church or by a more unauthorized scoundrel, the girl is equally at the mercy of her "husband" and equally betrayed in the world. Even in this case of the pretended marriage, the elders of the ward hushed up the threatened prosecution because the authorities of the Church objected to a proceeding that might expose other plural marriages more orthodox.

Hundreds of Mormon men and women personally thanked me by letter or in interviews at the *Tribune* office for our editorial attacks upon the hierarchy for encouraging these horrors. Strangers spoke to me on railroad trains, thanking me and telling me of cases. Three Mormon physicians, themselves priests of the Church, told me of innumerable instances that had come to them in their practise, and said that they did not know what was to become of the community. One Mormon woman wrote me from Mexico to say that she had exiled herself there with her husband and his two plural wives, and that she felt she had worked out sufficient atonement for all her descendants; yet she saw girls of the family on the verge of entering into plural marriage—if they had not already done so—and she begged us to continue our newspaper exposures, so that others might be saved from the bitter experiences of her life.

President Winder met me on the street in 1905, toward the close of the year, and said: "Frank, you need not continue your fight against plural marriage. President Smith has stopped it."

"Then," I replied, "two things are evident: I have been telling the truth when I said that plural marriage had been renewed —in spite of the authorized denials—and if President Smith has stopped it now, he has had authority over it all the time."

SMITH RESPONSIBLE? OF COURSE!

To me, or to any other well-informed citizen of Utah, President Winder's admission was not necessary to prove Smith's responsibility. In the April conference of 1904, Smith had read an "official statement" signed by him, prohibiting plural marriages and threatening to excommunicate any officer or member of the Church who should solemnize one; and this official statement was carried to the Senate committee by Professor James E. Talmage and offered in proof that the Church was keeping its covenant.

For us, in Utah, the declaration served merely to illuminate the dark places of ecclesiastical bad faith. We knew that from the year 1900 down, there had never been a sermon preached in any Mormon tabernacle, by any of the general authorities of the Church, against the practise of plural marriage, or against the propriety of the practise, or against the sanctity of the doctrine. We knew, on the contrary, that upon numerous occasions, at funerals and in public as-

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semblages, Joseph F. Smith and John Henry Smith and others of the hierarchy had proclaimed the doctrine as sacred. We knew that it was still being taught in the secret prayer-meetings. Practically all the leading authorities of the Church were living in plural marriage. Some of them had taken new wives since the manifesto. None of them had been actually punished. All were in high favor. And though Joseph F. Smith denied his responsibility, every one knew that none of these things could be except with his active approval.

Perhaps, for a brief time, while Smoot's case was still before the Senate, some check was put upon the renewal of polygamy. But even then there were undoubtedly occasional marriages allowed, where the parties were so situated as to make concealment perfect. And all checks were withdrawn when Smoot's case was favorably disposed of, and the Church found itself protected by the political power of the administration at Washington and by a political and financial alliance with "the interests."

To-day, in spite of the difficulty of discovering plural marriages, because of the concealments by which they are protected, the *Salt Lake Tribune* is publishing a list of more than two hundred "new" polygamists, with the dates and circumstances of their marriages; and these are probably not one tenth of all the cases. During President Taft's visit to Salt Lake City, in 1909, Senator Thomas Kearns, one of the proprietors of the *Tribune*, offered to prove to one of the President's confidants hundreds of cases of new polygamy, if the President would designate two secret service men to investigate.

POLYGAMY ON THE INCREASE

I believe, from my own observation, that there are more plural wives among the Mormons to-day than there were before 1890. Then the young men married early, and were chiefly monogamists. Now the change in economic conditions has raised the age at which men marry; it has made more bachelors than there were when simpler modes of life prevailed. The young women have fewer offers of marriage, and more of these come from well-to-do polygamists. The girls are still taught, that marriage is necessary to salvation; and they are betrayed into plural marriage by natural conditions as well as by the persuasions of the Church.

A perfect "underground" system has been put in operation for the protection of the law-breakers. If they reside in Utah, they frequently go to Canada or to Mexico to be married; and the whole polygamous paraphernalia can be transported with ease and comfort—the priest who performs the ceremony, the husband, sometimes the legal wife to give her consent so that she may not be damned, and the young woman whose soul is to be saved.

PLURAL MARRYING AS A BUSINESS

And this "underground" is maintained against the reluctance of the Mormon people. They aid in it from a kindly feeling toward their fellow believers—and with some faint thought that perhaps these wayfarers are being "persecuted"—but all the time with no personal sympathy for polygamy. By one sincere word of reprehension from Joseph F. Smith every "underground" station could be abolished, the route could be destroyed, and an end could be put to the protection that is, of itself, an encouragement to polygamous practise. He has never spoken that word.

Recently, the way in which the new polygamy is perpetrated in Utah has been almost officially revealed. A patriarch of the Church, resident in Davis County, less than fifteen miles from Salt Lake City, had been solemnizing these unlawful unions at wholesale. The situation became so notorious that the authorities of the Church felt themselves impelled, about September, 1910, to put restrictions upon his activity. In the course of their investigations they discovered that he did not know the persons whom he married. They would come to his house, in the evening, wearing handkerchiefs over their faces; he sat hidden behind a screen in his parlor; and under these circumstances the two were declared man and wife, and were sealed up to everlasting bliss to rule over principalities and kingdoms with power of endless increase and progression. He refused to tell the hierarchy from which one of the authorities he had received his endowment to perpetrate these crimes. He refused to give the names of any of the victims, claiming that he did not know them!

It is probable that for a long time plural marriage ceremonies were not solemnized within the Salt Lake Temple. Now we

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know that there have lately been such marriages in it, and at Manti, and at Logan, and perhaps also in the temple at St. George. There are cases on record where a man has a wife on one side of the Utah-Colorado line and another wife across the border. No prosecutions are possible in Utah; for, as Joseph F. Smith told the Senate committee, the officers of the law have too much "respect" for the ecclesiastical rulers of the state. Similarly, in the surrounding states, the officers show exactly the same sort of "respect," and for the same reason. They not only know the Church's power in local politics, but they see the national administration allowing the polygamists and priests of the Church to select the Federal officials, and they are not eager to rouse a resentment against themselves, at Washington as well as at home, by prosecuting polygamous Mormons.

WHY THE LAW CAN'T CATCH SMITH

Some few years ago, Irving Sayford, then representing the Los Angeles *Times*, asked Mr. P. H. Lannan, of the *Salt Lake Tribune*, why some one did not swear out warrants against President Smith for his offenses against the law. Mr. Lannan said: "You mean, why don't *I* do it?"

"Oh, no," Mr. Sayford explained, "I don't mean you particularly."

"Oh, yes, you do," Mr. Lannan said. "You mean me if you mean anybody. If it's not my duty, it's no one's duty. Well, I'll tell you why. I don't make a complaint because neither the district attorney nor the prosecuting attorney would entertain it. If he *did* entertain it and issued a warrant, the sheriff would refuse to serve the warrant. If the sheriff served the warrant, there would be no witnesses unless *I* got them. If I could get the witnesses, they wouldn't testify to the facts on the stand. If they *did* testify to the facts, the jury wouldn't bring in a verdict of guilty. If the jury did bring in a verdict of guilty, the judge would suspend sentence. If the judge did not suspend sentence, he would merely fine President Smith $300. And within twenty-four hours there would be a procession of Mormons and Gentiles crawling on their hands and knees to Church headquarters to offer to pay that $300 fine at a dime apiece."

Mr. Lannan's statement of the case was later substantiated by an action of the Salt Lake district court. Upon the birth of the twelfth child that has been born to President Smith in plural marriage since the manifesto of 1890, Charles Mostyn Owen made complaint in the district court at Salt Lake, charging Mr. Smith with a statutory offense. The district attorney reduced the charge to "unlawful cohabitation" (a misdemeanor) without the complainant's consent or knowledge. All the preliminaries were then graciously arranged, and President Smith appeared in the district court by appointment. He pleaded guilty. The judge, in sentencing him, remarked that as this was the first time he had appeared before the court, he would be fined $300, but that should he again appear, the penalty might be different.

Smith had already testified in Washington, before the Senate committee, to the birth of eleven children in plural marriage since he had given his covenant to the country to cease living in polygamy; he had practically defied the Senate and the United States to punish him; he had said that he would "stand" his "chances" before the law and courts of his own state. All of this was well known to the judge who fined him $300—a sum of money scarcely equal to the amount of Smith's official income for the time he was in court!

NO HELP IN SIGHT!

A leader of the Church, not long ago, asked me, in private conference, what was the policy of the American party with regard to the new plural wives and their children. I replied that, as far as I knew it, the policy was to have the Church accept its responsibility in the matter and give the wives and children whatever recognition could be given them by their religion. The Church was guilty before God and man of having encouraged the awful condition. It was unspeakably cowardly and unfair for the Church leaders to put the whole burden of suffering on the helpless women and children; and, moreover, this course was a justification to polygamists in deserting their wives, on the ground that the Church had never sanctioned the relation.

This Church leader, himself a new polygamist, answered miserably: "The Church will not let itself be put in such a light before the country. That would be to admit

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that it has been responsible all the time."

I asked: "Has the Church *not* been responsible?"

He replied—equivocating: "Well, not the Church. The Church has never taken a vote on it."

"That," I said, "answers why you have never got redress and never will get it—because you are all liars, from top to bottom. You know you would never have entered the polygamous relation—nor could you have induced your wife to enter it—except with full knowledge that the Church *did* authorize it. The Church is one man, and you know it. The whole theory of your theology collapses if you deny *that*."

He shook his head blankly. "I don't know what is to become of us. I don't see any way out."

I could only advise him that he should join with other new polygamists in demanding that the Church authorities make all possible reparation to the women and children who were being crushed under the penalties of the Church's crime. But I knew that such advice was vain. He could not make such a demand, any more than any other slave could demand his freedom. And if the non-polygamists demanded it, the Prophets would deny that polygamy was being practised. The children could not be legitimized—for the Church can not obtain legitimizing statutes without avowing its responsibility for the need of them; and the Gentiles can not pass such statutes without encouraging the continuance of polygamy by removing the social penalty against it.

So the burden of all this guilt, this shame, this deception, falls upon the unfortunate plural wife and her innocent offspring. She is bound by the most sacred obligations never to reveal the name of the officiating priest—even if she know it—nor to disclose the circumstances of the ceremony. She has justified her degradation by the assumption that God has commanded it; that her husband has received a revelation authorizing him to take her into his household; that her children will be legitimate in the sight of God, and that eventually the civilized world will come to a joyous acceptance of the practise of polygamy.

When the trials of her life afflict her and she finds no relentment in the world's disdain, she sees no avenue of retreat. To break the relation is to imply at once that it was not ordained of God, and to cast a darker ignominy upon her unfortunate children. Her only hope lies in continued submission to her husband and his Church, even after she has mentally and morally rejected the doctrine that betrayed her.

A more pitiably helpless band of self-immolators than these Mormon women has never suffered martyrdom in the history of the world. Heaven help them! There is no help for them on earth!

In the May number, in describing the Smith hierarchy, David S. Smith was named as a son of Joseph, Jr. This should have read 'son of Joseph F., the president.'

The concluding instalment of **"Under the Prophet in Utah"** will appear in the August Number.

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The NIGHT-BORN

BY JACK LONDON

Author of "THE SEA WOLF," "THE CALL OF THE WILD," "ADVENTURE," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERMAN WALL

IT WAS in the old Alta-Inyo Club—a warm night for San Francisco—and through the open windows, hushed and far, came the brawl of the streets. The talk had led on from the graft prosecution and the latest signs that the town was to be run wide open, down through all the grotesque sordidness and rottenness of man-hate and man-meanness, until the name of O'Brien was mentioned—O'Brien, the promising young pugilist who had been killed in the prize-ring the night before. At once the air had seemed to freshen. O'Brien had been a clean-living young man with ideals. He neither drank, smoked, nor swore, and his had been the body of a beautiful young god. He had even carried his prayer-book to the ringside. They found it in his coat pocket in the dressing-room—afterward.

Here was Youth, clean and wholesome, unsullied—the thing of glory and wonder for men to conjure with—after it has been lost to them and they have turned middle-aged. And so well did we conjure, that Romance came and for an hour led us far from the man-city and its snarling roar. Bardwell, in a way, started it by quoting from Thoreau; but it was old Trefethan, bald-headed and dewlapped, who took up the quotation and for the hour to come was Romance incarnate. At first we might have wondered how many Scotches he had consumed since dinner, but very soon all that was forgotten.

"It was in 1898—I was thirty-five then," he said. "Yes, I know you are adding it up. You're right. I'm forty-seven now; look ten years more; and the doctors say—damn the doctors, anyway!"

He lifted the long glass to his lips and sipped it slowly to soothe away his irritation.

"But I was young—once. I was young twelve years ago, and I had hair on top of my head, and my stomach was lean as a runner's, and the longest day was none too long for me. I was a husky back there in '98. You remember me, Milner. You knew me then. Wasn't I a pretty good bit of all right?"

Milner nodded and agreed. Like Trefethan, he was a mining engineer who had cleaned up a fortune in the Klondike.

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"You certainly were, old man," Milner said. "I'll never forget when you cleaned out those lumberjacks in the M. & M. that night that little newspaper man started the row. Slavin was in the country at the time"—this to us—"and his manager wanted to get up a match with Trefethan."

"Well, look at me now," Trefethan commanded angrily. "That's what the Goldstead did to me—God knows how many millions, but nothing left in my soul—nor in my veins. The good red blood is gone. I am a jellyfish, a huge, gross mass of oscillating protoplasm, a—a——"

But language failed him, and he drew solace from the long glass.

"Women looked at me—then," he began again; "and turned their heads to look a second time. Strange that I never married. But the girl. That's what I started to tell you about. I met her a thousand miles from anywhere, and then some. And she quoted to me those very words of Thoreau that Bardwell quoted a moment ago—the ones about the day-born gods and the night-born.

"It was after I had made my locations on Goldstead—and didn't know what a treasure-pot that creek was going to prove—that I made that trip east over the Rockies, angling across to the Great Slave. Up north there the Rockies are something more than a backbone. They are a boundary, a dividing line, a wall impregnable and unscalable. There is no intercourse across them, though, on occasion, from the early days, wandering trappers have crossed them—more getting lost by the way than ever came through. And that was precisely why I tackled the job. It was a traverse any man would be proud to make. I am prouder of it right now than of anything else I have ever done.

"It is an unknown land. Great stretches of it have never been explored. There are big valleys there where the white man has never set foot, and Indian tribes as primitive as ten thousand years ago—almost,—for they have had some contact with the whites. Parties of them come out once in a while to trade, and that is all. Even the Hudson Bay Company failed to find them and farm them.

"And now the girl. I was coming up a stream—you'd call it a river in California—uncharted and unnamed. It was a noble valley, now shut in by high cañon walls, and again opening out into beautiful stretches, wide and long, with pasture shoulder-high in the bottoms, meadows dotted with flowers, and clumps of timber—spruce—virgin and magnificent. The dogs were packing on their backs, and were sore-footed and played out; while I was looking for any bunch of Indians to get sleds and drivers from and go on with the first snow. It was late fall, but the way those flowers persisted surprised me. I was supposed to be in subarctic America, and high up among the buttresses of the Rockies; yet there was that everlasting spread of flowers. Some day the white settlers will be in there and growing wheat down all that valley.

"And then I raised a smoke, and heard the barking of the dogs—Indian dogs—and came into camp. There must have been five hundred of them, proper Indians at that, and I could see by the jerking-frames that the fall hunting had been good. And then I met her—Lucy. That was her name. Sign language—that was all we could talk with, till they led me to a big fly—you know, half a tent, open on the one side, where a camp-fire burned. It was all of moose-skins, this fly—moose-skins, smoke-cured, hand-rubbed, and golden-brown. Under it everything was neat and orderly, as no Indian camp ever was. The bed was laid on fresh spruce boughs. There were furs galore, and on top of all was a robe of swan-skins—white swan-skins. I have never seen anything like that robe. And on top of it, sitting cross-legged, was Lucy. She was nut-brown. I have called her a girl, but she was not. She was a woman, a nut-brown woman, an Amazon, a full-blooded, full-bodied woman, and royal ripe. And her eyes were blue.

"That's what took me off my feet—her eyes—blue, not china blue, but deep blue, like the sea and sky all melted into one, and very wise. More than that, they had laughter in them—warm laughter, sun-warm and human, very human, and—shall I say feminine? They were. They were a woman's eyes, a proper woman's eyes. You know what that means. Can I say more? Also, in those blue eyes were, at the same time, a wild unrest, a wistful yearning, and a repose, an absolute repose, a sort of all-wise and philosophical calm."

Trefethan broke off abruptly.

"You fellows think I am screwed. I'm not. This is only my fifth since dinner. I

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am dead sober. I am solemn. I sit here now side by side with my sacred youth. It is not I—'old' Trefethan—that talks; it is my youth, and it is my youth that says those were the most wonderful eyes I have ever seen—so very calm, so very restless; so very wise, so very curious; so very old, so very young; so satisfied and yet yearning so wistfully. Boys, I can't describe them. When I have told you about her, you may know better for yourselves.

"She did not stand up. But she put out her hand.

"'Stranger,' she said, 'I'm real glad to see you.'

"I leave it to you—that sharp, frontier, Western tang of speech. Picture my sensations. It was a woman, a white woman, but that tang! It was amazing that it should be a white woman, here, beyond the last boundary of the world—but the tang! I tell you, it hurt. It was like the stab of a flaming dagger. And yet, let me tell you, that woman was a poet. You shall see.

"She dismissed the Indians. And, by Jove, they went. They took her orders and followed her blind. She was *hi-yu skookum* chief. She told the bucks to make a camp for me and to take care of my dogs. And they did, too! And they knew enough not to get away with as much as a moccasin-lace of my outfit. She was a regular She-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed, and I want to tell you it chilled me to the marrow—sent little thrills Marathoning up and down my spinal column—to meet a white woman out there at the head of a tribe of savages a thousand miles the other side of No Man's Land.

"'Stranger,' she said, 'I reckon you're sure the first white that ever set foot in this valley. Set down an' talk a spell, and then we'll have a bite to eat. Which way might you be comin'—through the pass?'

"There it was, that tang again. But from now to the end of the yarn I want you to forget it. I tell you I forgot it, sitting there on the edge of that swan-skin robe and listening to and looking at the most wonderful woman that ever stepped out of the pages of Thoreau or of any other man's book.

"I stayed on there a week. It was on her invitation. She promised to fit me out with dogs and sleds and Indians that would put me across the best pass of the Rockies in five hundred miles. Her fly was pitched apart from the others, on the high bank by the river, and a couple of Indian girls did her cooking for her and the camp work.

"I STAYED ON THERE A WEEK. IT WAS ON HER INVITATION."

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And so we talked and talked, while the first snow fell and continued to fall and make a surface for my sleds. And this was her story:

"She was frontier-born, of poor settlers, and you know what that means—work, work, always work, work in plenty and without end.

"'I never seen the glory of the world,' she said. 'I had no time. I knew it was right out there, anywhere, all around the cabin, but there was always the bread to set, the scrubbin' and the washin' and the work that was never done. I used to be plumb sick at times, jes' to get out into it all, especially in the spring when the songs of the birds drove me 'most clean crazy. I wanted to run out through the long pasture grass, wetting my legs with the dew of it, and to climb the rail fence, and keep on through the timber and up and up over the divide so as to get a look around. Oh, I had all kinds of hankerings—to follow up the cañon beds and slosh around from pool to pool, making friends with the water-dogs and the speckly trout; to peep on the sly and watch the squirrels and rabbits and small furry things, and see what they was doing and learn the secrets of their ways. Seemed to me, if I had time, I could crawl among the flowers, and, if I was good and quiet, catch them whispering with themselves, telling all kinds of wise things that mere humans never know.'"

Trefethan paused to see that his glass had been refilled.

"Another time she said: 'I wanted to run nights like a wild thing, just to run through the moonshine and under the stars, to run white and naked in the darkness that I knew must feel like cool velvet, and to run and run and keep on running. One evening, plumb tuckered out—it had been a dreadful hard, hot day, and the bread wouldn't raise and the churning had gone wrong, and I was all irritated and jerky——well, that evening I made mention to dad of this wanting to run of mine. He looked at me curious-some and a bit scared. And then he gave me two pills to take. Said to go to bed and get a good sleep and I'd be all hunky-dory in the morning. So I never mentioned my hankerings to him or any one any more.'

"The mountain home broke up—starved out, I imagine—and the family came to Seattle to live. There she worked in a factory—long hours, you know, and all the rest—deadly work. And after a year of that she became waitress in a cheap restaurant—hash-slinger, she called it.

"She said to me once: 'Romance, I guess, was what I wanted. But there wa'n't no romance floating around in dish-pans and wash-tubs, or in factories and hash-joints.'

"When she was eighteen she married—a man who was going up to Juneau to start a restaurant. He had a few dollars saved, and appeared prosperous. She didn't love him—she was emphatic about that; but she was all tired out, and she wanted to get away from the unending drudgery. Besides, Juneau was in Alaska, and her yearning took the form of a desire to see that wonderland. But little she saw of it! He started the restaurant, a little cheap one, and she quickly learned what he had married her for—to save paying wages. She came pretty close to running the joint and doing all the work from waiting to dishwashing. She cooked most of the time as well. And she had four years of it.

"Can't you picture her, this wild-woods creature, quick with every old primitive instinct, yearning for the free open, and mewed up in a vile little hash-joint, toiling and moiling for four mortal years?

"'There was no meaning in anything,' she said. 'What was it all about? Why was I born? Was that all the meaning of life—just to work and work and be always tired—to go to bed tired and to wake up tired, with every day like every other day unless it was harder?'

"But she still had her dreams, though more rarely. She had read a few books—what, it is pretty hard to imagine; Seaside Library novels most likely; yet they had been food for fancy. 'Sometimes,' she said, 'when I was that dizzy from the heat of the cooking that if I didn't take a breath of fresh air I'd faint, I'd stick my head out of the kitchen window and close my eyes and see most wonderful things. All of a sudden I'd be traveling down a country road, and everything clean and quiet; no dust, no dirt, just streams rippling down sweet meadows, and lambs playing, breezes blowing the breath of flowers, and soft sunshine over everything; and lovely cows lazying knee-deep in quiet pools, and young girls bathing in a curve of stream, all white and slim and natural—and I'd know I was in Arcady. I'd read about that country once, in a book.

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And maybe knights, all flashing in the sun, would come riding around a bend in the road, or a lady on a milk-white mare, and in the distance I could see the towers of a castle rising—and then I'd open my eyes, and the heat of the cooking-range would strike on me, and I'd hear Jake sayin'—he was my husband—I'd hear Jake sayin', "Why ain't you served them beans? Think I can wait here all day?" Romance!

"'I wanted easy ways, and lovely things, and Romance, and all that; but it just seemed I had no luck nohow and was only and expressly born for cooking and dish-washing. There was a wild crowd in Juneau them days, but I looked at the other women, and their way of life didn't excite me. I reckon I wanted to be clean. I don't know why; I just wanted to, I guess; and I reckoned I might as well die dishwashing as die in their way.'"

Trefethan halted in his tale for a moment, completing to himself some thread of thought.

"And this is the woman I met up there in the Arctic, running a tribe of wild Indians and a few thousand square miles of hunting territory. And it happened simply enough; though, for that matter, she might have lived and died among the pots and pans. But 'Came the whisper, came the vision.' That was all she needed, and she got it.

"'I woke up one day,' she said. 'Just happened on it in a scrap of newspaper. I remember every word of it, and I can give it to you.' And then she quoted Thoreau's 'Cry of the Human':

"'*The young pines springing up in the corn field from year to year are to me a refreshing fact. We talk of civilizing the Indian, but that is not the name for his improvement. By the wary independence and aloofness of his dim forest life he preserves his intercourse with his native gods and is admitted from time to time to a rare and peculiar society with nature. He has glances of starry recognition, to which our saloons are strangers. The steady illumination of his genius, dim only because distant, is like the faint but satisfying light of the stars compared with the dazzling but ineffectual and short-lived blaze of candles. The Society Islanders had their day-born gods, but they were not supposed to be of equal antiquity with the* * * * * *NIGHT-BORN GODS.*'

"That's what she did—repeated it word for word; and I forgot the tang, for it was solemn, a declaration of religion—pagan, if you will; and clothed in the living garmenture of herself.

"'And the rest of it was torn away,' she added, a great emptiness in her voice. 'It was only a scrap of newspaper. But that Thoreau was a wise man. I wish I knew more about him.' She stopped a moment, and I swear her face was ineffably holy as she said, 'I could have made him a good wife.'

"And then she went on: 'I knew right away, as soon as I read that, what was the matter with me. I was a night-born. I, who had lived all my life with the day-born, was a night-born. That was why I had never been satisfied with cooking and dish-washing; that was why I had hankered to run naked in the moonlight. And I knew that this dirty little Juneau hash-joint was no place for me. And right there and then I said, "I quit." I packed up my few rags of clothes, and started. Jake saw me and tried to stop me.

"'"What you doing?"' he says.

"'"Divorcin' you and me,"' I says. '"I'm headin' for tall timber and where I belong."'

"'"No, you don't!"' he says, reaching for me to stop me. '"The cookin' has got on your head. You listen to me talk before you up and do anything brash."'

"'But I pulled a gun—a little Colt's forty-four—and says, "This does my talkin' for me."

"'And I left.'"

Trefethan emptied his glass and called for another.

"Boys, do you know what that girl did? She was twenty-two. She had spent her life over the dish-pan, and she knew no more about the world than I do of the fourth dimension, or the fifth. All roads led to her desire. No; she didn't head for the dance-halls. On the Alaskan Panhandle it is preferable to travel by water. She went down to the beach. An Indian canoe was starting for Dyea—you know the kind, carved out of a single tree, narrow and deep and sixty feet long. She gave them a couple of dollars and got on board.

"'Romance?' she said to me. 'It was Romance from the jump. There were three families altogether in that canoe, and that crowded there wasn't room to turn around, with dogs and Indian babies sprawling over everything, and everybody dipping a paddle and making that canoe go. And all around the great solemn mountains, and tangled

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"THAT NIGHT I WAS ALONE ON SHORE, WITH ONE WOLF-DOG, AND I WAS THE ONLY ONE LEFT ALIVE."

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drifts of clouds and sunshine! And oh, the silence! the great, wonderful silence! And, once, the smoke of a hunter's camp, away off in the distance, trailing among the trees.

"'And that first camp, on the island! And the boys spearing fish in the mouth of the creek, and the big deer one of the bucks shot just around the point. And there were flowers everywhere, and in back from the beach the grass was thick and lush and neck-high. Some of the girls went through this with me, and we climbed the hillside behind and picked berries and roots that tasted sour and were good to eat. And we came upon a big bear in the berries making his supper, and he said "Oof!" and ran away as scared as we were. Then the camp, and the camp smoke, and the smell of fresh venison cooking. It was beautiful. I was with the night-born at last, and I knew that was where I belonged. And that night, for the first time in my life, it seemed to me, I went to bed happy, looking out under a corner of the canvas at the stars cut off black by a big shoulder of mountain, and listening to the night-noises, and knowing that the same thing would go on next day and forever and ever, for I wasn't going back. And I never did go back.

"'Romance! I got it next day. We had to cross a big arm of the ocean—twelve or fifteen miles, at least; and it came on to blow when we were in the middle. . . . That night I was alone on shore, with one wolf-dog, and I was the only one left alive.'"

"Picture it yourself," Trefethan broke off to say. "The canoe was wrecked and lost, and everybody pounded to death on the rocks except her. She went ashore hanging on to a dog's tail, escaping the rocks and washing up on a tiny beach, the only one in miles.

"'Lucky for me it was the mainland,' she said. 'So I headed right away back through the woods and over the mountains and straight on anywhere. Seemed I was looking for something and knew I'd find it. I wasn't afraid. I was night-born, and the big timber couldn't kill me. And on the second day I found it. I came upon a small clearing and a tumble-down cabin. Nobody had been there for years and years. The roof had fallen in. Rotted blankets lay in the bunks, and pots and pans were on the stove. But that was not the most curious thing. Outside, along the edge of the trees, you can't guess what I found. The skeletons of eight horses, each tied to a tree. They had starved to death, I reckon, and left only little piles of bones scattered, some here and there. And each horse had had a load on its back. There the loads lay, in among the bones—painted canvas sacks, and inside them moosehide sacks, and inside the moosehide sacks—what do you think?'

"She stopped, reached under a corner of the bed among the spruce boughs, and pulled out a leather sack. She untied the mouth and ran out into my hand as pretty a stream of gold as I have ever seen—coarse gold, placer gold, some large dust, but mostly nuggets; and it was so fresh and rough that it scarcely showed signs of water-wash.

"'You say you're a mining engineer,' she said, 'and you know this country. Can you name a pay-creek that has the color of that gold?'

"I couldn't. It was almost pure, and I told her so.

"'You bet!' she said. 'I sell that for nineteen dollars an ounce. You can't get over seventeen for Eldorado gold, and Minook gold don't fetch quite eighteen. Well, that was what I found among the bones—eight horse-loads of it, one hundred and fifty pounds to the load.'

"'A quarter of a million dollars!' I cried out.

"'That's what I reckoned it roughly,' she answered. 'Talk about Romance! And me a-slaving the way I had all the years, when, as soon as I ventured out, inside three days, this was what happened. And what became of the men that mined all that gold? Often and often I wonder about it. They left their horses, loaded and tied, and just disappeared off the face of the earth, leaving neither hide nor hair behind them. I never heard tell of them. Nobody knows anything about them. Well, being the night-born, I reckon I was their rightful heir.'"

Trefethan stopped to light a cigar.

"Do you know what that girl did? She cached the gold, saving out thirty pounds, which she carried back to the coast. Then she signaled a passing canoe, made her way to Pat Healy's trading post at Dyea, outfitted, and went over Chilkoot Pass. That was in '88—eight years before the Klondike strike, and the Yukon was a howling wilderness. She was afraid of the bucks, but she took two young squaws with her, crossed the lakes, and went down the river and to all the early camps on the Lower Yukon. She

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wandered several years over that country and then on in to where I met her. Liked the looks of it, she said, seeing, in her own words, 'a big bull caribou knee-deep in purple iris on the valley-bottom.' She hooked up with the Indians, doctored them, gained their confidence, and gradually took them in charge. She had left that country only once, and then, with a bunch of the young bucks, she went over Chilkoot, cleaned up her gold-cache, and brought it back with her.

"'And here I be, stranger,' she concluded her yarn, 'and here's the most precious thing I own.'

"She pulled out a little pouch of buckskin, worn on her neck like a locket, and opened it. And inside, wrapped in oiled silk, yellowed with age and worn and thumbed, was the original scrap of newspaper containing the quotation from Thoreau.

"'And are you happy?—satisfied?' I asked her. 'With a quarter of a million you wouldn't have to work down in the States. You must miss a lot.'

"'Not much!' she answered. 'I wouldn't swap places with any woman down in the States. These are my people; this is where I belong. But there are times—' and in her eyes smoldered up that hungry yearning I've mentioned—'there are times when I wish most awful bad for that Thoreau man to happen along.'

"'Why?' I asked.

"'So as I could marry him. I do get mighty lonesome at spells. I'm just a woman—a real woman. I've heard tell of the other kind of women that gallivanted off like me and did queer things—the sort that become soldiers in armies and sailors on ships. But those women are queer themselves. They're more like men than women; they look like men, and they don't have ordinary women's needs. They don't want love, nor little children in their arms and around their knees. I'm not that sort. I leave it to you, stranger. Do I look like a man?'

"She didn't. She was a woman, a beautiful, nut-brown woman, with a sturdy, health-rounded woman's body, and with wonderful deep-blue woman's eyes.

"OUTSIDE, ALONG THE EDGE OF THE TREES, THE SKELETONS OF EIGHT HORSES."

"'Ain't I woman?' she demanded. 'I am. I'm 'most all woman, and then some. And the funny thing is, though I'm night-born in everything else, I'm not when it comes to mating. I reckon that kind likes its own kind best. That's the way it is with me, anyway, and has been all these years.'

"'You mean to tell me that you have never——' I began.

"'Never,' she said, and her eyes looked into mine with the straightness of truth. 'I had one husband, only—him I call the Ox; and I reckon he's still down in Juneau running the hash-joint. Look him up, if you

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"IT'S A DARNED SHAME, STRANGER," SHE SAID, AT PARTING.
"I LIKE YOUR LOOKS, AND I LIKE YOU."

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ever get back, and you'll find he's rightly named.'

"And look him up I did, two years afterward. He was all she said—solid and stolid, the Ox—shuffling around and waiting on the tables.

"'You need a wife to help you,' I said to him.

"'I had one once,' was his answer.

"'Widower?'

"'Yep. She went loco. She always said the heat of the cooking would get her, and it did. Pulled a gun on me one day and ran away with some Siwashes in a canoe. Caught a blow up the coast, and all hands drowned.'"

Trefethan devoted himself to his glass and remained silent.

"But the girl?" Milner reminded him. "You left your story just as it was getting interesting, tender. Did it?"

"It did," Trefethan replied. "As she said herself, she was savage in everything except mating, and then she wanted her own kind. She was very nice about it, but she was straight to the point. She wanted to marry me.

"'Stranger,' she said, 'I want you bad. You like this sort of life, or you wouldn't be here trying to cross the Rockies in fall weather. It's a likely spot. You'll find few likelier. Why not settle down? I'll make you a good wife.'

"And then it was up to me. And she waited. I don't mind confessing that I was sorely tempted. I was half in love with her as it was. You know I have never married. And I don't mind adding, looking back over my life, that she is the only woman that ever affected me that way. But it was all too preposterous, and I lied like a gentleman. I told her I was already married.

"'Is your wife waiting for you?' she asked.

"I said yes.

"'And she loves you?'

"I said yes.

"And that was all. She never pressed her point—except once, and then she showed a bit of fire.

"'All I've got to do,' she said, 'is to give the word, and you don't get away from here. If I give the word, you stay on . . . But I ain't going to give it. I wouldn't want you if you didn't want to be wanted—and if you didn't want me.'

"She went ahead and outfitted me and started me on my way.

"'It's a darned shame, stranger,' she said, at parting. 'I like your looks, and I like you. If you ever change your mind, come back.'

"Now there was one thing I wanted to do, and that was to kiss her good-by, but I didn't know how to go about it nor how she would take it. I tell you I was half in love with her. But she settled it herself.

"'Kiss me,' she said. 'Just something to go on and not make it too hard.'

"And we kissed, there in the snow, in that valley by the Rockies, and I left her standing by the trail and went on after my dogs. I was six weeks in crossing over the pass and coming down to the first post on Great Slave Lake."

The brawl of the streets came up to us like a distant surf. A steward, moving noiselessly, brought fresh siphons. And in the silence Trefethan's voice fell like a funeral bell:

"It would have been better had I stayed. Look at me."

We saw his grizzled mustache, the bald spot on his head, the puff-sacks under his eyes, the sagging cheeks, the heavy dewlap, the general tiredness and staleness and fatness, all the collapse and ruin of a man who had once been strong, but who had lived too easily and too well.

"It's not too late, old man," Bardwell said, almost in a whisper.

"By Heaven! I wish I weren't a coward!" was Trefethan's answering cry. "I could go back to her. She's there, now. I could shape up and live many a long year . . . with her . . . up there. To remain here is to commit suicide. But I am an old man—forty-seven—look at me. The trouble is," he lifted his glass and glanced at it, "the trouble is that suicide of this sort is so easy. I'm soft. The thought of the long day's travel with the dogs appals me; the thought of the keen frost in the morning and of the frozen sled-lashings frightens me——"

Automatically the glass was creeping toward his lips. With a swift surge of anger he made as if to crash it down upon the floor. Next came hesitancy and weak second thought. The glass moved upward to his lips and paused. He laughed harshly and bitterly, but his words were solemn: "Well, here's to the Night-Born. She *was* a wonder."

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BIRDS THAT LIVE BY THEIR WITS

BY · WILLIAM · L · FINLEY

Author of "AMERICAN BIRDS," etc.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERMAN T. BOHLMAN AND THE AUTHOR

SOMEWHERE up on the north coast the wind gods had broken their barriers. Around Tillamook Head they swept down a clear stretch of twenty miles at a clipping pace. We bent forward to the falling point and floundered along in the teeth of the gale, beating our way up the Oregon coast.

Suddenly, as we rounded a point of rock, my companion seized his field-glasses and focused them on a gull just above the shore-line. The bird was rising with something in his bill. At a height of thirty feet he dropped the small object he was carrying, and instantly, with a turn of the wing, shot to the ground after it. Picking it up again, he spread his wings at the proper angle and swung upward like a kite against the wind. Once more he dropped the morsel, and now, knowing the habits of western gulls, we concluded that the bit he was carrying was a clam. It did not slip from his bill by accident, as I at first thought, for as we watched we saw him rise fourteen times to drop the shell-fish. The fifteenth time it evidently struck on a rock and cracked, for the gull planted one foot on the mollusk, tore out the meat, swallowed it, and was away on the wings of the storm, looking for another meal.

"How did he learn that trick?" queried my companion. "Nature has not given him a bill like the oyster-catcher to pry open mollusks, yet he evidently knows how to tackle a clam."

"It would be interesting to know how he first acquired the taste or guessed that the tight brown shell hid so toothsome a morsel," I said; and then ensued one of those inconclusive discussions as to whether instinct or reason inspired the act. I say "inconclusive" because it seems to be be-

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yond the power of man to decide where instinct ends and reason begins.

Of late years we have heard much about the reasoning power of birds and animals. Sentimental amateur naturalists have gone so far as to claim that birds have a primitive but entirely conscious system of medical aid and surgery. To accept the many instances cited by this cult as proving that birds reason would be almost as absurd as to take the next logical step and believe that they have schools in the woods to instruct their young, courts to settle their difficulties, poorhouses for the unfortunate, and jails for the wicked.

And yet, scoff as we may at these fancies, the fact remains that the trained observer, honestly resisting any temptation to "humanize," often finds it difficult to discriminate between the remarkable actions that spring from pure instinct and those that seem to involve something more, something closely resembling the higher faculties in human kind.

Take, for example, the wonderful sense of direction that all birds possess to a degree far beyond the power of man to analyze. We are accustomed to call this the homing instinct, but it seems to fill the place of a sixth sense more subtle than the other five. Without compass, without sign-post, they hold to their course with an accuracy that so far transcends human intelligence as to seem uncanny.

A striking illustration of this power occurred when a steamer that carried the Harriman expedition, headed for Bogoslof Island, ran into a dense fog. While still at some distance from the island, small flocks of murres, evidently returning from their feeding grounds, appeared astern, passed the vessel in a direct flight, and disappeared ahead. The chart and compass that guided the ship's captain was not more accurate than the instinct which led these birds straight through the fog to their island home.

Of this homing instinct on long migrations we will not speak. From the time that Job marveled at "the way of a bird in the air" until now, men have been seeking to riddle the how and the why, but none has even approached success. It is still a riddle, and we are still guessing. But in the lesser problem of finding its own nest among hundreds of others in a patch of wood or marsh or shore, or on a cliff-side, a wild bird seems to exercise the same sort of —shall we call it instinct? At any rate, it shows an ability to differentiate quite beyond the keen eye of a trained ornithologist.

For instance, in the lake region of southern Oregon, where marshes extend for miles in every direction, large colonies of yellow-headed blackbirds nest. Each rush basket is woven to the tule stems a little above the water; every nesting site in the miles of unmarked tule maze looks, to human eyes, like every one of the thousand others. Yet, with unerring certainty, each blackbird knows the exact location of its own. Nor does a bank-swallow ever hesitate in picking out its home among the myriad holes in a sand-bank.

A colony of petrels nesting on Three Arch Rocks, off the Oregon coast, is another striking illustration of this homing instinct. The top of the rock forms a grassy slope an acre or so in extent, and along this numbers of these birds have their homes. The entrances, only a few feet apart, are small holes not much larger than that of a field-mouse, each leading to a burrow about fifteen inches deep, ending in a nest. The hundreds of holes seem to be exactly alike, and so concealed in the grass are they that the casual observer would never suspect the existence of a bird home, especially as the owners are never seen about the island in the daytime. The brooding bird remains closely in the burrow, with the one white egg or the solitary chick, while her mate spends the daylight hours pattering over the surface of the ocean, hunting a living out of sight of land. At dusk he returns to change places with the faithful watcher in the nest or coax her out for an airing.

Wishing to observe them more closely, one evening we crawled to the top of the rock and hid on the grassy slope. As night fell, the petrels began to sweep in from the sea like a swarm of bats. I could hear them chittering and frequently feel the breath of swift wings, but could not see even a shadow. Here was an acre of nesting holes that made up the petrel village; the houses were unnumbered, there were no street lights, and, so far as I know, there was not the least sign of a street. I should have been utterly bewildered, but in some way each petrel knew just how to find his own front door.

However, the ability of a bird to find its way home, even under the utmost difficul-

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ties, is much more readily conceded to be pure instinct than are some of the other actions that confront the honest, unimaginative observer, anxious only to record accurately the evidence of his own eyes. The more I study these flying creatures, the more fascination they have for me, and the more I am impressed with the range of their intelligence; but the interest lies in the individuality of the bird as a bird and not as a human being in feathers. Particularly in observing the gulls and crows of the Pacific coast have I been impressed with the idea that these birds literally live by their wits. The circumstances of their lives, the opportunities for food-getting in the wild as well as in the haunts of civilization, are changing so constantly that only the quick-thinking, quick-acting creature can survive.

The species of crow found in the coast region from Washington to Alaska, like the western gull, has learned to carry clams and mussels up high and drop them on the rocks below. Moreover, these birds have also acquired the graft habit and flourish on the labor of other less intelligent creatures. They know at what places along the tide-beaches pigs are accustomed to wander over the sand, rooting for clams at low tide. What is meat for the pig is also meat for the bird, and no sooner do the pigs get busy than the crows assemble. One of them takes his stand on the shoulders of a pig, which squirms a little but can not oust the intruder. Alas, poor porker! The instant he digs up a clam, the black rascal seizes it and, before the slow-moving pig gets a chance, flies away with the spoils. This trick is not uncommon everywhere along the coast where crow cleverness counts for more than honest pig labor.

We have a similar example of intelligence in the raven that forages about the ostrich farms of South Africa. He likes ostrich eggs, but is unable to make an impression on their tough shells with his bill, so he uses his wits. When the female ostrich leaves her nest he seizes a stone, and, hovering over, lets it drop among the eggs. Then, swooping down, he gobbles the contents of the egg by poking his bill into the crack that the stone has made.

These maneuvers on the part of the crow and raven can scarcely be set down as purely natural instinct, nor are we ready to concede that they are the result of reasoning, as the word is used in psychology. We may credit them to intelligence, meaning "acquired knowledge," and let it go at that; not forgetting, however, that this is a word of many and delicately shaded degrees. For I have been surprised to find that even those species which may be regarded as rather low in intellect do sometimes strikingly display this same sort of intelligence.

Murres and guillemots, crowding together on the narrow ledges of the sea rocks, give one the impression of being almost witless. They know absolutely nothing of nest building, but lay their single egg on the bare rock without a sign of a home —not even a bit of grass or a stick to keep it from rolling away. But after I had camped five days on an islet off the Oregon coast and lain for hours at a time on a ledge hidden near one of these murre colonies, studying the birds with as much care as one might give to a mathematical problem, I changed my opinion of the species. Truly it is only by long and careful observation that one may expect to gain any idea of what takes place in the brain of a bird.

My first impression, as I looked at the colony of murres crowded together on the shelf of rock, was that the nesting must be communal. All about lay eggs so close together that one could hardly step without crushing them. Thousands of eggs, and yet no two alike! The combined effect was that of a whole spring flower garden of tints. Some were of a pure white ground color, others had various washes of gray or brown, and still others showed a dozen shades of blue. Upon this background was spread, in most instances, an elaborate pattern of splotches of all sizes and shapes, sometimes thicker on the large end, and sometimes on the small end—splotches of brown, gray, and velvety black. Often they were marked all over. Some were daubed as with a brush, others scratched from end to end, as with a pen, and finished off with wild flourishes and scrawls. How, among so many, could any bird recognize her own? How, in the vast throng of individuals, did she even find her own mate? To my dull human sight they all looked alike. I was unable to pick out a single bird that I could recognize if I turned away and looked back a moment later. And as I watched them coming and going, it seemed to me at first as if each female was satisfied to plant herself on the

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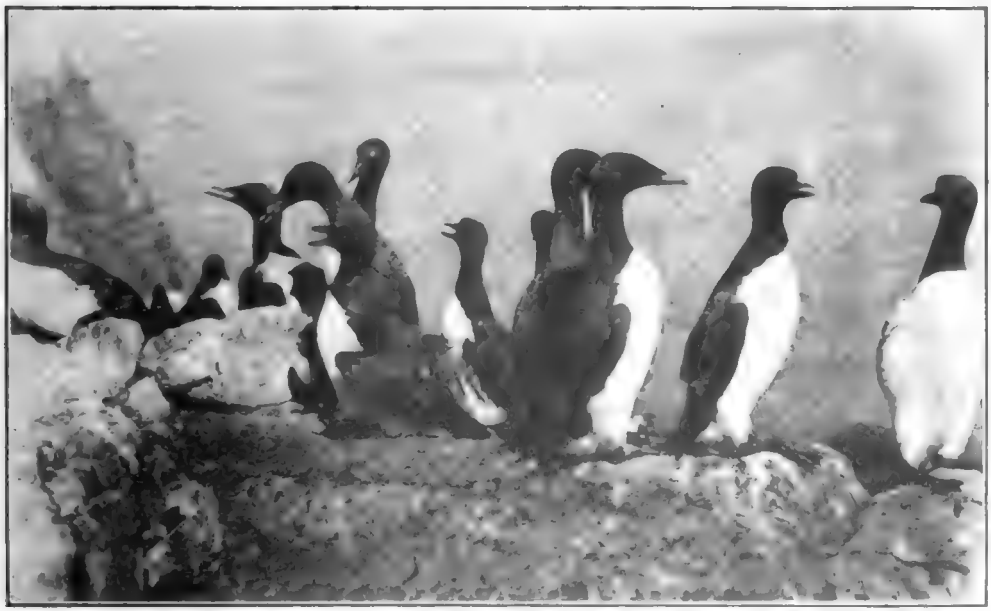
SWEEPING IN ON SWIFT WINGS, THE MURRE BEGINS TO SLACKEN SPEED WHEN ABOUT TWENTY FEET FROM THE LEDGE, DROPS HIS LEGS, AND BEGINS TO BACK-PADDLE.

first egg she found and, like any barnyard fowl, did not care a fig whether she or her neighbor had laid it. But I soon became aware that such was not really the case.

From my vantage-ground I could see every movement in the ordinary run of life in the big colony without in any way disturbing the birds. In order to discover



THE MURRES KNOW ABSOLUTELY NOTHING OF NEST BUILDING, BUT LAY THEIR SINGLE EGG ON THE BARE ROCK WITHOUT A SIGN OF A HOME.

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AT THE SOLDIERS' HOME NEAR LOS ANGELES, FLOCKS OF SNOWY-BREASTED GULLS CONGREGATE IN THE PIG-PENS AT FEEDING TIME, TO SNATCH WHAT THEY CAN FROM THE PIGS.

whether or not it was within a murre's limited intelligence to know her own egg, I experimented several times by scaring the birds from the nest and watching their return. Almost before I was hidden, the first murre pitched awkwardly in. She sat for a few moments clucking and craning her neck, then hobbled up the rock past two eggs, bowing and looking about. She stumbled on as clumsily as a boy in a sack race, stopping and cocking her head from side to side, like a near-sighted old lady, until she had passed eight or nine eggs. Finally she poked one gently with her bill, looked it over, and tucked it under her thigh. By this time the ledge was full of murres, all cackling, pecking one another, and shuffling about in the search for the one and only egg.

Two years later I tried the same experiment, on the same colony, when all the eggs were hatched. It had been noisy during the days of incubation, but it was bedlam when the murres had young. As soon as the parents were scared from the nest, the infants began to squeal, and kept it up until the fond mamas came back. When the first mother bird returned, she bowed elaborately and uttered a series of calls varying in tone from the deep bass of a man's voice to the cackling of an old hen. After standing there a few moments, she straddled a few feet closer and began once more to bow and call.

Some of the young waddled down to meet their parents, squealing like a litter of pigs that had just been gunny-sacked. One crawled hurriedly down to get under an old murre's wing, but she gave him a jab that knocked him backward and sent him looking for his real mother. She looked at two more that sat screaming, but passed them by and knocked another sprawling out of her way. At last a chick came up that seemed to qualify, for she let him crawl under her wing. Moreover, the same thing seemed to be going on in every part of the ledge, and I did not see any of the old birds accept a chick until after calling and looking around for several minutes.

The result of these experiments seems to prove that scientist right who, some years ago, claimed that Nature has not lavished pigment on the murre's egg without purpose. The wide variation in size, shape, and color undoubtedly helps the murre to recognize her own. After the eggs are hatched, the difference in pitch, volume, and quality of the voices very likely tells the mother which chick belongs to her.

It is most interesting to watch the arrival of a murre mate as he comes from the fish-

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ing ground to relieve the brooding mother bird. Sweeping in on swift wings, he begins to slacken speed when about twenty feet from the ledge, drops his legs, and back-paddles as awkwardly as a man who slips on a banana peel; and he lands sprawled out on the rock much as the man lands on the sidewalk.

Then, like a person anxious to penetrate a Fourth of July crowd, he looks for an opening in the dense front ranks. Seeing none, he boldly sets out to make one, by squeezing in and shoving right and left. The neighbors resent such behavior by pecking at him, but he presses on amid opposition and complaint until he reaches his mate. They change places, and he begins his vigil on the egg. His mate, instead of taking flight from where she stands, usually goes through the same proceeding in reverse order, until she reaches the outer edge of the rock and makes a quick launch seaward.

It was at this same murre rookery that I began to have great respect for the cleverness of the western gulls. I watched one of them learn a neat trick by what was plainly an association of ideas. Several times, as the murres left their nests, eggs were accidentally dragged over the edge of the narrow shelf and broken on the ledges below. The gulls saw and feasted on the scattered contents. Then they began to watch for the recurrence of the incident. Finally I saw a gull alight and deliberately give one of these top-shaped eggs a shove with his bill. It rolled about nine inches, whirled around on its own axis, and came to a standstill. The gull followed, nosing it along until it cleared the edge and fell to the rocks below, where it broke and afforded him a dainty meal.

This is only one of many instances of the cleverness of these western gulls. In fact, my observation of wild-bird life has led me to believe that they possess a higher degree of intelligence than any of their feathered brethren. Their versatility shows this.

Webfooted and equipped for a life on the water, they may follow in the wake of a vessel for days at a time in order to satisfy their appetite for scraps. Then, during the winter, they leave the sea and take up life on the bays and rivers and along the waterfronts of our cities. Up and down the Pacif-

GULLS ON THE WING. THEIR WEB FEET ARE VERY VALUABLE AS RUDDERS TO CHANGE THE DIRECTION OF THEIR FLIGHT.

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ic coast they may be seen following at the heels of a plowman, or fighting with the blackbirds for a meal of angleworms. In southern California they take up quarters about the slaughter-houses, miles inland, where they gorge on the offal. At the Soldiers' Home near Los Angeles, when, three times a day, the garbage is hauled over to the pig-pens, there is always a flock of snowy-breasted gulls to welcome the dump wagon and snatch whatever they can from the hungry pigs.

Although in this instance their economic value is more than doubtful, in the lake region of southeastern Oregon, and more particularly in Utah, the gulls are a factor worth considering. Skirmishing in the fields, they pick up a living of grasshoppers, rid the beet crop of harmful insects, and clear the alfalfa of the pestiferous mice. The method in the case of the mice is unique, combining, as it does, the labor of gulls and farmer. As the water is turned on to the field for irrigation, it seeps into the burrows, driving out the mice, which then fall victims to the waiting gulls.

In the bird world there is no "Honesty is the best policy" rule; there is no "Do unto others" text to follow. Living by one's wits at the expense of one's simple-minded neighbors is solid bird wisdom. And in this the western gull excels—as witness his fishing by pelican proxy. In southern California, where brown pelicans abound, you find gulls their closest neighbors. Waking or sleeping, they are ever at the pelican's shoulder—why? To those who understand gull nature there can be but one answer—graft; for the pelican is an expert at diving and fishing. From a height of thirty or forty feet he drops like a plummet into a school of fish and rises to the surface with a pouch full of herring and water. Draining the water off, he throws back his head and swallows the whole catch at a gulp. Here is where the gull comes into the game. The weight of the fish and water causes the pelican's lower mandible to drop a little,

MURRES, CROWDING TOGETHER ON THE SEA ROCKS, SEEM ALMOST WITLESS, YET IN THIS CONFUSION EACH BIRD FINDS ITS MATE AND EACH FEMALE HER OWN EGG.

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LOUNGING ON THE BEACH BETWEEN MEALS. THESE WESTERN GULLS SEEM TO POSSESS A HIGHER DEGREE OF INTELLIGENCE THAN ANY OF THEIR FEATHERED BRETHREN.

thereby opening the bill just wide enough for the waiting gull to snatch a part of its contents.

Let me give you an instance of this: I was standing on the wharf at Santa Monica when a brown pelican flapped by with a gull in his wake. A moment later the big bird spied a fish and with a back stroke of his wing turned to dive. Gathering speed as he dropped, with wings partly closed and rigid, he hit the water with a splash. The lower mandible of his bill contracted, and the elastic pouch opened, taking in the fish and also as much water as the weight of the bird's body. He came to the surface, but was in a helpless condition until the water ran out. Here was the gull's chance. Swooping down, he instantly poked his bill into the pelican's big fish bag, helped himself, and was off before the slow bird could retaliate.

Quite in this same line was a meal I once saw a gull get at the expense of a half-grown cormorant—the menu being choice "seconds." The young cormorant had just finished a good fish dinner when the gull swooped down upon him, pecking and bullying him until he was mighty glad to deliver up the fish pottage to his tormentor.

An incident related by Mr. A. W. Anthony, the well-known ornithologist, in the *Auk* of April, 1906, gives further insight into a gull's intelligence. He says: "I was one day watching some gulls a few yards from me on a wharf when a piece of salted fish was thrown out from an adjacent boat-house. No sooner had it fallen than it was seized by a gull and as quickly swallowed; but from the surprised actions of the bird it was evidently not to his liking. As soon as it had reached the stomach it was ordered out again. Dropping the fish on the wharf, the bird eyed it, turning his head from side to side and apparently made a number of uncomplimentary remarks on the depraved tastes of mankind that would spoil a good fish in that manner. Then, picking up the morsel, it flew down to the

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THE LAKE IN GOLDEN GATE PARK, SAN FRANCISCO, IS A REFUGE FOR WATER-FOWL. FOOD IS SCATTERED DAILY, AND WILD DUCKS DROP DOWN AND VERY SOON BECOME QUITE TAME.

water, and shook its head from side to side, violently sozzling the fish for several seconds. It was then taken back to the wharf, laid down, inspected, and carefully sampled. This time it was not bolted, but held for a moment in the mouth, again rejected, and carried back to the water, where it was more roughly laundered. This operation was repeated several times, and the piece of fish, which must have weighed four ounces

THE GULL IS A GREAT SCAVENGER OF THE BEACHES AND IN THE LAKE REGION OF OREGON AND UTAH IS A FACTOR WORTH CONSIDERING.

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in the beginning, was reduced to half that size before it suited the palate of the gull."

An even higher degree of intelligence—because exercised in relations to men—is sometimes shown by wild birds in places where they are carefully protected. The lake in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, is a city of refuge for water-fowl. The keeper scatters food every day. And the birds seem to have learned by experience that, once within the park limits, they are safe. I have seen wild ducks, just returned from their breeding grounds in the north, circle over the lake and drop into it when it was surrounded by people on foot and in carriages. In a few minutes they change from the wildest of the wild to tame birds. Here, also, I have had coots or mudhens, which, outside in the swamps, are so wild you can hardly get sight of them, eat bread out of my hand.

No one who has studied birds carefully will doubt that they have a clear and definite method of communication. Although their vocabulary may be exceedingly limited, an alarm note is understood as clearly as a cry of fire among human kind; and the low, soft notes they utter in what seems to be a disconnected discourse are unquestionably a means of communication with their feathered kin.

I was especially struck by this when watching a flock of bushtits hunting about in the conifers. They kept up a continual conversation, as if each one were really saying something. This may have been for the purpose of keeping the flock together. As I watched, one of them in an adjacent tree began a shrill, quavering whistle that was instantly taken up by every other member of the flock. Every one of the birds "froze" to its perch. Had I not known the habits of these birds, I could never have told where the whistle came from—it was so ventriloquistic, so scattering, so like the elusive call of the cicada. Then I saw a hawk sweeping slowly overhead, and noted that the confusing chorus lasted only while he was in sight. Not one of the bushtits moved a feather—all sat as stiffly as stuffed birds and trilled away in unison. It served as a unique method of protection; for so deceptive was this alarm note, so motionless were the birds, and so perfectly did their soft coloring blend with the shadows of the foliage that the enemy could not locate a single one of them.

THE DRUMS

BY ELSIE CASSEIGNE KING

Joyful, joyful,
Flags a-flying gay.
Youth is meant for glory,
So the drum-sticks say.
Glad the voice we hear, lad,
Care is but for some—
Oh, the jolly cry of it!
Oh, the ne'er-say-die of it!
The laughing, marching drum.

Sadly, sadly,
Beating down the lane
In the sodden downpour
Of a dreary rain.
Sad the sound we hear, lad,
As you slowly come—
Oh, the fearsome roll of it!
Oh, the deadly toll of it!
The muffled funeral drum.

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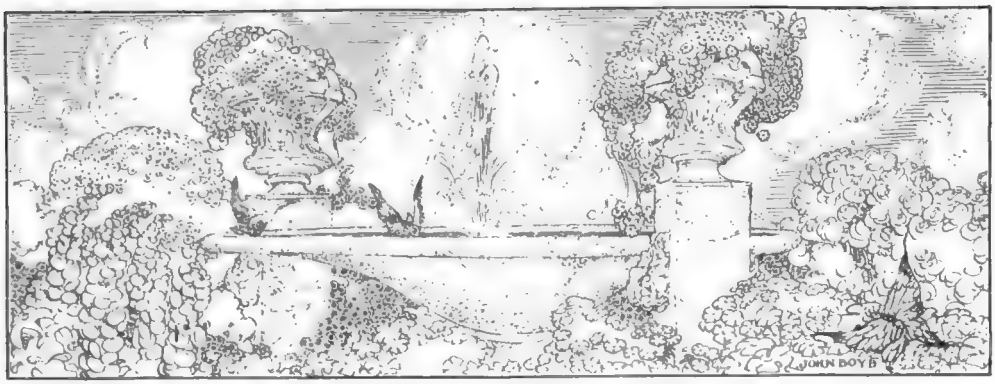
LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE



KATIE CONNOLLY: CRIMINAL

BY D. O. EDSON

HE WAS standing by the window, with the curtain cord in his hand, when she entered the room. First, she opened the closet, looked in the corners, then, lifting the hanging garments, she felt behind them. Going to the door of the bath-room, with her hand on the knob, she said: "John, did you see my green parasol anywhere?"

"Yes." It was almost inaudible.

"Where?"

"Yes, indeed." He didn't hesitate.

Her eyes narrowed, and a smile crept into her face as she turned toward him. He was still looking out of the window. Her voice altered to a dreamy tone as she asked: "Where did you see it, dear? On the piano in the kitchen?" She watched him closely.

"Yes, dear." The answer was positive.

She would have laughed, but his face was too serious, and, besides, now she knew.

Crossing the room silently, she stood beside him a moment, then, stroking his arm gently, she said: "What are you thinking about, dear?"

"Poor little Katie Connolly." His thought had sustained no interruption.

"This is the second day of her trial, isn't it?" She was looking up into his face.

He nodded his head, deeply absorbed.

"When do you testify, dear?"

"To-day." He was drumming a tattoo on the windowpane with his finger-nails.

She went over to the bed and sat on the edge of it, her face quite serious. "John, did she really and intentionally kill that brute of a husband?"

"Grace"— he turned, his face intense and as hard as he could make it—"did faithful old Bridget really and intentionally break your cut-glass water-pitcher?"

A quizzical smile stole over her face as she replied: "No, dear, it broke itself, and the lamp-post broke the radiator on the automobile." She was chuckling as he turned again to the window. "Come, dear, sit over here and tell me what you are going to do."

Without knowing it, he seated himself beside her; she waited, looking up into his face, which pouted in anger.

"Do you think you can help the poor thing, dear?"

"I don't know." His big, round, boyish eyes were on his shoe, which was bobbing in front of him.

"Poor woman! How old is she, dear?"

"Twenty-two—looks fifty-two." His voice was dismal.

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"Grace, dear"—he was suddenly all intent; the moving foot stopped; he was looking directly into her face: "To save her—to save her, dear, would you be willing to have her here for a few days?"

"What!" She was startled. Their eyes searched one another—they were growing to look alike.

"Here?" She could hardly believe it; but his face held an expression new to her; the pathos of it bored right into her heart—and she waited.

It was a long wait, with their eyes locked in each other's, and a whisper from her at the end, "Yes." The look left a lump in her throat, and her arms around his neck. She knew—she felt his big point of view more than ever; now she whispered in his ear, "I'm going down with you, dear." She whispered it, because it was easier than to say it out loud.

Presently he went over to the window, his lips closed tight in thought, while she opened the closet door, and took from it her hat and coat.

"Here is the machine, dear." He turned from the window to the bureau, where she now stood; for a moment he studied her back, and the reflection of her face in the mirror as she put on her hat, then said: "Do you think you had better go? They are not your kind, you know—pretty crowded, and odorous—a court-room."

She was a determined little thing, quick in her actions—you could see that by the movements of her wrists as she put on her hat; strong in her likes and dislikes, too; just the wife for him; didn't interfere with his work—she could take care of herself. She nodded her head, with a hatpin in her mouth.

All the way down in the automobile, she was thinking of Katie Connolly, until her face was all screwed up like his; she knew of the baby that never came; she knew of the last "ditch," and the "firing-line." For some time she had been seeing things from a new point of view.

When they reached the court-house he was still silent, preoccupied, seeming hardly aware of her presence, so she took his arm without feeling hurt—she knew.

At the door of the court-room the officer in attendance, seeing him back of the crowd that blocked the entrance to the closed door, pushed his way almost through, then, lifting his hand to signal him, called:

"Come on, Doc!" and, to the crowd: "Make way there! Don't block the passage! Get out of there! Why don't you chase yourselves?"

The doctor recognized him at once as the truant officer who had got too fat to run, and so had lost his job. For a long time he had served as a "special" in the Children's Court; he knew every little truant and trimmer in town—a shake of his finger had stopped many a pitiful "getaway" tale, right in the midst of all its eloquence.

"Hello, Pop! You down here?" Smith never forgot a face or a nickname.

"Yes, and I expect I'll be up in the Bronx next, watching the lily-pads."

They were now standing face to face, Grace holding on to his arm, overlooked in that sexless quarter.

"How is she coming on, Pop?" He nodded toward the closed door, his face intent.

"Bad, Doc. That new district attorney is hammering hell out of her; you see, he's got to get her—it's his first murder case."

The arm in the doctor's tightened and trembled, but he didn't feel it.

"Are ye in this case, Doc?"

It was a natural question. He was in everything irregular.

"Yes, I'm a witness."

"Then, thank God, there's a chance for her!" Pop said, as he softly opened the court-room door, just as the clerk was calling, "John Smith," then, in louder tones, "Doctor John Smith."

"There ye are, Doc." It was Pop pushing him through the door—he couldn't break himself of the habit.

"Here, Pop, you'll have to look after her. It's my wife. Take care of her until I come out."

Pop grasped her by the arm. "Never fear; I'll put her where she will be proud of ye," he said as he gave Smith another shove, pushing him through the door, which closed behind him.

Still holding her by the arm as though she were a truant, Pop called down the hall to the officer who stood at the head of the stairs. "Clancy! Come over here. Get a chair out of the next room and bring it over with you." His voice was excited.

Clancy gathered up a chair quickly, and butted unceremoniously into the crowd, which melted before the battering-ram he held in front of him.

"Here, you," Pop ordered; "take Mrs.

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Smith in by the door; she's the doctor's wife."

Grace tried to make it an introduction, but there was "nothing doing."

Pop continued: "The doctor is going on the stand. Watch him work—he's the greatest ye ever see!" He made no pretense to secrecy.

A moment more, and Grace found herself in the room, seated by the door, with big Clancy standing beside her; but all eyes were on John Smith as he made his way to the witness-chair beside the judge, facing the jury.

As he reached the long counsel table, in front of the judge's bench, he saw her. The dress she wore was almost a shock to him; it was one of Grace's—blue with round white dots. He leaned over to whisper a word to her bowed head, as she sat gazing at the red hands clasped in her lap. For just an instant his hand rested on her shoulder, then, as he straightened up, he patted her all the way across her back. He smiled foolishly at the judge, as his big body molded itself between the arms of the chair.

"Your full name, please." It was the stenographer at his left.

"John Smith." His face was pink and perspiring as he said it.

"Address, please."

"138 West Seventy-Second Street, New York City."

He was feeling for his handkerchief in his top pocket. His left hand remained, buried to the wrist, in the bottom of it, while the judge administered the oath.

The silence that followed was broken as the district attorney and Katie Connolly's lawyers shuffled their papers for a new start.

During the pause he fumbled in the left side pocket of his coat for the missing article, then reached for the right pocket, where his hand had to go over the arm of the chair to get at its bulging contents. The woman by the door looked worried. His hand finally withdrew, holding a piece of white linen that lengthened out beyond the confines of the conventional "wipe." As he pulled it out, a yellow ivory ring fell to the floor. He wiped his face and neck as he watched it roll down the steps and out toward the officer who stood by the little gate that separated the judicial from the free and equal side of the house.

A ripple of amusement traveled over the room; his eyes sought the little woman near the door; she was signaling him. He looked worried as he mopped his face again. Then his eye caught the piece of tape that dangled from the thing he was using as a handkerchief; and he opened it out before him: it was a child's apron. The ripple in the room grew to an audible laugh. The clerk who sat in front of the judge's bench, hidden from a view of him, brought his gavel down with a resounding whack, just as the officer handed back the ivory ring; he glanced up at the judge as he took it—smiling.

"It's a bit, Judge"—he was holding it up to his view—"to break in a kid with; it's better than a rag or a stick—cleaner; then they can't swallow it like a button." The information was confidential.

"Doctor," he was interrupted by Katie's lawyer, who now stood before him, "you know my client here—" he motioned to the silent figure beside him.

Smith's face sobered in an instant. "Yes, knew her long before she was married."

"I object," said the district attorney, springing to his feet, "right here, Your Honor—I object to questions being answered in that way."

The judge turned to the doctor pleasantly and remarked: "Answer all the questions you can with 'Yes' or 'No,' Doctor."

The lawyer continued: "How long have you known my client?" He smiled at the district attorney as he asked that question.

John Smith winked at him as he answered a round, full "Yes"—then added: "About five years."

"You were often called in to see her, weren't you?"

The district attorney, again on his feet, was about to object when the doctor replied, "Never." The answer evidently suited him; but an instant later he regretted his silence, for the round, pink face with the smile on it said: "I'm never called; I just drop in."

Some one in the jury-box coughed, the rest of them shoved forward in their chairs.

"Now, Doctor, six months ago you were called in—or rather dropped in."

"I object." It was the fighting district attorney again. "I object on the ground that any testimony antedating the time of the murder is irrelevant and of no material moment. If the learned counsel cares to withdraw his plea of 'Not Guilty' and substitute 'Manslaughter,' then this line of testimony showing possible provocation

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may be in order." It was the first sign of weakness; everybody saw it but the doctor; he was smiling at the jury; the quiet voice of the judge recalled him:

"Objection overruled; proceed, Doctor."

He turned to face the judge; an embarrassed look spread over his face as he said apologetically: "Well, I don't know quite where we are at, but if it's that time I met Mike Connolly coming out of the tenement——"

Once more the district attorney sprang up, his face red and hard-set: "Again I object, Your Honor,"—he was shaking his fist at the doctor. "This line of testimony has nothing whatever to do with the case; I know this man, Your Honor, and I don't propose to——"

The judge interrupted: "The prisoner's counsel will say what evidence he intends to adduce by this line of testimony."

"Well, Your Honor—I think—I think I should be allowed—" the lawyer was hesitating.

The doctor crossed and uncrossed his legs, then interrupted, with his eyes on the floundering lawyer: "It hasn't any more to do with it, Your Honor, than his mother had to do with his being district attorney."

It brought a dead silence. The doctor's eyes and mouth were round as buttons. One of the jurymen broke the silence in a timid voice, by saying: "Your Honor, we'd like to hear what the doctor's got to say."

The judge addressed the district attorney: "If the evidence the doctor gives is improper, it may be stricken from the record. Objection overruled—proceed, Doctor."

"I have known her, Judge, ever since I was on the Board of Health and she was going to school; knew her when she worked in Israel's hat store; and when Mike Connolly was courting her, spending half of his time sobering up before he could call on her." He was hurrying, and his face looked worried as he anxiously watched the district attorney. "Then he married her and didn't bother about sobering up at all. Lost his job, Judge, and put her back to work in the hat shop, where she stayed until—well, until they couldn't keep her any longer." He was slowing down now, getting his gait. "Then the furniture began to disappear until there was only a chair and a stove, and a mattress in the corner—with the baby coming." He was looking over the heads of the free and equal, just thinking out loud—"Hunger and sorrow, Judge, battled with a mother's love that was root-

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"THERE SHE IS, JUDGE, WAITING TO GO BACK WITH MY WIFE AND ME."

ing deep in the kind of soil God meant.

"Then came the day I was passing the big tenement and saw Connolly coming out drunk, his face swollen and red, muttering to himself, and hurrying." He was sitting on the edge of his chair now, his hands tightly clasped on the arms. "I knew something had happened, Judge—I found her on the floor." He was struggling for words now, seeming to see the scene right before him. "*Kicked—kicked, Judge!*"—he swallowed hard. "And all that night I spent with a settlement nurse tearing dead—dead heart-strings out of her—couldn't wait to move her to a hospital."

The little apron was a ball in the hollow of his fist, and he was laughing, red-eyed, in the judge's face. At the rear of the room an officer was telling a man to bring a glass of water, quick. But Smith couldn't stop.

Now his eyes were wide open, his face all wrinkled. "Why didn't she leave him?" He waited angrily. "Leave him to go where?" He fairly yelled it. "She was in the last ditch then! Out on the street? Katie Connolly—out on the firing-line?"

He was looking at her, his face growing soft and kind, with his mouth sliding all over it: "On that firing-line, Judge, where the bullets of hell fall faster and more deadly than disease germs in a sewer?"

He was shaking his head with proud conviction: "Not Katie Connolly! She had felt the touch of a baby's soul, and that's 'way beyond us, Judge—'way beyond us!" His voice sank to a whisper.

The district attorney, pale with anger, rose and said once more: "I object."

"Sit down, you fool!" It was a gray-headed, gold-spectacled juror on the first row.

"He came back, Judge, came back two months later, when her little apartment was all fixed up, neat and clean, like herself." Then he fairly rose in his chair as he continued: "He came back, Judge, with a dirty beast of a —" it was beyond him; his fist, with the little round ball in it, was trembling above his head. "Sold her, Judge—told the beast to go as far as he liked!" The men in the jury-box, with hands extended, were holding one another back. "When I saw Connolly two blocks away, I hurried, Judge, hurried to find her struggling in the brute's arms, and, by God, Judge! if I had caught him, you would have had a murder trial worth talking about!"

The woman by the door was trying to leave the room. The officer stood with his hand on her shoulder. "And Connolly came back, *again*, Judge, came back for the third time—*to be struck by the wrath of God, dead in his tracks!*" He was now wiping his face with the apron. Someone in the rear of

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the room was trying to take a deep breath. "And you don't know, Judge, who struck that blow, and I don't know, and Katie don't know; God only knows." He was just talking to the judge. No one interrupted as he continued, looking the judge full in the face, his fist trembling:

"Let them make all the rules they want for all the little games they play, and dignify them by the name of laws, Judge; but when it comes to this underworld of ours that lives and suffers for some reason 'way beyond us, cut out your laws, and just listen with your hearts. And that's all a free country means, Judge." It was as if they were alone, two humans looking deep into one another's eyes; and no one checked him:

"Twelve men in a jury-box; trial by heart—it's the very foundation of our Government," he continued, "that twelve men may sit in a jury-box unhampered by laws, rules, or anything else that's got a string tied to it,"—the judge was listening—"then all the rest of it, legislation and administration, may go on with those who play that part of it." His eyes wandered over to the silent, crouching woman, with her head buried in her arms on the table.

"There she is, Judge"—it was almost a whisper—"waiting to go back with my wife and me. She will live with us. We know her, Judge; she's good enough for us——"

Then his face broke out in a big smile, as he said:

"There's my wife now, Judge, waiting over by the door with the cop."

The apron hand was pointing to shoulders that rose and fell with a big hand on them. "See her, Judge"—his face looked foolish, then it straightened out, to be wiped with the cloth ball in his hand.

No one interrupted—no one could.

The room was like a box of coiled bedsprings held by a broken lath. Then came Clancy's voice, muttering Pop's words, "Watch him work." Smith rose from his seat with hands extended. Something strange had happened: a beam of light from the setting sun, turned to gold as it came through a dingy pane high up in a window-casing, rested like a benediction on the bowed head of the lonely creature at the counsel table. The doctor's face mellowed to tenderness and—"God's verdict!" he murmured.

The district attorney rose from his seat and stepped over to Katie's counsel. An angry sound started in the back of the room, like a draft that sends cold chills down your back. The jury frowned. They watched him as he rose from his seat to face the judge and the big, round, baby face of the children's specialist.

"Your Honor! Your Honor! The district attorney respectfully asks that the prisoner be discharged for lack of evidence."

"God! There'd been a riot if he hadn't." It was Pop, spitting, bold-like, right on the floor, and opening the double doors.

A GENTLE OFFENDER

BY LINDA STEVENS ALMOND

WHEN 'Lizbeth died, Pa kind of wished to die himself. Not that he was tired of life—far from that. Pa loved life and all the bright, happy things contained therein, but he and 'Lizbeth had been so used to each other, and he had depended so utterly upon her—though she was older by six months and far feebler—that he could not see how he could possibly get along without her.

Emily—Emily was his daughter and good in her way. Too good, Pa reflected, as he sat on the doorstep in the warm spring sunshine. She sort of looked after him too much and made his dependence too plain, while 'Lizbeth went about it with a quietness that made him feel younger and stronger than he really was. Besides, 'Lizbeth had managed that he should have something to occupy his time, for Pa had always been an active man. But Emily placed the best rocker before the fire, gave him a paper, and said: "Here, Pa, read." And he had

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done exactly so, because no one ever dreamed of opposing Emily.

But spring had come all green and glorious! Pa was glad to abandon the rocker and the paper, and he thought exultantly of the chickens—wee, young things, scratching and chirping in the back yard. He could certainly care for them in mild weather. ('Lizbeth had not taken the weather into account.) Then Emily startlingly announced that she was going to sell "every last one."

"Now why, Daughter?" Pa settled his spectacles more firmly and looked through the window at 'Lizbeth's favorite Dominique.

"Oh, Pa, you do beat all!" Emily returned impatiently. "With my hands as full as they can be, how on earth can I tend chickens?"

"I reckon I could if—" Pa's speech faltered.

"No, you couldn't," Emily flashed. "I ain't goin' to let folks say that after Ma died I put on you; so that's the end of it!"

Pa was well aware of the fact, and made no reply. He sought the doorstep, sighed, and sat down. As far as he could calculate, he was good for nothing; and Pa's heart ached, and he thought it very peaceful over in the little graveyard where the daisies were blooming and the birds were singing in the cedars. He reckoned he was mighty lonely, and 'Lizbeth would be lonely and heart-achy, too, if she could know how he was—just a creature apart from everything and everybody. But presently Pa looked over into the garden. The onions were up—way up—and needed hoeing. Why, that would be a whole morning's work, he thought with a thrill of joy. So he would find his hoe and set to business—and his pipe. His pipe! The rush of pleasure was arrested for a moment. Emily had said smoking was bad for him. Well, he wouldn't tell Emily to-day, he decided. If she saw him—that was different. But as Pa went out to the glorious task, he chuckled like a boy bent upon mischief.

For half an hour Emily was too busy to miss Pa, but when she became aware of his absence she flew to the garden, shielding her head with a corner of her gingham apron. "Pa!" she cried shrilly, and, catching sight of him, she called out in a voice that held angry vexation: "What have I done to be pestered so?"

Pa stopped work, removed his pipe, and a droop of disappointment settled in the corners of his mouth.

"Can't the neighbors see and talk?" Emily continued. "Won't they say I've put on you?"

"I reckon not, Emily. I thought——"

"Thought!" scorned Emily. "A lot you think, Pa! No, you couldn't wait till I cleaned up. I had laid off to hoe this before dinner, but law!" Emily made a gesture of despair. "You do vex me so, Pa—and poor Ma thought she was leavin' you in good hands."

"But Emily—" Pa started to protest.

"An' if you took sick," Emily proceeded, "I'm the one to suffer. All falls on me. So for mercy's sake—Pa, you're smoking again!"

"Yes," Pa admitted.

"Gracious me!" Emily thrust her red hands upon her hipless sides, planted her feet firmly in the soft ground, and fairly glowered upon poor, guilty-looking Pa. "I tell you, the Lord must have a grudge against us women folks. An' think of it, Ma puttin' up with fifty-two years of it!"

Pa did not argue. He knew the futility of it, so he placed the hoe against the palings, walked to the porch, and sat down.

After a while he rose and slunk out of the yard. He knew where he could go for an hour or so. He wished he might go there to stay. But, curiously enough, when he came to the graveyard he walked on. His heart was too heavy even to commune with his dear dead one.

Presently, beyond the turn in the road, he came to a little, low-roofed cottage where a small boy stood in the yard, crying. Pa leaned against the fence, took out his red handkerchief, and wiped his brow.

"What's wrong, Buddy?" he asked after a moment.

"I—I can't do what I want to!" wailed the boy.

"Well, I declare now, if that ain't cur'us!" Pa's eyes shone. "Do you know, Buddy, we're both cryin' over the same thing—only you're cryin' outside an' I'm cryin' inside."

The boy rubbed his eyes with his dirty little hands and gravely looked at Pa.

"What did you want to do, Sonny?"

"I—I wanted to hoe the garden," whimpered the boy.

"So did I," cried Pa.

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"An' Mom wants me to tend Sissy."

"Sakes!" exclaimed Pa. "You're better off'n me. Nobody wants me to do nothin'. It's a turrible feelin' when you ain't obliged to do nothin'. I—" Pa's blue eyes grew brighter. "Say, Buddy, let's you an' me go into partnership an' tend together."

The dirty tear-marks dried on the boy's cheeks. "You mean it, Mister?"

"Well, now, I reckon I do," declared Pa. "You jus' run quick and tell your Ma, an' get Sissy, an' we'll go over in yonder field an' pick some o' them yaller-hearted daisies for Sissy, an' then we'll go 'long to the branch, an' I'll make you the best whistle out of a willer switch you could ask for."

Buddy's eyes gleamed. "You ain't foolin', Mister?"

"No, son, I ain't foolin'." Pa laughed at the very idea, and watched the boy scamper around the house. In a second he returned, leading a mite of a girl by the hand. "Well, I declare!" said Pa. "She's no more'n a baby—a baby," he echoed, holding out his hungry old arms—and up came Sissy over the palings.

"Gran'py," she cooed.

"Hear her!" cried Pa, a-quiver with joy.

"She thinks you're Gran'py," explained Buddy, skipping ahead.

"Ain't that cur'us now?" Pa kind of chuckled, and before he could believe his senses, Sissy had planted a kiss square on his mouth. Pa's heart and head swam with happiness. "Oh!" he said softly, pressing the little body closer to him. "You an' me an' Buddy's had a time of it, but we are goin' out now for a frolic." And Sissy dimpled, then wriggled out of his arms, and the three of them laughed from some curious common joy as they moved on to the daisy-dotted field.

Pa forgot. He forgot he was old. He forgot the dinner hour—Emily at home. He forgot 'Lizbeth under the periwinkle. He forgot everything but Buddy and Sissy and the fun of making willow whistles by a babbling brook. After a while Sissy reminded them that she was hungry. Buddy wished he had thought to bring food along; but Pa looked at Sissy, and then decided they would come another day, so they trudged up from the branch, across the fields to the little cottage. Out of it came a woman with a tired face, but eyes aglow with love and gratitude.

"See Gran'py," cried Sissy.

"He made us wreaths an' whistles an' told us things," whooped Buddy.

"I can't thank you enough," said the mother. "It was mighty good of you to bother with them, sir."

"I was tickled to bother," declared Pa, "an' I'll come again."

"I hope you do." And Pa, who kind of understood things, knew the mist in the mother-eyes meant more than words.

Emily had gone to the graveyard to plant a cluster of pinks on Ma's grave. But before she knelt to perform her task, she saw Pa at the cottage gate with the children. She was provoked at him for staying away and giving her such a fright, but she decided to withhold her scolding until they were home. Pa had never seen her bring flowers to Ma's grave, and she had no desire to display sentiment before him, so she crept behind a cedar to wait until he had gone.

She watched him make his way down the sun-bathed road, then turn in the graveyard, and come slowly up the weed-grown path. Once he paused to listen to a bird's song in a tree-top, and she wondered at the smile irradiating his wrinkled face. Again he stopped to gaze at a clump of golden dandelions.

He entered the plot and stood in silent meditation; then he reverently took off his old slouch hat, held it against his breast, and spoke in a low monotone:

"I forgot for the first time, Ma, an' it ain't no apologies I'm offerin', because I reckon you'd be glad, considering the way things has stood. I've been so perky an' lonely, an' Emily, well-meanin', I 'low, kind of makes a body feel no account, an' I got the heart-ache so for you an' the old way of livin', that I thought the summons couldn't come soon enough. But I reckon it'll be different now. I can steal off with Buddy and Sissy, an' Emily needn't be any wiser, an' I'll be a sight happier, an' their Ma'll be thankful, an' Buddy's a fine little fellow, an' Sissy"— Pa's voice trembled, and he raised his hand to brush aside the tears—"Sissy's almost a baby, like Emily used to be, an' she kissed me on her own account, an' I declare it made me glad all over, for I reckon nobody's thought of such a thing since you left, Ma."

The cedar rustled. Emily crept away with tears struggling in her eyes, and a pitiful prayer for forgiveness in her heart.

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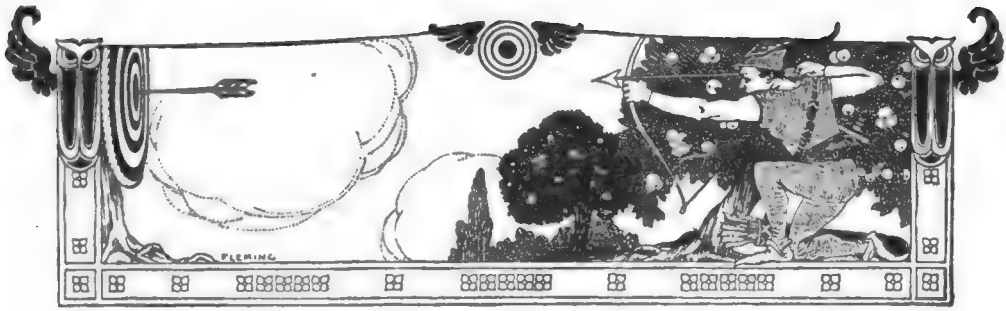

STRAIGHT TALK

WE NEED A NEW NATIONAL PARTY

I was very much interested in the issue for April, 1911, in the department "With EVERYBODY'S Publishers." I admire your stand for several reasons. One is because you recognize sin and the need of morals. Another is because you do not bow the knee to party. You hit several nails on the head, and hit them hard. I can see that you are minded to make your magazine a power for good. Are you ready to get right down to the bottom and propose the only cure?

I believe there are two great reasons why we are in this awful condition of interior oppression and corruption. One is because our best people are divided politically, and the other is because each of the old parties has a large and active immoral constituency which is really united and acting in harmony with the same element in the other party.

There is one thing for us to do and that is to hammer into the minds of the people that the better element must unite in a new party that shall hold a moral standard and that shall promise and deliver perfect government.

Every political subdivision should have the best element united and running the government.

No political party can give good government unless it is a unit for all things that make for liberty and the protection of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. *You can not get good government out of a party that is divided on questions of morals.* You can not make good ice-cream out of sour cream; neither can you make good government out of a political party which has a large bad element. I refer not alone to the bum, the saloonkeeper, brewer, thief, divekeeper, and grafter, but also to the "rotten rich" rascals of our land. We have got to have a party that all these people hate because it intends to destroy them, and in some way we must get the people divided according to morals.

I may be able to be of some help to you in this fight. I am giving all of my time to work in the interest of temperance and good government and especially trying to *get the moral element united.* I am meeting with good success and find that men are ready for a great forward move. I wish you could unite with me and make the move a national one.

I am at present working for the Prohibition party, but am rather looking for some new party to be started which will supersede and include the Prohibition party, as the Republican party did the Abolitionists.

You could start a revolution that would save this country, if you would.

Cannon Station, Conn. **E. L. R.**

HOW "IT" SUCCEEDS

Mr. Steffens winds up his articles regarding "It" in the April number of EVERYBODY'S by rolling the responsibility for IT over on to the people. In the same issue, in "With EVERYBODY'S Publishers," you seem to adopt the same course. Even so. The people are being constantly misled as to what really constitutes IT. And I have seen nothing in print that is more misleading than are Mr. Steffens's articles. He attributes the superior influence of the leading men, or man, of IT, to the superiority of these men or this man. Nothing could be further from the truth. These men's influence arises solely from the fact that they control the living of others. And how do they control the living of others? By being, by law, privileged to control the people's money—and this while people are compelled, by law, to obtain and use money. The government says to every one: "Obtain money and with it meet your obligations to the government and your other creditors, or the government will sweep everything of your possessions away from you"—thus compelling the use of money while the government turns con-

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trol of it over to private parties who may, and do, withhold it from use at pleasure and are accountable to no one for so doing.

The all-powerful agent of business-political diabolism is the government regulation that requires the use of a government tool which the government refuses to make available. This really makes any method of obtaining money commendable in comparison. There can be nothing more reprehensible than for the government to require the people to save themselves by the use of a government product which the government refuses to make available.

We need to look nowhere else than right here for the cause of business and political corruption. No one is made responsible for the availability of money. While this condition lasts, wrongs may change in manifestation, under public pressure, but will not diminish.

Vinland, Kan. A. F. A.

WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

M. R. A., of Ainsworth, Neb., thinks that "motherhood is only one of the grand privileges accorded to women," and that many of the wives who "have shirked the responsibilities of motherhood" are "good and noble, helpful, encouraging companions to husbands."

Shirk is an ugly word. It means "to avoid or get away from unfairly or meanly." If the wives who "have shirked the responsibilities of motherhood" are really the "good" and "noble" and "unselfish" women they are represented to be, why have they shirked? Scientists believe that the good, the noble, the unselfish and the refined women are, of all women, the most desirable to have as the mothers of the next generation, and that such women can by no possibility do anything so important as to multiply their kind.

He is a benefactor who causes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before, and she is doubly a benefactor who causes two noble human beings to live where one lived before. He who, in a sudden burst of passion, wipes out the life of a human being is a murderer; but she who, with deliberation and forethought, extirpates root and seed so that no blade of grass will grow where one grew before is——!

Not all childless wives are deliberate and wilful shirks. There are cannots as well as willnots, and the census indicates that both are increasing with alarming rapidity.

The world wants to know—at least the scientific part of it wants to know—what proportion of the childless wives are cannots and what proportion are willnots. It also wants to know what facts and what reasons lie back of the cannots, and what facts and what reasons guide the willnots in their course. If the scientist knew and could classify them, he would doubtless be able to trace them to some common and now unsuspected cause. Perhaps some woman who is compelled, or who chooses, to exercise privileges other than that of motherhood, will give us her reasons fully and frankly, and will also investigate and classify the real reasons for childlessness in other women. Scientists are waiting for such information with painful anxiety. Will those who know please tell us, or does each childless wife intend to keep her own reasons a profound secret?

Chicago, Ill. C. L. R.

LIKES OUR NEW BINDING

I wish to thank you for the improved binding of the April EVERYBODY'S, and to hope that it is a permanent improvement.

The difficulty of holding open a heavy magazine, put together with the metal fastenings which most publishers use, is enough to make one forswear magazines.

Another thing for which I have owed you thanks this long time, is not printing a leaf of "ads." before the table of contents. It is an impertinence which most other magazines practise; but if other people are like me, those particular advertisements would not command a very high price.

There are plenty of other things to praise in your magazine, but these two features are unique.

Chicago, Ill. E. W. D.

THE SURE CURE FOR POLYGAMY

Allow me to congratulate EVERYBODY'S Magazine on having secured the greatest revelation of Mormonism and polygamy ever published. For years we have had stories and novels founded on Mormon doctrines and the obvious facts in the case. We have also had history, but written mostly from without; now we have it from within, by one who helped to make it and from whose testimony there is no recourse. Could we have had these articles on this subject several years ago, history might be different.

The editorial in the March EVERYBODY'S is warm enough, I think, to satisfy the most ardent Gentile, but the remedy proposed is inadequate, because it can not be applied. In closing your editorial, and speaking of polygamy, you say:

"Utah is a woman's suffrage state. Why don't the suffrage leaders of the nation show, by cleaning up Utah, what women can do with the ballot?"

According to the census of 1900, the men outnumber the women in all of the equal suffrage states, and should the census of 1910 show the women of Utah to outnumber the men, they still could not "clean up Utah." The Mormon church rules in politics as well as in religion. All of the Mormon women would vote as the church dictated, and the Mormon population predominates. Moreover, the worst feature of Mormonism, polygamy, is by "the voice of

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God" and not by "the voice of the people," as we all know. The only avenue open to Utah is the *enforcement of laws*, and that has never risen above Mormon dictation since Utah became a state; so Utah is powerless to act for herself. The only way by which this stain upon our civilization, this crime against women and children, can be wiped out, is by an amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

This is the line of work the three hundred thousand women of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union have pursued steadily ever since the expulsion of Mr. Roberts from the United States Congress. We, and some other women's organizations, have agitated for many years, by pen, by printed page, and on the rostrum. New York acted first by passing a resolution favoring an amendment to the federal constitution prohibiting polygamy. Up to date twenty-two states have passed Anti-Polygamy resolutions. We must have ten more, and whatever is done must be done quickly because of the ever-progressing political power of the Mormons.

Will you not, Mr. Editor, use your influence for the amendment?

Evanston, Ill. S. M. D. F.

E PLURIBUS UNUM

The May number of EVERYBODY'S has a story by W. P. Eaton—"Paragraphs and Pirates."

It is "not half bad," as they say in Boston, and I am glad that you published it. A few more soft spots like that discovered under the vests of American magazine editors will go far toward removing the impression that they are something worse than any language the combined reading public and their literary caterers can invent to fit their alleged crimes and sins of omission.

It is a good library story, and I am requiring it as reading for my own people.

Riverside, Cal. J. F. D.

A TRIBUTE TO SENATOR CANNON

MY DEAR SENATOR:—I am reading with deep interest your articles in EVERYBODY'S—reading them over and over again, for they are of absorbing quality. I think you are the fairest man that ever wrote. I know that your heart is with your people, while your conscience is against the men who have been, and still are, directing your people; and the still, small voice rules over the unquestioned fealty that has been a part of your training.

I merely wanted to say these few words because I have been familiar with at least a part of your experiences and can appreciate the delicacy of your situation. Absolute truthfulness is going to win, and you are truthful and right.

Huron, S. D. W. R. B.

THE CURSE OF DRINK—WHY?

Some time ago I came across the statement that men and women who are past forty very seldom rid themselves of bad habits. And yesterday I happened upon a United Press dispatch, germane to the same subject, which read as follows:

SUICIDE WARNS ALL FOOLS BEFORE HE KILLS HIMSELF

"January 3rd. Let all other fools take notice. Whisky, fast living, and poker. I have no will power to resist further; life would be but a repetition of the past," wrote ———, shortly before he swallowed poison in his room at the ——— Hotel. The body was found lying on the bed.

This is all wrong.

The man who wants to give up drinking, and can't, simply doesn't know how.

We all have bad habits of one kind or another, and all of us exercise about the same amount of will power in combating them. The trouble is not lack of will power, but lack of understanding of the laws of habit, and the almost universal belief that pleasures are objective.

Few people understand (least of all, inebriates) that pleasures are subjective, that they can be increased, or lessened, or reversed, or completely blotted out. The man who is drinking a dozen glasses of whisky a day is not in such a terrible predicament—even if he be past forty, or have a so-called "weak" chin—unless he is gravitating toward fourteen or sixteen glasses. It is not a question of amounts, but of direction. Which way is he going? If he restricts himself to ten glasses a day—and he *can* do that—he has not added to his will power, but he has created in himself a new condition: he has made it possible, with the same amount of effort—no more—to restrict himself to eight, to seven, to six, and so on, till he is cured of the habit entirely.

If everybody could be made to understand this simple law of habit-formation, and would be guided by it, one at least of the fertile causes of failure and suicide and suffering and disease and death would be banished from the earth.

Los Angeles, Cal. A. R. A.

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A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

A few weeks ago there died in Brooklyn, or some such quiet place of retirement, a man who in his time had twice set all America agog with excitement, yet whose name (I have already forgotten it again myself) was nevertheless unfamiliar to almost every one who read his obituary. By "profession" this holder of the American record for best-sellers was an inventor of puzzles; and that maddening affair of wooden counters called "13-14-15" that helped fill the lunatic asylums in the early eighties, and that ring-around-the-rosy contrivance called "Pigs-in-Clover" that exhausted the marble supply of the country a decade later, were among his creations. As for the rest, they may have been as worthy as his successes, but they remained as unknown as himself.

Now England, if reports are to be credited, has gone more or less daffy over Jeffery Farnol's ebulliently Arcadian romance, "The Broad Highway" (Little, Brown); and America shows signs of intending to follow suit; and it seems possible that the simple explanation of this apparently disproportioned popularity lies conveniently exposed on the surface of our puzzle-maker's career. He had, we are told, an inborn and untiring passion for making puzzles. The public, we know, has an avid but intermittent appetite for solving them. And twice in the blue moon of his uninterrupted activity he not unnaturally proved to be Johnny-on-the-spot. The public has likewise (at uncertain intervals) a ravenous longing for visions of Arcady. And Mr. Farnol, without either possessing the puzzle-maker's originality of invention, or needing his pertinacity of effort, has been lucky enough to supply the needed article at the psychological moment.

"The Broad Highway" is a story of Georgian England. It has a plot of outworn triteness and laughable transparency; a stuffed villain, a nine-lived hero, and a weakness for inadequate motives. But it is articulate with the genuine spirit, and at least in part peopled by the authentic inhabitants of that delectable land where, alas, we should be so uncomfortable in the flesh, but where it is so delightful to spend week-ends in imagination.

It sometimes happens, in art as well as in agriculture, that precious results spring from the chance transference of a man or a plant to foreign soil; as when Java and Brazil exchanged the coffee shrub and the cinchona tree to their mutual advantage, or when Lafcadio Hearn drifted to a Japanese professorship. And in the exquisitely exotic tales by F. W. Bain, of which "The Ashes of a God" (Putnam) is the latest, we are reaping the harvest of another such accidental transplanting. Mr. Bain is an Englishman resident in India and appears to be one of those occasional beings who, finding themselves more spiritually responsive to the soul of an alien race than to that of their own, come to have their own creative powers awakened by what at first was but an interpretative impulse. For although Mr. Bain's stories purport to be "translations from original manuscripts" of Hindu legends and myths, they are in reality so far original that they are more aptly described as newly crystallized precipitates in a mind saturated with the religious traditions of the East.

Like several of its predecessors, "The Ashes of a God" is a story supposed to be told by the Hindu Jupiter, Maheshwara, to Parwati, his wife; and its subject is the all-but-successful attempt of a vindictive Brahman to revenge himself upon high heaven for a woman's faithlessness, through spiritual power acquired by an incorruptible asceticism. The story deals, from the standpoint of an Olympian humor, with basic strengths and fundamental foibles of mankind too elementally human to be claimed by either East or West; yet the naive wisdom of the tale is wholly Eastern, and the delicate verbal beauty of the author's English seems somehow to derive from the imaginative rich-

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ness of the Orient. The book is an esthetic treat and comes as near as may be to offering us a momentary transmigration of ethnic spirit.

When one stops to think of it (and it is impossible to keep in touch with contemporary English fiction without stopping to think of it occasionally), Mr. Eden Phillpotts has come to be an institution. One finds oneself, as time goes by, thinking of him more and more as having been here when we came, and taking it for granted that he will be here after we go; accepting his work with that complacence which we accord to the perfectly dependable; never bothering to wonder about his next book; not liking to miss it when it comes; yet certain that if we do, there will be another practically like it in due season. In short, Mr. Phillpotts's novels have come to be part of the climate of English letters. We feel about them as we do, say, about April or November: enjoying them or avoiding them, according to our individual temperaments, but recognizing the basic meteorological facts of them as sufficiently familiar to be taken for granted and feeling that to say that it is a cold and unforthcoming spring, or that the autumn foliage is unusually brilliant, is to give an adequate characterization of the current exemplar.

"Demeter's Daughter" (John Lane), the story of a brave moor-woman's ineffectual, yet unsurrendering, single-handed struggle against the results of an ill-considered marriage, is a November tale with fleeting hours of Indian summer—a tale that the somber-minded will call gloomy, but that for readers of a hardier perennial interest in life will have its own richness of coloring and its own implications of the self-sufficiency of even failed endeavors.

Do you remember Edgar Allan Poe's story of "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar," the moribund consumptive who was placed in a hypnotic trance at the moment of death and whose body, when the trance was broken some months later, rehearsed in a horrifying instant the deferred processes of disintegration? It is an extreme but a masterly treatment of a type of tale the effect of which depends less upon the fictional development of a dramatic situation than upon the driving home of an idea. Mr. Robert Hichens's "The Dweller on the Threshold" (Century) is also a story the germ of whose inspiration is a single (and singularly analogous) conception—a conception gruesomely derived from the psychic speculations of today, as Poe's was from the mesmeric experiments of his time—a conception for which fiction can do little beyond making it concrete and a too elaborate leading up to which only serves to lessen its impact on the imagination. And the earlier story is here cited as a convenient and self-explanatory criticism of Mr. Hichens's involved mechanism of presentation.

For the latter, instead of straightforwardly giving us the thrilling facts in his alleged case of two clergymen who meddled with the occult to their own undoing, tucks these facts under his arm like a football, organizes a scrub interference of extraneous characters, makes a zigzag run down an empty field, and goes through the motions of making a touchdown with a dénouement that is nothing but a postponed explanation. He has either proceeded upon the erroneous assumption that ploddingly to pursue his hinted horror round Robin Hood's barn will heighten our ultimate impressibility, or else he has deliberately overcapitalized the plant of an excellent short story in order to list it on the literary exchange as a novel.

I happened, recently, to be present at the announcement of an Event. We were sitting, some friends and I, in the upper regions of their country home, when our talk was interrupted by the faint sound of an approaching voice. It was small, and breathless, and elated. And as it came nearer it kept calling "Mo—ther! Mo—ther!" with pauses for stairs in between. And when it finally reached our level, a little face beaming with excitement and approval appeared in the doorway and the voice said, "Mother—the gray cat—has—kittens again." And as there seems to be no more thoroughly adequate formula by which to proclaim a semi-occasional, always happy, but never foreseeable occurrence, I venture to borrow it and to announce that "The Western Frontier—has had—another novel."

Its somewhat cryptic title—"Me—Smith" (Lippincott)—is derived from the chief actor's habit of so referring to himself in his self-communings; as when he sums up his character and his pride by saying, after one of his peculiar exploits, "I'm a killer, me—Smith." And it differs from a multitude of novels that the Western Frontier may be said to have had thrust upon it rather than to have given birth to, in being an expression rather than an exploitation.

It is, however, neither a complex nor an elaborate tale, but a racy and revealing portrait of a Wyoming bad man, set off by the simple but lively drama of primitive passions that his intrusion into a mixed company on a ranch at the desert edge of an Indian reserve puts in motion. Its author, Caroline Lockhart, leaves us in her debt not only for a likable and graphic tale, but for a glimpse of a passing phase of life as it saw itself instead of as others saw it.

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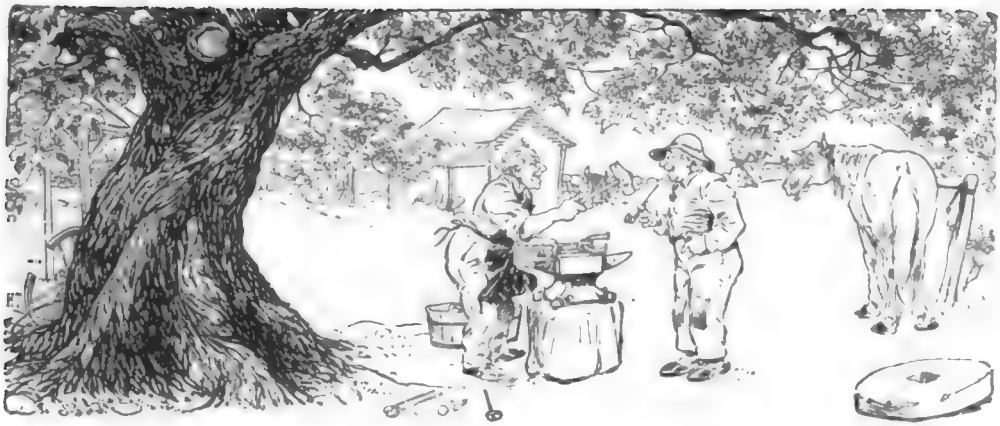

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

Dr. Abernethy, the famous Scotch surgeon, was a man of few words, but he once met his match—in a woman. She called at his office in Edinburgh, one day, with a hand badly inflamed and swollen. The following dialogue, opened by the doctor, took place:

"Burn?"

"Bruise."

"Poultice."

The next day the woman called, and the dialogue was as follows:

"Better?"

"Worse."

"More poultice."

Two days later the woman made another call.

"Better?"

"Well. Fee?"

"Nothing. Most sensible woman I ever saw."

Murphy was a new recruit in the cavalry. He could not ride at all, and by ill luck was given one of the most vicious horses in the troop.

"Remember," said the sergeant, "no one is allowed to dismount without orders."

Murphy was no sooner in the saddle than he was thrown to the ground.

"Murphy!" yelled the sergeant, when he discovered him lying breathless on the ground, "you dismounted!"

"I did."

"Did you have orders?"

"I did."

"From headquarters, I suppose?"

"No, sor; from hintquarters."

Teacher—What is a philosopher?
Pupil—One who rides a philosopede.

"Yes, sir," said the man who would not vote for a Republican, even though he was on a reform ticket, "I'm a Democrat. And so was my father and my grandfather and my great-grandfather."

"Huh!" said the candidate, "and if your father and grandfather and great-grandfather had been horse-thieves, what would you have been?"

"Wal," responded the other thoughtfully, "in them circumstances I reckon I'd 'a' bin a Republican."

It is a fortunate wife whose husband not only knows more than she does, but has the grace to enlighten her ignorance without putting on airs.

"I see that a post-mortem examination is often made in murder cases. What does a post-

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mortem examination mean?" asked a young wife of her better half.

"A post-mortem examination, my dear, is intended to allow the victim to state, verbally, his own testimony against his assailant, and is taken down in writing."

"Thanks, darling; you won't look down on me, will you, because I haven't your education?"

He said he wouldn't.

Ma—Gracious! What's the matter with the baby?

Pa—Oh, he bumped his head against one of the pedals of the piano.

Ma—Poor little dear! Perhaps he's seriously hurt.

Pa—Nonsense! It was the soft pedal he struck.

In this country, when the contracting parties to a marriage desire to inform the public of the event, you will see inserted in the proper column a little notice like this:

BROWN-SMITH: Married, on Saturday, March 4th, at St. Joseph's Church, Mary Smith to William Brown.

It's simple and sufficient; but did you ever take up one of the English social weeklies and see how a marriage is recorded? It will read something like this:

Married at Ramsgate Rookery, near Oakley, Stafford, at noon on Thursday, 30th instant, by the Reverend Plantagenet Clutterbuck, LL.D. F.R.S., A.T.S., M.N.O., Q.R.D., uncle to the bride, Rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, Elephant's Head, Briary Lane, Berkeley, assisted by the Reverend Theophilus Timoleon Titmouse, J.O.B., R.R., R.X.Y.Z., D.B.F., cousin of the bridegroom, Rector of Calvary Church, St. Martin's in-the-back-cellar, Man's Nose, Grantly, Gertrude Maude Beatrice Constance, daughter of Grantville Neville Bollingbroke Bopgappers, Esq., L.P., M.P.T., S.P.Q., W.P.N., of Bareknees Briary, Cholmondeley Chairbones, Somerset, to Harold St. John Evermont Stragsby, K.C.B., R.B.A., L.G.J., and T.E.C., late of the 14th Royal Lancers, of Pumpernicle Priory and Stonehenge and Stickleneck Lodge, St. Christopher's-under-the-Hedge, Mumblepeg, Hartford.

William —— was said to be the ugliest, though the most lovable, man in Louisiana. On returning to the plantation after a short absence, his brother said:

"Willie, I met in New Orleans a Mrs. Forrester who is a great admirer of yours. She said, though, that it wasn't so much the brilliancy of your mental attainments as your marvelous physical and facial beauty which charmed and delighted her."

"Edmund," cried William earnestly, "that is a wicked lie, but tell it to me again!"

Little Willie had worn pajamas for two years. But while visiting an aunt, he discovered that his night-clothes had been forgotten. When Willie saw the nightie donated by a girl cousin he protested vigorously, winding up with:

"An' I won't wear no nightgown ever, ever. Not even if I have to go to bed raw."

A prosperous merchant was just beginning to recover from a severe attack of typhoid. Finally his nurse told him that he might have something to eat. Visions of a modest repast—an egg, some toast, and maybe a custard—occupied the patient's mind, only to be rudely dispelled as the nurse appeared with a spoonful of tapioca pudding. "And the doctor emphasizes that everything you do must be in the same proportion," she said as she left.

In a short time a frantic ringing of the bell brought her hurrying to the room. "Nurse," gasped the man, "bring me a postage stamp. I want to do a little reading!"

A professor of Greek who was noted for self-appreciation, bought a dozen collars and marked the first one with his full name and the others simply "Ditto."

"How is it that you want a raise?" asked the foreman.

"Why, I've been and got married," said the man.

"Well," replied the foreman, "I'm sorry for you, I'm sure, but I can't help you. I'm only responsible for accidents that happen at the factory."

Mark Twain and his peculiarities were being discussed by an English class in a Missouri High School. One youthful orator had very eloquently described Mark's personal appearance and had laid unusual stress on the author's fondness for wearing white flannels.

"Gee!" said one much-interested youth, "I don't see how the public knows whether his flannels was red or white."

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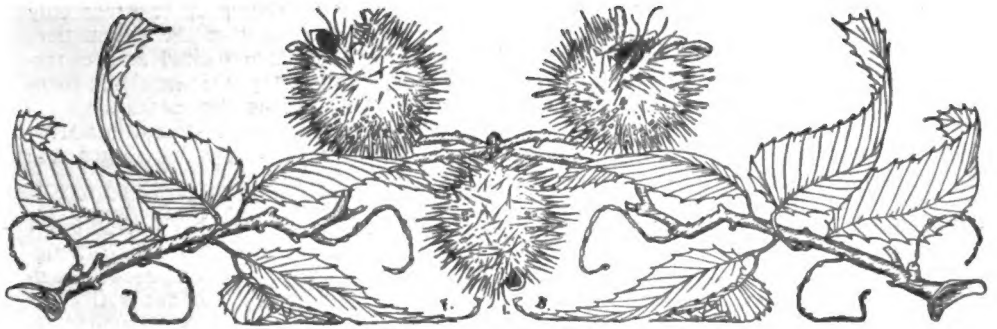

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The family at the supper-table had been discussing a horse frightened by an automobile into running away. After silently listening for a while, little Mary finally looked up from her plate.

"I don't blame horses," she said, "for being afraid of automobiles. You would be, too, if you were a horse."

"Why, Mary?" asked her father.

"Well," said Mary, "wouldn't you be scared if you saw a pair of pants coming along without a man in them?"

Sufferer—I have a terrible toothache and want something to cure it.

Friend—Now, you don't need any medicine. I had a toothache yesterday and I went home and my loving wife kissed me and so consoled me that the pain soon passed away. Why don't you try the same?

Sufferer—I think I will. Is your wife at home now?

Uncle Ephraim had put on a clean collar and his best coat, and was walking majestically up and down the street.

"Aren't you working to-day, Uncle?" asked somebody.

"No, suh. I'se celebratin' mah golden weddin', suh."

"You were married fifty years ago to-day, then!"

"Yes, suh."

"Well, why isn't your wife helping you to celebrate?"

"Mah present wife, suh," replied Uncle Ephraim with dignity, "ain't got nothin' to do with it."

An American took an Englishman to a theatre. An actor in the farce, about to die, exclaimed: "Please, dear wife, don't bury me in Yonkers!"

The Englishman turned to his friend and said: "I say, old chap, what *are* yonkers?"

Mandy, who had just become a widow, was sorting out several suits of black underclothes. Her friend asked in great astonishment:

"Mandy, whah fo' yoh done got them black undehga'ments?"

"'Cause when Ah mourns, *Ah mourns*."

O'Reilly was a henpecked husband, unforgiving even when Mrs. O'Reilly had been called to the "great beyond." He refused to have anything to do with the funeral or go to the cemetery. All of the arrangements were looked after by neighbors. When they had straightened up the house, they got O'Reilly to consent to come in and look over the floral offerings of

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the friends. Then they asked him if there was anything further they could do before they took their leave. Still regarding the floral pieces, O'Reilly nodded and observed:

"If yez don't moind, yez moight close thim 'Gates Ajar.'"

A colored preacher, in closing his sermon, addressed the congregation:

"And now let us pray for the people of the uninhabited portion of the earth."

A man who had been brought up in a country village, but who had moved to the city, was visiting the scenes of his childhood. He happened to meet a boy who was considered to be a little "off", and thought that there was a good chance to find out from him about the people he used to know. Among others, he chanced to mention the name of an old schoolmate. "Why," said the boy, "he has been married seven years and has twelve children."

"Twelve children!" exclaimed the man. "How does that come?"

"Oh," said the boy, "they had three to oncet, two to twicet, and one a good many times."

Wife—Phew! I really don't see how you can stand sitting in such a hot office.

Husband—One can't stand sitting in any kind of an office, my love.

Some years ago in Indiana, one of the questions in an examination was: "What is nicotine?"

The answer given was: "Nicotine is so deadly a poison that a drop on the end of a dog's tail will kill a man."

The undisturbed placidity of Victoria, a colored maid, had long been a marvel to her mistress. She daily expected an outburst until the following conversation:

"Victoria, have you ever been married?"

"Yes'm, once."

"Where is your husband now?"

"Dead," said Victoria, smiling pleasantly. "He worked on a river-boat, and two weeks after we was married he fell overboa'd and got drownded. I never was so outdone! What you want from the butcher, Miss Carrie?"

Aunt Elvira grew fidgety as she watched her niece pile perfectly unworn garments into the missionary box. "Them there corsets look pretty new to be thrown away like that," she finally ventured.

"I admit they're perfectly new," said the niece, "but despite the fact that they were made especially for me, they don't fit."

"Well, of all the extravagance!" said the old lady. "Made to order!"

She picked them up, looked them over, and then fairly screamed:

"Look here, honey, they's a awful mistake somewhere! Here's a sign that says: 'Made especially for John Wanamaker.'"

Annie had been to see the new baby at Willie Brown's house. Her mother found her feeding her best doll to the flames in the kitchen stove.

"Goodness, child!" she cried. "What *are* you doing?"

"This kind ain't no good," replied Annie wrathfully. "I want a really, truly, *meat* baby."

A traveling salesman was handed a message from his wife, which read as follows:

"Twins arrived to-night. More by mail."

The drummer rushed to the telegraph office and hurriedly replied:

"If any more arrive by mail, send them to dead-letter office."

"Are you quite sure that was a marriage license you gave me last month?"

"Of course! What's the matter?"

"Well, I thought there might be some mistake, seeing that I've lived a dog's life ever since."

"Dad, there's a girl at our school whom we call 'Postscript.'"

"'Postscript!' Whatever do you call her 'Postscript' for?"

"'Cos her name is Adeline Moore!"

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Everybody's Magazine
John O'Hara Cosgrave Editor

Published by
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President

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Wm L. Jennings Sec'y and Treasurer
Robert Brohing Asst. Adv. Manager

With
EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

Are you an American?

Are you proud of it?

Good.

Now just what are you proud of?

What does the name American mean?

What more does it mean, if more, than English or German or French or Russian?

Are you thinking of America's bigness represented in square miles, or the achievement of her industrial captains, or the high average intelligence of her citizens?

Are you thinking of good houses, good clothes, good living, or are you thinking of good-will to mankind?

Are you thinking of material prosperity—the abundance of good things, or spiritual prosperity—the abundance of good thoughts?

What are we thinking, what are we doing here in America for which we should attribute great merit unto ourselves?

What that other countries are not thinking and doing, or thinking and doing just as well as we?

Can you answer that?

Do you know actually, of your own knowledge, anything that we are thinking or doing which other countries are not thinking or doing?

Or have you just a sort of general impression that we are the greatest people on earth?

That was a fine, big thing President Roosevelt did in the Peace of Portsmouth.

That is a fine, big thing President Taft is doing—leading the movement of the nations toward universal peace.

We showed real greatness in returning the Chinese indemnity, and we are showing real greatness in constructing the Panama Canal.

But was it absolutely necessary for us to get control of Panama in the way we did?

Couldn't we have secured it without an everlasting suspicion of our national honor?

Perhaps we secured Panama honorably, but most of us have grave doubts and would be immensely relieved to have them dissipated.

Ex-Governor Fort of New Jersey, on a trip around the world, wrote from the Orient that in every harbor he saw the flags of all the great nations but his own.

The Ex-Governor feels humiliated. So do other Americans. On the seas Old Glory floats only over war-ships.

With all our vaunted industrial preeminence, we have no merchant marine. No ships of peace.

While we are thinking so much of ourselves, what do other nations think of us?

What do they think of us and our Monroe Doctrine down there in the South American republics?

Are they proud and glad to have our benevolent protection?

Are they?

And what does Canada think of us? And Mexico?

And the Cubans?

And the Filipinos?

Why, if Japan respects us so highly, and loves us so dearly, should there be this constant talk of war?

What kind of a reputation would you like America to have in the Congress of Nations?

A clever merchant—yes, and scrupulous.

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A good fighter—yes, and fair.

But beyond these would you not have other nations think of us with sincere admiration for our qualities of mind and heart?

Nowadays neither a man nor a nation need bully to be great.

Rather does greatness lie in the leadership which triumphs through unselfishness.

When Old Glory floats over our homes and shops on July the Fourth, Nineteen Hundred and Eleven, may she signify to us the sacrifices and victories of the past, and the opportunities and obligations of the present. It is for us so to conduct ourselves in the parliament of nations that in the eyes of all mankind our flag will stand for fairness and helpfulness, backed by the superb power of a hundred million freemen.

OUR NEW BINDING

We hope you are enjoying (and appreciating) the comfort of our new style of binding. Our editions are so large that we are not able to bind all of the books in the new style, but we shall have sufficient machinery soon, when all will be bound in the new way.

As with all new machinery, and especially with new kinds of new machinery, there is certain to be some imperfect work. If you should happen to get an imperfect book, will you be good enough to make allowance? Send us a post-card if your book is hopeless, and we will duplicate it. If you buy at the news-stands, your dealer will exchange.

This method of binding we have been watching for five years, and as soon as it advanced to the condition where we could use it, we began to experiment with it. It makes the book more expensive, but we cheerfully contribute the extra cost to your extra comfort—and our own satisfaction in being leaders in our business.

This is one of the fruits of our amalgamation with The Butterick Company. There are many advantages growing out of that arrangement. We mention this because it comes home immediately to our readers.

Isn't it a comfort not to be obliged to grip your magazine as in a vise to keep it open?

SHARP-EYED READERS

We did not call our readers' attention to the new binding until the June number, after we had tried out one issue. But some of them discovered for themselves why their May magazine was easier to handle, and cheered us by writing letters of appreciation. Here is what they say:

GENTLEMEN:

At last some one has found a way to bind magazines so that a reader can get them to lie flat without nailing them down.

Thank you for finding the finder and adopting his discovery. It's a comfort.

Very truly yours,

Clearfield, Pa. J. P. L.

GENTLEMEN:

As an appreciative reader of EVERYBODY'S since its second volume, let me congratulate you on the binding of the May number without the stiff, inflexible wire staple. Not ten days ago I was talking with a friend, who is a printer, about the practicability of binding magazines flexibly. This man pulls the staples from his magazines and glues the backs for his own convenience in handling. I am glad to see EVERYBODY'S the vanguard in this important improvement in the physical make-up of the magazine. The greatest inconvenience about magazine reading to-day is the muscular effort necessary to hold open a thick block of flat-bound wire-stapled leaves.

Now if you would cut the rough edges, leaving smooth, easily turned pages, EVERYBODY'S would be mechanically perfect.

With all good wishes, I am,

Very truly yours,

Georgetown, Ill. P. J. C.

DEAR SIR:

Just a word of commendation for EVERYBODY'S enterprise in adopting a style of binding which allows of the magazine being opened flat, like a well-bound book.

Magazine readers have been waiting for this improvement for years, and I know that for a fifteen-cent publication this must have been a knotty problem, as stitching is probably too expensive to admit of adoption.

And the reading matter is as good as ever, enhanced by the comfort and convenience of the new binding.

Cordially,

Vancouver, B. C. W. J. B.

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